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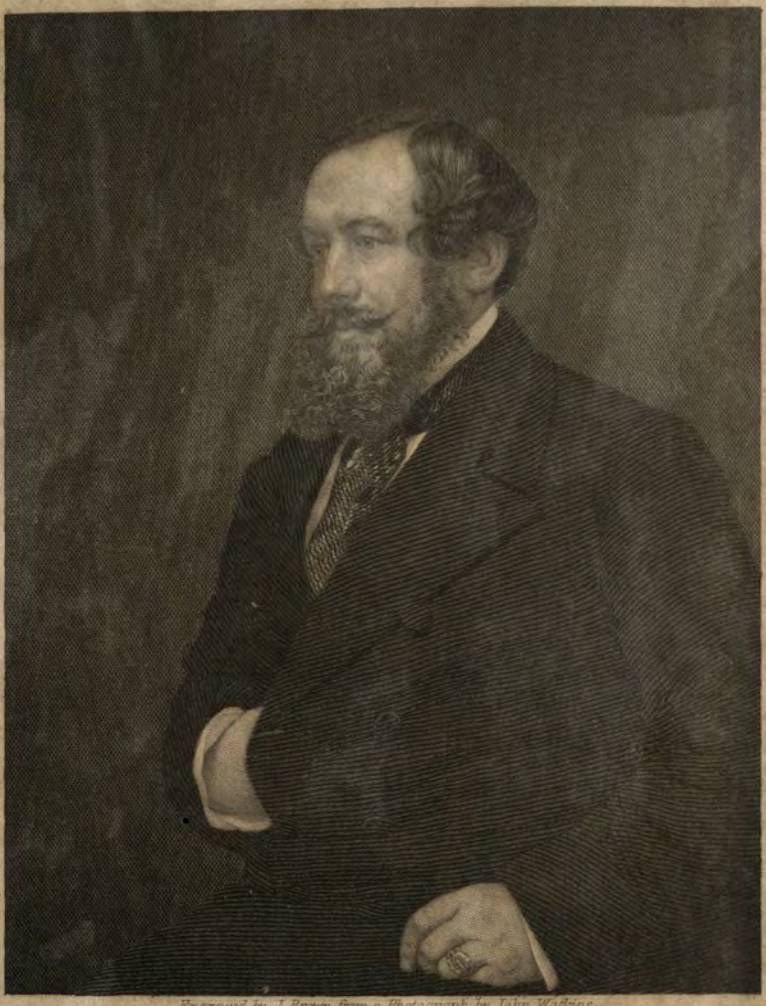

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W. H. Russell

MAP
OF THE
NINSULA OF MOUNT SINAI
AND
ARABIA PETRAEA,
CONSTRUCTED FOR
WILSON'S "LANDS OF THE BIBLE"
BY
graphers and Engravers to the Queen Edin.
1847.

THE

BRITISH EXPEDITION

TO THE

CRIMEA.

BY W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.

THE "TIMES" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

88197

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THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THE CRIMEA.

BOOK I.

THE CONCENTRATION OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN TURKEY—THEIR CAMPS AND CAMP LIFE AT GALLIPOLI, SCUTARI, AND IN BULGARIA.

CHAPTER I.

Causes of the Quarrel—Influence of the Press—Preparations—Departure from England—Malta—Warnings.

OVERWHELMED by a mass of verbiage, and wrapped up in endless coatings of manifestoes, protocols, and despatches, the real causes of the war with Russia are rather patent to the consciences than admitted by the lips of European politicians. The independence of Turkey was, indeed, menaced by the Czar Nicholas; but for that independence, France and England would have cared comparatively little if Turkey had been some distant power whose fate and fortunes could affect in no degree the commerce or the reputation of the allies in the East. France, destitute of material possessions in that quarter of the globe, is ever jealous of her prestige, and anxious to uphold the power of that name which, to the Oriental, embodies the force, the intelligence, the wealth, and the civilization of Europe. England, with a growing commerce in the Levant, and with a prodigious empire still nearer to the rising sun, could never permit the one to be absorbed and the other to be threatened in a new direction by the most aggressive and persistently ambitious state the world has ever seen. With Russia by her side she had not hesitated, in the interests of humanity, to inflict a wound on the independence of Turkey which has been widening and growing deeper every day. But when Russia, impatient of the slowness of the process of decay and death, sought to rend open the wound at once, and to precipitate the end, England and France were bound to stay those insatiable hands, and to prop the falling throne of the Sultans on their bayonets.

With the quarrels of the Greek and Latin Churches England had *nothing* to do, but she could not be indifferent to a struggle which involved the great interests of civilization and freedom. If Russia had been permitted to exercise a protectorate over the Greek subjects of the Porte, and to hold in material guarantee for the admission of that right, the provinces of the Danube, she in effect would have been the mistress of the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Isles, and even the Mediterranean itself. France would have seen her moral weight

in the East destroyed in an instant, and England would have been severed from her Indian empire, and menaced in the outports of her naval power. All Christian states have now a right to protect the Christian subjects of the Porte; and in proportion as the latter advance in intelligence and wealth, and increase in numbers, the hold of the Osmanli on Europe relaxes. He is not yet dead, but already his heirs and administrators are counting their share of his worldly goods, and are preparing for the terrible suit which must follow his demise. It is sufficient for this generation if it has earnestly sought to atone for the errors of that which preceded it, and has done its duty honourably and well, according to the light afforded to it. Whatever might have been the political considerations and diplomatic pretences which actuated our statesmen and justified our ministers in the war, the people of England, with unfailing honesty of purpose and singleness of heart, entered upon the conflict with the sole object of averting a blow aimed at an old friend. To that they devoted their treasure, and in that cause they freely shed their dearest blood.

Animated by the warmest enthusiasm, and conscious of the purest integrity of purpose, the nation entered upon the war with as much spirit and energy as they continued it with calm resolution and manly self-reliance. Their rulers were lifted up by the popular wave, and carried further than they listed. The very vessel of the State was nearly dashed to pieces by the rush of that great surge. Our battalions, prepared for a demonstration only, were suddenly plunged into the realities of war. But the British soldier is ever ready to meet and conquer mortal foes, and to submit to the visitations of Providence with resignation. What he cannot overcome and cannot endure are the cruel strokes of neglect and the fatal evils of mal-administration. In the excitement of the hour of triumph—in the flush of victory—the very heart's pulse of the nation was frozen by a cry of distress from the heights of Sebastopol. Then followed tales of horror and misery which revived the sad memories of the most disgraceful and disastrous episode in our military history. Men who remembered Walcheren sought in vain in the records of that expedition a parallel to the wretchedness and mortality of our army. The press, faithful to its mission and its duties, threw a full light on the scene which was passing full three thousand miles away from our shores, and sustained the heart of the nation by counsels of tenderness, hope, and succour. Our soldiers, whilst waiting for the aid which was surely coming, who knew that their country was neither unfeeling, careless, nor ungrateful, were animated to renewed triumphs of endurance, by the expression of the sympathy of the nation. "Had it not been for the English press," said an Austrian officer of high rank, "I know not what would have become of the English army. Ministers in Parliament denied that it suffered, and therefore Parliament would not have helped it. The French papers represented it as suffering, but not hoping or enduring. All Europe would have heard that Marshal St. Arnaud won the Alma, and that the English, aided by French guns, had, late in the day, swarmed up the heights when their allies had turned the left and won the battle.

We should have known only of Inkermann as a victory gained by the French coming to the aid of surprised and discomfited Englishmen, and of the assaults as disgraceful and abortive efforts in which no officer or man displayed devotion or courage; but your press, by a thousand translations all over Europe, told us the truth, and enabled us to appreciate your valour, your discipline, your wonderful *élan*, when needed, your calm courage and patience, and taught us to feel that even in misfortune the English army was magnificent and noble."

What is of more importance to England and Englishmen, the press upheld the Ministry in its efforts to remedy the effects of an unwise and unreasoning parsimony, prepared the public mind for the subversion of an effete and corrupt system, encouraged the people in the moment of depression, excited them by recitals of the deeds of their countrymen, elevated the condition and self-respect of the soldiery, and with all the force and fire of Tyrtæus, and with immeasurably greater power and happier results, whilst proclaiming with its myriad tongues the glories of the poorest combatants in the ranks as well as the intrepidity and valour of their commanders, denounced the system and the men responsible for great disasters and the loss of valiant lives—"told the truth and feared not"—carried, as it were, the people of England to the battle-field—placed them beside their bleeding comrades—spoke of fame and glory to the dying, and of hope and victory to those who lived—and at last by its magic power, spanned great seas and continents, and bade England and her army in the Crimea endure, fight, and conquer together.

The army saved, resuscitated, honoured, and raised to a position which it never occupied till recently, in the estimation of the country, has much for which to thank the press. Had its voice never been heard, had its deeds and its sufferings never been known except through the cold medium of frigid, meagre, unintelligible, or deceitful despatches, it would have stood in a very different position this day, not only abroad but at home. But gratitude is not the virtue of corporate bodies, it is rare enough to find it in individuals; and although the press has free permission to exhaust the terms of laudation and flattery, its censure is resented as impertinence. It has, however, seldom or never occurred, that the civilian criticism of the press has been applied to the conduct of the army. It has been its pleasing office to celebrate the heroic efforts of officers and men far oftener than it has been its reluctant duty to condemn. From the departure of our first battalions to Gallipoli till the close of the war, there were, indeed, occasions on which one was forced to lament the shortcomings of great departments and the inefficiency of extemporary arrangements, exposed beyond denial or explanation by the progress of events; and if the optimist is satisfied that they were the inevitable consequences of all human organization, the mass of mankind will seek to provide against their recurrence and to obviate their results. With all its proud hopes, the nation at the outset was little prepared for the costs and disasters and trials of war. It fondly believed it was a military power, when in reality it only possessed invincible battalions of brave men, officered by gallant, high-spirited gentlemen,

who, for the most part, regarded with dislike the calling and disdained the knowledge of the mere professional soldier. *C'était magnifique, mais ce n'était pas la guerre.* There were no reserves, no trained troops to take the place of those dauntless legions, purged in the crucible of battle, who perished in masses or in detail, and left a void which time alone can fill. When the Guards left London, those who saw them march forth, unaccustomed to the sight of large bodies of men, and impressed by the martial bearing of those stalwart ranks, might be pardoned if they supposed that the household troops could encounter a world in arms: but the popular mind was bent only upon demonstration. It was supposed that the very news of their arrival in Malta would check the onward march of the hordes of Russia, and paralyze the iron will which broke ere it would bend. As they were the first British regiments which left England for the East, as they bore a grand part worthy of their name in the earlier and most trying and most glorious period of our struggles, the record of their voyage must possess a certain interest which entitles it to be retained, after so long a lapse of time, in this revised history of the British Expedition; and with some few alterations, it is presented to the reader in the opening chapter of this portion of the work, which relates to the collection and concentration of the force which so nobly vindicated the ancient reputation of Great Britain.

The march of the Guards through London on that dull morning in February, 1854, left an impression on all who witnessed it which has been revived and strengthened by every particular of the great struggle in which they took such a prominent part. Their cheers—re-echoed as it were from Alma and Inkermann—bear now a sad and glorious significance, and may be rendered as the farewell *morituri te salutant* of devoted soldiers, addressed to their sorrowing but grateful country. Then, indeed, no such weight was attached to that grand procession of the household troops—for, ignoring the persistent character of Russian policy and the preparations and resolution of the Czar, the English ministry believed that a mere demonstration on their part would be sufficient to induce the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to abandon the long-cherished project which has become a traditional aim of their existence to Russian statesmen. "They will never go farther than Malta!"—Such was the general feeling and the common expression at the time. To that march, in less than one year, there was a terrible antithesis. A handful of men—wasted and worn, and badly clad—crept slowly down from the plateau of Inkermann, where their comrades lay thick in frequent graves, and sought the shelter of the hillside of Balaklava till they could recover their strength, and be ready for battle once more. They had fought at Alma and at the memorable battle of the soldiers, and then they had wasted slowly away amid dreadful privations, till that proud brigade had nearly ceased to exist. Such was the result of less than six months' service before the enemy, aided by the inevitable results of their position, on the Guards.

The huge swarm of red-coats which buzzed on the decks of the "Orinoco," "Ripon," "Manilla," all the 22nd of February in Southampton Docks, after the day of marching, of excitement, of leave-

taking, and cheering, and hunger, was hived, ere morning, in hammock or blanket, while the vessels rode quietly amid the heavy rain in the waters of the Solent. The "Ripon" was off by 7 o'clock a.m., Thursday, followed closely by the "Manilla," and soon afterwards by the "Orinoco." They ran past the Needles at 8.15, and were soon bowling along with a fresh breeze on the bow (N.W:), in weather which sailors, by some strange perversity of the usual terms relating to the state of the atmosphere, denominated "moderate and fine," right from the land, and making straight for the Bay of Biscay. The breeze was, with all deference to naval authority, strong and boisterous, but, with the excitement and novelty of the situation, the mind ruled the stomach, and the men evinced the usual degree of anxiety as to the time for eating and drinking, which shows that the nastiest and most antigastric of all maladies had not seized them. The crews of the ships busied themselves swinging hammocks for the men. Fourteen inches is man-of-war allowance, but eighteen inches were allowed for the Guards. The hammocks were not strictly luxurious: they consisted of the usual canvas, one blanket, and the military overcoat for those that liked to use it. Knapsack-stowing was wondrous work for the time, but even it palled after an hour or so, and there was nothing but looking at seagulls, smoking pipes, watching each other smoke, and "wondering if they were going to be sick."

Good beef, the domestic pudding of sea life—consisting of large quantities of flour and infinitesimally small portions of plums, compressed by culinary skill into adamantine hardness, and excellent bread, with pea-soup every second day, formed very substantial pieces of resistance to the keen appetites of the men. Half a gill of rum to two of water was served out once a day to each man. On the first day it appeared that, in the fulness of his heart and emptiness of his stomach, Jack Firelock was rather too liberal on board one of the ships to his brother Jack Tar, and gave him an extra allowance. On the next occasion of serving grog, the very big and ponderous Sergeant-Major of the Grenadiers, anxious to prevent such a proof of affection from one service to the other, presided over the grog-tub, and is reported to have delivered the following oracular order: "Men served—two steps to the front, and swallow!" Whether it was obeyed or not this deponent says not, but he thinks, as to the latter part of the order, there were strong *primâ facie* proofs that the men were not insubordinate.

On Friday, the long-swell from the westward began to tell upon the troops. The figure-heads plunged deeply into the waters, and the heads of the poor soldiers hung despondingly over gunwale, portsill, stay, and mess-tin, as their bodies bobbed to and fro with the swaying, creaking, tumbling tabernacle in which they were encamped. It was satisfactory to see that the paroxysms of the complaint were more characterised by resolute torpor and a sullen determination "to do or die" than by the ecstatic misery of the Frenchman, or the prostrate inanity of the German. Even at night they brightened up, and when the bugle sounded at nine o'clock, nearly all were able to crawl into their hammocks for sleep. On Saturday the speed of the vessels was increased from nine-and-a-half to ten knots per hour; and the

"Manilla" was left by the large paddle-wheel steamers far away, buffeting with the swell and head-winds. On Sunday all the men had, to a great extent, recovered; and when, at half-past ten, the ship's company and troops were mustered for prayers, they looked as fresh as could be expected under the circumstances.

On Monday, the usual observances of cleaning decks, cooking, eating, steaming, occupied the time until four p.m., when, in lat. 36° 43′, long. 8° 9′ west, all hands roused up to look at a strange vessel with a dismasted galliot in tow. The "Ripon," which came close to the stranger, hoisted her ensign, whereupon the stranger, who had lost bowsprit and jibboom, and seemed to have been in collision with the towee, ran up Russian colours. The Guards on board burst into a hearty cheer, but why, it would be hard to say, unless that they drew breath at the first sight of the dubious enemy, and they continued gazing on her, and the poor log of a Dutch galliot which she dragged after her, till she was lost in the distance. The voyage continued with fine weather, but head-winds, and on Thursday a target was run up to the foretop-gallant-stunsail-boom of the "Ripon," for practice with the Minié rifle. By some extraordinary chance it turned out that this target was painted like a Russian soldier, and in half-an-hour it was so thoroughly riddled as to be useless. Running along at the rate of ten knots an hour, the "Orinoco" reached Malta on Sunday morning at ten o'clock, and the "Ripon" on Saturday night soon after twelve o'clock. The Coldstreams were disembarked from the former in the course of the day, and the Grenadiers were all ashore ere Monday evening, to the great delight of the Maltese, who made a little harvest from the boat excursions of the "plenty big men" to and from the town. The behaviour of the men was *exemplary during the voyage.*

Never did a finer body of men leave Old England for the good and glory of their country. This is said not of the *personnel* of the men—great British Anakim as they are,—but of the spirit, cheerfulness, and good humour they displayed on the passage. Imagine those fleshy and rather adipose giants, accustomed to the easy indolence of London taps, the unrestrained ease of Winchester bars, and the social military elegancies of Windsor, vying with the police itself in the intensity of their *entente cordiale* with the female servantry of London, living in large, airy, dry barracks, and provided with abundance of well-cooked food, suddenly exposed to much discomfort and partial privation of luxuries, condemned to a rupture of all friendly ties—to the abnegation of pleasant Sunday dualities in bearskin cap and full-dress cane at Hampstead-heath or Highgate;—imagine them, too, penned, cribbed, and by no means "cabined," though certainly confined, between decks, so that they could scarcely turn when attacked by all the fantastic contortions of the *mal de mer*, with uncertain and not always palatable meals, rendering tribute to their unrecognised monarch Neptune, aiding in pulling at perplexing ropes, obliged to keep unintelligible watches over nothing but the stars and sea-water, mustered and "exercised" on unsteady planks, and debarred from any exercise, except scrambling for their daily bread; and then know that this flight of fancy

was short of the truth, and that these "Household troops" suffered and did all this, and more,—and you will scarcely refuse the praise bestowed on them by all who witnessed their behaviour and demeanour.

The "Manilla" arrived at Malta on the morning of March 7th, after a run of eighteen days from Southampton, and her passengers completed the strength of the (Grenadier and Coldstream) Guards. Tedious as the officers and men who were on board may have thought the passage when compared with that of their comrades in other ships, it must nevertheless be taken into consideration that, had they embarked in a sailing vessel, the odds are they would not have set foot on the shores of Malta in less than double that space of time, and that even the auxiliary screw, which was worked by their little engine of sixty-horse power, enabled them to make fair headway against adverse breezes for a portion of the voyage. It would be well, indeed, if things on shore were managed as they have been at sea; but, strange as it may appear, some of the men left their floating prisons only to relinquish comforts to which they had a right;—they have, indeed, had to "rough it" on *terra firma* with greater patience and endurance than that which they were called upon to exercise while on board the steamers. To speak the truth, "somebody" was to blame for having placed a portion of Her Majesty's forces in such a position that they had to endure a few of the minor *désagrêmens* of warfare before there was any necessity for their so doing. Complaints were made that one regiment was left without coals—that another had no lights nor candles—that another suffered from exposure to cold at night under canvas, when the men ought to have been under cover of a more substantial nature—that in some cases that terrible calamity, short commons, actually tried the patience of a portion of the men, and that forage was not to be had for the officers' horses. The Commissariat officers, however, declared that they had received no orders to prepare for the arrival of the troops, and it was evident enough that at the outset our departments were not quite prepared for the task before them. Acting on the old formula of half a century back, when transports took, on an average, eight weeks to sail to Malta, the authorities of the Admiralty very liberally supplied the steamers, which make the passage in about as many days, with eight weeks' store of what are called "medical comforts," such as port wine, &c., for the use of the men. As may be readily conceived, a large quantity of these articles was returned into store at Malta on the arrival of the troops. By a rigid interpretation of orders, the officers of the 93rd, who had just arrived, were debarred from bringing more than 90lb. weight of baggage per man. Many of them omitted beds, canteen and mess traps; and so they must have been horror-stricken when they were politely invited, kilts and all, to pitch their tents on the ravelin, outside Valetta, and "make themselves comfortable." In quick succession regiment after regiment began to arrive after the Guards, and it was now known that the Ministry were obliged to be earnest, and that an armed force would be actually despatched to Turkey to co-operate with a French corps in checking the march of the Russians from the Danube upon Constantinople.

The streets of Valetta were crowded all day with soldiers and officers, and the men at last began to evade the salute as much as they could—as I heard one fellow say to the other, "Why, I might as well get my hand tied to my cap at once!" The talk of the mess-room, of the club, and of all the inhabitants, referred to the chances of war or peace; and the young Italians who have selected the pleasant but hot little island as their sojourn till the advent of their republic, were in a state of considerable excitement, as they could not but believe that a war between Russia and England must lead to its speedier arrival. At first we saw nothing of the French; but the earlier concentration of the English was effected rapidly.

The arrival of the "Himalaya" before midnight on the 7th of March, after an extraordinary run of seven days and three hours from Plymouth, with upwards of 1500 souls on board, afforded another striking proof of our resources as a belligerent power. The ordinary troop-ships would have occupied at least six weeks in conveying that mass of men here, against the winds which prevailed during the voyage of this steamer, and of course it would have cost the Government a proportionate sum in excess for their maintenance while they were wasting precious moments on the ocean. The only inconvenience attendant on this great celerity is, that many human creatures, with the usual appetites of the species, are collected upon one spot, and the supplies can scarcely be procured quickly enough to meet the demand. The vast and sudden increase of meat-consuming animals at Malta, has nearly produced the effects of a famine;—or, at least, the prospect of a disagreeably low ebb in the current of beef and mutton to the markets. On the 6th of March there were only four hundred head of cattle left in Malta and its dependencies, and, with a population of 120,000—with the brigade of Guards and eleven regiments in garrison, and the crews of three frigates to feed, it may easily be imagined that "the lovers of flesh" would have been in a bad way by the end of the week, if the commissariat had not been very active; but their energies were severely taxed to provide for this influx of hungry men. However, the direction to which their efforts tended was not mistakeable. On Sunday, March 5th, Mr. Deputy Commissary-General Turner, who only arrived from England the previous night, was sent off with all haste to Constantinople, and other officers of the same department were engaged in providing stores for the use of the troops. The biscuit mills in the dockyard, all very admirably constructed and managed, were set to work baking 30,000lb. of biscuit per day. Bills in English and Italian were posted in every street of Valetta, informing "parties desirous of joining the commissariat department, under the orders of Commissary-General Filder, about to proceed with the force to the East, as temporary clerks, assistant storekeepers, interpreters, &c.," that they might "freely apply to Assistant Commissary-General Strickland;" with this very significant addition,—"those conversant with English, Italian, modern Greek, and Turkish languages, or the Lingua-Franca of the East, will be preferred;" and all sorts of warlike mechanics, armourers, farriers, wheelwrights, baggage-wagon equipment and harness-makers, were in much request.

The "Simoom," sixteen days from Portsmouth, reached Malta harbour with the Scots Fusileer Guards on Saturday night, the 18th of March, and the troops were disembarked the following day, and landed at their quarters in the Lazaretto. On reflecting upon the passages made by the "Himalaya," the "Orinoco," the "Cambria," the "Ripon," the "Emeu," and even by the little "Manilla"—by every vessel, in fact, which had not the honour of flying Her Majesty's pendant,—and comparing them with the voyage of the "Simoom," one cannot but lament that the engineers, mechanics, and artisans of the royal dockyards do not learn a lesson or take a hint from our great public companies.

The Fusileers disembarked in excellent order,—so did all the regiments which formed the first part of the expeditionary army. The horses were rather fresher than the men; for, although the accommodations of the "Simoom" were good and spacious, the latter felt the confinement, heat, and want of exercise. The Lazaretto, a pile of low stone buildings running along the edge of the waters of the Quarantine Harbour, constructed with due attention to the principles of shade and ventilation, and formed with abundance of casements, sheltered terraces, piazzas, and large arched rooms, was soon completely filled. The brigade of Guards occupied the Lazaretto, happily used no longer as a plague hospital, and Fort Manoel, close by, while a small detachment held Fort Tigné on the spit of rock running from Sliema to the sea. All these quarters were excellent; the rooms, built of solid stone, were large and generally well ventilated, with open squares between the blocks of buildings. The men, in spite of the local derangements caused on their arrival by their "liberty" carousings in acid wine and fiery brandy, enjoyed good health, though the average of disease was rather augmented by the results of an imprudent use of the time allowed to them in London, to bid good-bye to their friends. The officers amused themselves with revolver practice among the rocks and against the walls of the barracks; but pleasant dinners and social parties soon lost their charms, as the sun acquired power, which forced people to remain quiet about noontide, and complaints of being "bored" were soon very audible.

For the three last weeks in March, Valetta assumed the appearance of a fair, in which all the buyers were soldiers. In every street there was the same busy crowd, clad in her Majesty's livery, or, as our allies arrived, intermingling in strange good fellowship with blue-coated, red-breeched Gauls. The "Christophe Columb," French steam-sloop, towing the "Mistral," a small sailing transport, arrived in Malta Harbour on the night of the 7th, and ran into the Grand Harbour at six a.m. the following morning. On board the sloop were Lieutenant-General Canrobert, destined to command a French division, and his Chef d'état Major, Lieutenant-General Martimprey, 45 officers, 800 soldiers, 150 horses; and the "Mistral" was laden with 27 soldiers' and 40 officers' horses. Their reception was most enthusiastic. The French generals were lodged at the Palace, and their soldiers were fêted by their allies in every tavern. Reviews of the Guards, the 93rd, the Rifles, and other regiments, were held in their honour, and the air for days rung with the shouts and cheers of those friends once

considered as "natural enemies." The constant arrival and departure of men-of-war, packets, transports, and troops, and the innumerable preparations required by men about to undertake a campaign, kept the townspeople in incessant activity.

Money was circulated in profusion. It was at one time so plentiful that the people, although they grumbled at the high prices of provisions, felt no actual inconvenience. Every tradesman was busy, morning, noon, and night, and the intense pressure of demand raised the cost of supply enormously. Saddlers, tinmen, outfitters, tailors, shoemakers, cutlers, all the followers of the more useful and practical arts, were in great request, and their charges increased till they attained the West-end scale. Boatmen, and all the amphibious harpies who prey upon the traveller in seaports, reaped a copper and silver harvest of great weight, and acquired, it is to be feared, an exaggerated notion of the value of their labours. It must, however, be said in favour of these Malta boatmen, that they are a hard-working, patient, and honest race;—the latter adjective is applied comparatively, and not absolutely. They would set our Portsmouth or Southampton boatmen an example rather to be wondered at than followed. If the sum they received was at all near the proper price, or even below it, there was no grumbling or remonstrance—they took it in silence. When the sum given was ten times too much, the same judicious reticence was observed. The vendors of oranges, dates, olives, apples, and street luxuries of all kinds, enjoyed a full share of public favour; and, as a proof of the fine digestive apparatus of our soldiery, their lavish enjoyment of these delicacies was unattended by physical suffering. So much could not be affirmed of those who indulged in the more tempting articles exposed for sale in the *trattorie* and wine-shops. A thirsty private, who had been munching the ends of Minié cartridges for an hour or so on the hot rocks at the seaside, sent to the rear and bought four or five oranges for a penny from the swarthy and half-naked Maltese who always attended upon the firing parties. He ate them all with incredible rapidity and relish, trifled with an apple or two afterwards, and felt no inconvenience. Duty over, he rushed across the harbour, or strutted off to Valetta. A cool, dark *café*, with its tarnished gilding and mirrors shining out on the street more radiant than all the taps of all the country inns in the most favoured districts put together, invited him to enter, and a quantity of alcoholic stimulus was supplied, at the small charge of one penny, quite sufficient to encourage him to spend twopence more on the same stuff, till he was rendered insensible to all sublunary cares, and brought to a state which was certain to introduce him to the attentions of the guard and to a raging headache in a very few hours. They were fond of saying, "I can live like a duke here—I can smoke my cigar, and drink my glass of wine, and what could a duke do more?" But the cigar was villanous, being composed of bad tobacco, and made by very dirty manufacturers, who might be seen sitting out in the streets compounding them of the leaves of the plant, sticks, straw, and saliva; and the wine endures much after it leaves Sicily. As to the brandy and spirits, they were simply abominable, and their great cheapness rendered them still more objectionable.

Officers of regiments experienced a good deal of annoyance from this cause at first, but the men were soon "choked off" when they found that indulgence in them was followed by punishment worse than that of the black hole or barrack confinement.

Every military man was delighted at the news that the army was to be supplied with good English porter when in camp. At one of the best hotels at Malta, a wretched watery stuff, bad and bitter—bitter bad, indeed,—was sold at 2s. a bottle. It was certainly a libel upon one of our ale kings to say that he made it, but it was furnished to some French officers as "best English ale," and the grimaces in which they indulged on tasting it would have made Grimaldi die of envy. The comfort of a sound wholesome drink in a country where water is bad and scarce, and all other potables of a like character, cannot be exaggerated, and a supply of good porter must be, in a sanitary point of view, most important to an English army under such circumstances.

It might naturally be expected that every kind of useful quadruped was dear, when so great a demand was created for anything in the shape of beasts of burden. Horses were scarcely to be obtained. There were some old garrison hacks left, and some small country horses; but everything over fourteen hands had been carried away at high prices, for the use of the Staff and mounted officers.

Major le Marchant and Captain Powell, R.N., who went over to Tunis in the "Ardent" (Lieut. Grylls), for the purpose of looking for horses, soon returned without achieving any great success. The officers rode for three days through the country, and found immense numbers of barbs, which could be rendered well fitted for cavalry; but the contagion of high prices had spread from Malta, and the Moors asked 25*l.* and 30*l.* for the veriest bundles of skin and bone that were ever fastened together by muscle and pluck. The Bey was very civil, and exhibited his stud and those of several dealers; but none of the animals were in condition, and the natives pretended that it was impossible to feed them, on account of the famine. It was necessary therefore to search in other quarters for these invariable and necessary companions of belligerent man; but it is to be regretted that we did not take steps to procure a supply somewhat earlier in the day. The debates in Parliament, the temper of the people, the actions of Russia, rendered the time of declaring war only a matter of diplomatic civility or State craft, unless the Ministry were prepared to resist the will of England and to deceive their allies, and to abandon Turkey to her ancient foe. At length the die was cast, and we heard that the demonstration was to be changed to a blow, and that England had passed the rubicon of protocols.

Every exertion was made by the authorities at Malta to enable the expedition to take the field in the best possible form. General Ferguson, the commander, and Admiral Houston Stewart, received the expression of the Duke of Newcastle's satisfaction, on behalf of the Government, at the manner in which they co-operated in making "the extensive preparations for the reception of the expeditionary force, which could only have been successfully carried on by the absence of needless departmental etiquette,"—a

virtue which might have been expected to become more common after this official laudation. This expression of satisfaction was well deserved by both these gallant officers, and his Excellency Sir W. Reid emulated them in his exertions to secure the comfort of the troops. The General was busy enough with all the work of a large garrison —an army, in fact, thrown upon his hands. Inspections, almost daily, of the different regiments, reports, all the details connected with the reception and distribution of such a body of men suddenly added to the force of the place, and the provisioning of their camps and quarters, as well as providing for their creature comforts, food, &c., more or less devolved upon him or the departments under his control. As to the Admiral, early and late he worked with his usual energy and spirit. He had a favourite *modus operandi*, which had the effect of making the conditional mood understood by all his *employés*, and by all under his orders, as meaning the imperative, and the result was magical. Soldiers were stowed away in sailors' barracks and penned up in hammocks under its potent influence; and ships were cleared of their freight, or laden with a fresh one, with extraordinary facility. Not only had our excellent Admiral to attend to the affairs of our own services, to look to complaints, or consider requests made by them, but he was beset by French, Prussian, and Yankee skippers in distress for water or coals, and had to keep up conversations in foreign tongues and be polite to the numerous naval people who, at this exciting period, called in at Malta for curiosity, pleasure, or duty. Half an hour's experience of the duties that devolved on one of these high officers would make most of the public a little less censorious of official peccadilloes.

While on the subject of military conveniences, it may be as well to state that a general opinion in favour of white cap-covers, with flaps hanging down at the back of the head, was expressed by the officers of the expedition who had served in India.* These covers add little to the weight of the cap, and form an excellent protection to the head against the heat of the sun. As to shaving, it seemed quite certain that, till the army was actually engaged in the more active operations of war, they would be condemned to rasp and tear their skins with bad razors, leaving a surface of raw chin and lip for the sun and wind to exasperate. The generals will have it so. Even on board the steamers and transports, where the men were penned together like sheep, with scarce room to turn, with no place to wash or dress in, they were obliged to appear shaven to a nicety. To our modern commanders the *imberbis* Apollo appeared the *beau ideal* of a soldier. Every one has heard of the despair of our gallant old generals long ago, when informed that pigtails were doomed, and that long gaiters with three dozen buttons down the side, were no longer to be considered indispensable to the equipment of the British warrior. The same prejudices existed at the commencement of the late war against beards. Unquestionably a well-trimmed and shaven regiment looks neat and clean on parade; but when the matter is examined into—when Private Brown appears with an awful gash

* This suggestion was acted on by the home authorities, and white cap-covers were served out to the troops in the East.

on his chin, Corporal Jones winces from the irritation of an expanse of unwholesome stubble, and the effect produced by the use of the razor is fully understood, it is to be doubted whether this neatness and cleanliness of appearance may not be purchased at the cost of comfort and good humour, both of which ought to be as much as possible maintained when the men are in the field.

It was said that Sir George Brown and Brigadier-General Bentinck were so much opposed to any change in this respect, that the officers and men under their command could not hope to be permitted to let their beards and moustaches grow. Both those distinguished and excellent officers believed they were preserving a certain distinctive character to the British army in this respect; but it was felt that if the disadvantages of the present practice became manifest in actual campaigning they would readily consent to a temporary alteration. It was also plain that the Highland regiments engaged in this expedition would be compelled by sanitary considerations, as well as regard for decency and comfort, to abandon the kilt, or, at all events, to follow the example of Zouaves and Albanians, and protect their legs from the sun, brambles, and thorns, by wearing some covering on the leg.*

The ingenuity and good taste of the authorities might certainly have been exerted to devise a dress for the officers of the line regiments more comfortable and less unbecoming than the shell jacket, which had all the stringency of the stiff regulation coatee without any of its advantages in point of appearance, and which also exposed the wearer to ridicule wherever he appeared for the first time. A major of eighteen stone, in all the unprotected boldness of his scarlet schoolboy's attire, is an object too serious for laughter and too dignified for pity; but at the same time he is extremely uncomfortable—buttoned in where he desires ease, and exposed where he requires covering, without pockets to put anything into, and conscious that he is rather wondered at than admired. A man in such a dress does not look like a soldier, though he feels anything but peaceably disposed after a promenade through a gaping crowd; and even the most Antinous-like of ensigns can scarcely aver that he considers the shell either useful or elegant.†

However, in this, as in many other things, necessity is the best teacher. With our men well clothed, well fed, well housed (whether in camp or town does not much matter), and well attended to, there is little to fear. They were all in the best possible spirits, and fit to go anywhere, and perhaps to do anything. Writing at the time, I said, "But inaction may bring listlessness and despondency, and in their train follows disease. What is most to be feared in an encampment is an enemy that musket and bayonet cannot meet or repel. Of this the records of the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1828–9, in which 80,000 perished by 'plague, pestilence, and famine,' afford a fearful lesson;

* This was actually the case during the campaign and siege of Sebastopol as soon as summer was over, and the kilts were then only used on punishment drills.

† I should be rather grieved if any readers were to suppose that this passage had anything to do with the introduction of the so-called tunic, although all officers will admit that even the tunic is better than the shell-jacket.

and let those who have the interests of the army at heart just turn to Moltke's history of that miserable invasion, and they will grudge no expense and spare no precaution, to avoid, as far as human skill can do it, a repetition of such horrors. Let us have plenty of doctors. Let us have an overwhelming army of medical men to combat disease. Let us have a staff—full and strong—of young and active and expeperienced men. Do not suffer our soldiers to be killed by antiquated imbecility. Do not hand them over to the mercies of ignorant etiquette and effete seniority, but give the sick every chance which skill, energy, and abundance of the best specifics can afford them. The heads of departments may rest assured that the country will grudge no expense on this point, nor on any other connected with the interest and efficiency of the *corps d'élite* which England has sent from her shores."* The home authorities appeared to be fully alive to the importance of this portion of military administration. There were at this time three first-class staff-surgeons at Constantinople—Messrs. Dumbreck, Linton, and Mitchell. At Malta there were several medical officers of reputation—Dr. Burrell, at the head of the department; Dr. Alexander, who served during the Caffre war; Dr. Tice, late of the cavalry depôt at Maidstone; Mr. Smith; and a great accession to their ranks was then expected every day from home.

The commissariat department became daily more efficient, and every possible effort appeared to be made to secure a proper supply of creature comforts for the troops. This, however, was a matter that could be best tested in the field. The few complaints heard at this early period of the expedition did not deserve much notice, and were of a character to induce most people to believe that they would cease altogether as the authorities gained the most valuable of all kinds of knowledge—experience.

CHAPTER II.

Our Allies—The Zouaves—Departure of the first Portion of the British Expedition from Malta—Sea-passage—Classical Antiquities—Caught in a Levanter—The Dardanelles—Gallipoli.

On Tuesday, the 28th of March, the "Montezuma," with 800 Chasseurs de Vincennes, some Zouaves, and about 50 horses, and the "Albatross," with more infantry and horses, arrived from France in the Great Harbour of Valetta. The "Montezuma" is an ugly, stiff-built, paddle-wheel steam-frigate, with great breadth of beam and wall sides. Looking forward, the deck seemed literally covered with men, packed closely together, and only broken by the rows of horse-boxes, by the funnel, and deck cabooses. On the spar deck it was just possible to move through the mass of soldiery, who were remarkably compact, muscular, and soldierlike-looking fellows. The Zouave (an object of

* This was a timely warning—almost a prophetic warning—sounded long ere a British soldier set foot in the East.

some curiosity to all) wears a sort of red fez cap, with a turban of white or green rolled round it to protect the head; a jacket of blue cloth, with red facings, decorated with some simple ornaments, and open in front, so as to display the throat. Round his waist a broad sash is folded several times, so as to keep up the ample pantaloons and to support the back. The pantaloons, of scarlet cloth, fit closely over the hips, and then expand to the most Dutchman-like dimensions, till they are gathered just below the knee in loose bagging folds; so that they look almost like a kilt. From the knee to the ankle the leg is protected by greaves, made of stout, yellow-embroidered leather (with black stripes), laced down the back and descending to the ankle, where it is met by a white gaiter which nearly covers the shoe. The whole costume is graceful, easy, and picturesque. The men (natives of France, and not Arabs, as many suppose) are generally smart young fellows, about five feet six inches in height, burnt to a deep copper tint by the rays of an African sun, and wearing the most luxuriant beards, moustaches, and whiskers; so that it is somewhat hard to believe these fierce-looking warriors can be Europeans.

Their amusements were simple enough. Card-players, squatted in groups on the deck, pipe in mouth, were earnestly engaged in the excitement of the contest to be determined by inscrutable-looking cards, of a dark mahogany colour. The stakes were almost nominal, and those who were not engaged in play, or in looking on, were busy around the Arab horses, all of which seemed full of spirits and briskness. These were placed in pairs in boxes about four-and-a-half feet high, roughly made of wood, standing in two rows running fore and aft, and nailed and clouted to the deck. The horses had neither slings below nor cover of any kind above; and if one slipped down in bad weather, there seemed little chance of his ever getting up alive; but, strange to say, they were all well, unhurt, and uninjured. The quarters of the men were not by any means so good as our own. A considerable number of the men had to sleep on deck, as there was no room for them below, and in rain or sea-way they must have suffered from wet. Their kit seemed very light. As to the officers, they did not carry many necessaries, and the average weight of their luggage was not more than 50lb. or 60lb., whilst ours grumbled at being restricted to 90lb. They were all in the highest spirits, and looked forward with great anxiety to their first brush with the Russians in company with the English. The United States corvette "Levant," lying near, was a "box of guns," and ought to be a crank craft in bad weather, owing to the size of her masts and spars, and the weight of her armament. Nothing could exceed the exquisite cleanliness of the ship in every part. Her crew were fine, stout, sailor-looking fellows, and the eye was caught at once by the becoming dress of the marines—Prussian blue, with bright yellow facings, and an old English-shaped shako. Discipline seemed very "smart" on board.

On the 29th the "Valetta" arrived with Sir George Brown on board; and every one knew that there was but little chance of idling after that took place, if he but fulfilled the expectations which his Horse Guards reputation had raised in the minds of the officers of the army. He repaired to the Palace on his arrival, and the result

justified the popular military superstition of the day with respect to the gallant officer's decision and quickness of movement. On the following morning, the Rifle Brigade and two companies of Sappers and Miners, who had received orders to be in readiness, were embarked on board the fine screw-steamer "Golden Fleece," belonging to the General Screw Steam Shipping Company. Early on Thursday, the 30th, Sir John Burgoyne arrived from Constantinople in the "Caradoc." No inspection of troops, or public show of any kind, took place, and nothing remarkable occurred in Valetta, except the usual fraternization of French and English troops. Before we started two steamers came in with Zouaves from Africa and the usual freight of horses, and the streets were full of men in scarlet and blue uniforms, walking arm and arm together in uncommunicative friendliness, their conversation being carried on by signs, such as pointing to their throats and stomachs, to express the primitive sensations of hunger and thirst. In most cases our men saluted the foreign officers as if they were their own, and the greatest cordiality existed amongst them. The French sailed the following day for Gallipoli.

In spite of some statements to the contrary which appeared in the local journals, the most thorough good feeling pervaded the whole population of Malta towards the expeditionary army. Several of the higher classes of the native inhabitants made themselves remarkable for the *empressement* with which they received the troops, and cases occurred in which the palaces and country mansions of the nobility and gentry were freely placed by their owners at the disposal of the officers. One gentleman at Sliema gave up the whole of his house, completely furnished, to the officers of the Scots Fusileer Guards, and other instances of the same kind might be mentioned; but these generous offers were gratefully declined.

Directly the declaration of war reached Malta, the embarkation of troops for Gallipoli was carried on with unremitting assiduity, and the excitement produced in the island was indescribable. Crowds of people assembled on the shores of the harbours and lined the quays and public landing-places, the crash of military music being almost drowned in the enthusiastic cheers of the soldiers: the leave-taking by the officers and men of their wives and families formed a painful contrast to the joy which otherwise so generally prevailed. As the vessels moved slowly from their buoys, dense masses of people lined the batteries, and yet denser crowds of soldiers the forts—those of St. Angelo and Ricasoli, in the Great Harbour, and those of Manoel and Tigné, in the Quarantine, and St. Elmo, between both—cheering their comrades as the vessels glided along, the cheers from one fort being taken up by the troops in the others, and as zealously responded to from those on board.

Whilst the French were moving up their troops to Gallipoli, the English made no demonstration in the same direction, and thus lost the prestige which might have been earned at a very small cost by an early appearance on the stage, as well as the substantial advantages of a first occupation of the town. Malta was, in spite of its excitement, a very dull place, and was beginning to get unpleasantly hot also.

The greater portion of the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Colonel Laurence, Colonel Victor, R.E., Captain Gibb, R.E., and some Sappers, embarked in the "Golden Fleece" in a great hurry on Thursday, and a cabin on board that vessel having been placed at the disposal of the Author, she started, after many false alarms, for Gallipoli, the following morning, March 31st, at 5 a.m.

Very few persons were up to witness the sailing of the noble ship with her living cargo. The early fishermen, the boatmen in the great harbour, and a solitary sentinel perched here and there on the long lines of white bastions, were, perhaps, all who saw the departure of the advanced guard of the only British expedition that has ever sailed to the land of the Moslem since the days of the Great Plantagenet. The morning was dark and overcast. The blue Mediterranean assumed an indigo colour, stippled with patches of white foam, and was at times altogether lost to view to windward, as heavy squalls of wind and drenching rain flew over its surface. The showers were tropical in their vehemence and suddenness, so that, ere noon, the men on deck and the watch were thoroughly wet; and as they had no means of drying their clothes, or of washing their linen on board, some of the Rifles and Sappers were thus rendered rather uncomfortable for the day. Nothing was visible all day except some wretched looking gulls flapping in our wake hour after hour, in the hope of some unintentional contributions towards their livelihood from the ship, and two or three dilapidated old coasters running as hard as they could scud for the dangerous shelter of the land. Indeed, Jason himself and his crew, in a gale of wind, could scarcely have looked more uncomfortable than the men did for some hours, though there was small resemblance indeed between the cruiser in which he took his passage and the "Golden Fleece," in which our troops were embarked. The Rifles looked as sombre as fate, huddled up on deck to the lee of any available shelter, and "It all comes of sailing on a Friday," said a grumbling forecastle Jack.

However, the anticipations of the tarry prophet were not so fully developed as he might have expected—there was no shipwreck or serious calamity. On the contrary, towards evening, the wind, rising gently, blew clouds and vapours away; the sky cleared, the fine sharp edge of the great circle of waters of which we were the black murky centre, revealed itself; and ere night closed in, the sun rushed out of his coat of *cumuli*, all bright and fervent, and sank to rest in a sea of fire. Even the gulls brightened up and began to look comfortable, and the sails of the flying craft, visible far away on the verge of the landscape, shone whitely in the distance. The soldiers dried their coats, and tried to forget sloppy decks and limited exercise ground, and night closed round the ship with peace and comfort on her wings. As the moon rose, a wonder appeared in the heavens—"a blazing comet with a fiery tail," which covered five or six degrees of the horizon, and shone through the deep blue above. Here was the old world-known omen of war and troubles. Many as they gazed upon it felt the influence of the ancient tales creeping over them, and associated this ominous apparition with the errand of the British force to the East,

and with the convulsion then impending over Europe, though Mr. Hind and Professor Airy and Sir J. South may prove to demonstration that the comet aforesaid was born or baptised in space, hundreds of centuries before Prince Menschikoff was ever thought of.

At last the comet was lost in the moon's light, and the gazers put out their cigars, forgot their philosophy and their fears, abandoned vague astronomical surmises, and went to bed. The accommodation on board the splendid ship was ample, the fare tolerable, the servants attentive, and so the first day passed pleasantly, in spite of the rain. It is almost a pity that so much comfort and convenience should have anything to mar it, but the officers did complain a little that they were not allowed sheets to their beds, as the 4th regiment had been provided with them in their passage out in the same vessel to Malta, and the wines and beer were only middling, though they had much the advantage of the spirits, which were downright execrable. The next day, Saturday (1st April), passed as most days do at sea in smooth weather. The men ate and drank, and then walked on deck till they were able to eat and drink again, and so on till bed time. No land was visible, but curious little brown owls, as if determined to keep up the traditions of the neighbourhood, flew on board, and were caught in the rigging. They seemed to come right from the land of Minerva. In the course of the day many small birds fluttered on the yards, masts, and bulwarks, plumed their little jaded wings, and after a short rest, impelled by an inscrutable instinct, launched themselves once more across the bosom of the deep. Some of them were common titlarks, others little greyish buntings, others yellow and black fellows. They were agreeable visitors, and served to afford much entertainment to Jack and the soldiers. Three of the owls and a titlark were at once introduced to each other in a cage, and the ship's cat was thrown in by way of making an *impromptu* "happy family." The result rather increased one's admiration for the itinerant zoologist of Trafalgar-square and Waterloo-bridge, inasmuch as pussy obstinately refused to hold any communication with the owls —they seemed in turn to hate each other, and all evinced determined animosity towards the unfortunate titlark, which speedily languished and died.

This and the following day made amends for the wetness of its predecessor. There was, however, a head wind, which did not permit of carrying sail. No land appeared in sight all day, and the only object worthy the attention bestowed upon it was a French paddle-wheel steamer with troops on board and a transport in tow, which was conjectured to be one of those that had left Malta some days previously. The men were paraded at half-past 10 o'clock, and between various duties and the indulgence of the keen appetites fostered by the sea air, managed to get over the time very pleasantly. After dinner, when the band had done playing, the men of the Sappers assembled on the quarter-deck, and sang some glees excellently well, while the Rifles in another part of the ship had a select band of vocal performers of their own, who sang comic and sentimental songs amid very great applause. Some of these, *à propos* of

the expedition, were rather hard on the Guards and their bearskins, and displayed considerable wit and a keen sense of the ludicrous. At night the Frenchman and his consort were well down astern below the horizon. At daylight the coast was visible N. by E.—a heavy cloudlike line resting on the grey water. It was the Morea, and the deck was speedily covered with officers rushing up to gaze on the old land of the Messenians. If not greatly changed, it really is wonderful what attractions it could have had for the Spartans. Tyrtæus must have been sadly puzzled to have made anything even decent out of it. A more barren-looking coast one need not wish to see. It is like a section of the west coast of Sutherland in winter. The mountains—cold, rocky, barren ridges of land—culminate in snow-covered peaks, and the numerous villages of white cabins or houses dotting the declivity towards the sea did not relieve the place of a certain air of savage primitiveness, which, however, little consorted with our ideas of its antiquity and ancient fame. About 9·40 we passed Cape Matapan, which seemed to have concentrated in itself all the rude characteristics of the surrounding coast. Although the old reputation of the cape was not sustained by our annihilation, still the sea showed every inclination to be troublesome, and the wind began to rise every moment.

After breakfast the men were mustered, and the captain read prayers. At this time we were passing between the Morea and Cerigo. One could not help wondering what on earth could have possessed Venus to select such a wretched rock as Cytherea now appears to be for her island home. Verily the poets have much to answer for. Had steamers existed in those days we should have lost many fine bits of poesy. Not the boldest of them all—Horace, Ovid, or Anacreon—would have dared to fly into ecstasies about the terrestrial landing-place of Venus had he once beheld the same. The fact is, the place is like Lambay, or Ireland's Eye, pulled out and expanded a little. When prayers were over, we had a proof that the Greeks were tolerably right about the weather. Even bolder boatmen than the ancients might fear the heavy squalls off those snowy headlands, which gave us a very bad idea of sunny Greece in early spring. Their writers always represented the performance of a voyage round Capes Matapan and Malea as being attended with a considerable amount of danger; and, indeed, if the best of triremes was caught in the breeze encountered by the "Golden Fleece" hereabouts, the crew would never have been troubled to hang up a votive tablet to their preserving deity.

From 10 o'clock till 3·30 p.m. the ship ran along the diameter of the semicircle between the two Capes which mark the southern extremities of Greece. Cape Malea, or St. Angelo, is just such another bluff, mountainous, and desolate headland as Cape Matapan, and is not so civilized-looking, for there are no villages visible near it. However, in a very rude hut on its south-east face resides a Greek hermit, who must have enormous opportunities for improving his mind, if Zimmerman is at all trustworthy. He is not quite lost to the appetizing calls of nature, and has a great tenderness for ships' biscuit. Hence

he generally hoists a little flag when a vessel passes near, and is often gratified by a supply of hard-bake. Had we wished to administer to his luxuries, we could not have done so, for the wind when we came off this angle of the Cape rushed at us with fury, and the instant we rounded it we saw the sea broken into crests of foam making right at our bows. In fact, we had additional reasons for believing that the old mariners were not without warranty when they advised "him who doubled Cape Malea to forget his home." We had got right into an Etesian wind—one of those violent Levanters which the learned among us said ought to be the Euroclydon which drove St. Paul to Malta. Its violence was considerable, and sheltered as we were to eastward by clusters of little islands, the sea began to get up and roll in confused wedges towards the ship. She behaved nobly, and went over them buoyantly and with great ease, but with her small auxiliary steam power she could scarcely hold her own against the breeze. As it increased, we were driven away to leeward, and did not make much headway. The gusts came down furiously between all kinds of classical islands, which we could not make out, for our Maltese pilot got frightened, and revealed the important secret that he did not know one of them from the other. The men bore up well against their Euroclydon, and emulated the conduct of the ship, and night came upon us, labouring in black jolting seas, dashing them into white spray, and running away into dangerous unknown parts, without caring in the least for the consequences. It passed songless, dark, agitated, and uncomfortable, and much was the suffering in the hermetically sealed cells in which our officers reposed.

At daylight on Monday morning the sight was most unpromising; the clouds were black and low, the sea white and high, and the junction between them on the far horizon was of a very broken and promiscuous character, so that one could scarcely be known from the other. The good steamer had run thirty miles to leeward of her course, making not the smallest progress, but horribly buffeted about, the figure-head sluiced with spray and sea. Grey islets with foam flying over them lay around, indistinctly seen through the driving vapour which exhaled from the Ægean. To mistrust of the pilot the fear of accident was added, and the helm was put up, and we wore ship at 6·30 a.m. in a heavy seaway. Falconero was north, and Milo south at daybreak, and the gale increased subsequently, till at 8 a.m. even sailors considered it deserved to be called in their log, "stormy, with heavy squalls." A little screw-steamer was seen on our port quarter plunging through the heavy sea, and at 9·30, just ere we bore away, we made her out to be the "Cape of Good Hope." As we ran back, she followed our example. The heavy sea that set in on our starboard quarter as we approached Malea, caused the ship to roll very much—the deck was now and then inclined at so sharp an angle that the men could only hold on by tight grip of the stays and ropes, and the seas breaking over afforded them a very protracted material for merriment, as they saw themselves and their officers well drenched by some great lumbering water lout, who tossed himself in over the bulwarks. By 3·30 p.m., having run past St. Angelo once more, the ship cast anchor in Vatika Bay

in the Morea, in twenty fathoms, the water being nearly smooth. Here a French steamer and brig—doubtless the same as those we passed on Saturday—lay close in to the shore, and we held no communication. We cheered them vigorously, but the men could not hear. Some time afterwards the "Cape of Good Hope" and a French screw-steamer also ran into the bay for shelter, and anchored near us. This little flotilla evidently alarmed the inhabitants very much, for the few who were fishing in boats fled to shore, and we saw a great effervescence at a distant village of good stone houses. We had run forty-four miles from the point of return to the bay in three hours and a half, and no doubt the apparition in the bay of such a force, flying the tricolor and the union jack, and so hastily assembled, frightened the people. They could be seen running to and fro along the shore like ants when their nest is stirred.

At dusk our bands played the popular dance music of the day, and the mountains of the Morea, for the first time since they rose from the sea to watch the birth of Venus, echoed the strains of "God save the Queen." The people lighted bonfires, as if by way of signal, upon the hills, but the lights soon died out. Our vocalists reassembled, and sang glees or fine vigorous choruses together, and the night passed very pleasantly in smooth water and on an even keel. At six o'clock on Tuesday morning the "Golden Fleece" left her snug anchorage in Vatika Bay, and ran by the old ground of South Morea and Cape St. Angelo, passed Poulo Bello at 10·45 a.m., with light wind and sea quite gone down. The Greek coast trending away to the left, showed in rugged masses of mountains capped by snowy peaks, and occasionally the larger towns—clusters of white specks on the dark purple of the hills—were visible; but before evening the ship, having run safely through all the terrors of the Ægean and its islands, dashed right away for the entrance to the Dardanelles. At 2 a.m. on Wednesday morning, however, it began to blow furiously again, the wind springing up as if "Æolus had just opened bag No. 2, and put on fresh hands at the bellows," to use the nautical simile. The breeze went, in a few hours, down with the same rapidity with which it rose, and smooth seas greeted the ship as she steamed by Mitylene. On the left lay the entrance to the Gulf of Athens—Eubœa was on our left hand—Tenedos was before us—on our right rose the snowy heights of Mount Ida—and the Troad (atrociously and unforgiveably like "the Bog of Allen!") lay stretching its brown folds, dotted with rare tumuli, from the sea to the mountain side for leagues away. Athos (said to be ninety miles distant) stood between us and the setting sun—a pyramid of purple cloud bathed in golden light; and, as if to complete the utter confusion of ideas, and the dislocation of all association, the "Leander" frigate showed her number and went right away down from the very waters that lay between Sestos and Abydos, past the shadow of the giant mountain, stretching away on our port beam till lost to sight. At 9·30 the ship passed the Castles of the Dardanelles. She was not stopped nor fired at as of yore, but as she ran up higher the sentinels on the European side screeched horribly and showed lights, and seemed to execute a convulsive *pas* of fright or valour on the rocks. The only reply was the calm sounding of the tattoo on the bugles—the

first time that the blast of English light infantry trumpets broke the silence of those antique shores.* After midnight we arrived at Gallipoli, and anchored for the night. No one took the slightest notice of us, nor was any communication made with the shore. Morning showed us a collection of red-roofed barns, with tall white minarets rising up among them. These minarets are very like Irish round towers, renovated and whitewashed, with large extinguishers clapped on top by way of ornament.

The breadth of the Dardanelles is about five miles opposite the town, but the Asiatic and the European coasts run towards each other just ere they expand into the Sea of Marmora, so as to give the straits in this locality the appearance of a bay. The country behind the town is hilly, and at the time of our arrival had not recovered from the effects of the late very severe weather, being covered with patches of snow.

Unless there was danger that the forces of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias would get by some means or other down on the very shores of the Dardanelles, the advantage of fixing our position at Gallipoli would not be easily shown. The place is a wretched collection of hovels, with 10,000 inhabitants, Turks, Jews, and Greeks, on the European side of the Dardanelles, at the north-western extremity of the strait, where it begins to expand into the Sea of Marmora. It is exposed to much of the sun's rays; but a range of hills running parallel to the coast-line affords considerable facilities for pitching a healthy encampment. As the crow flies, it is about 120 miles from Constantinople across the Sea of Marmora. The geographical accidents of Gallipoli led one to think the army placed there was intended for occupation and defence. It would be within such a distance of Constantinople that, if the capital were in the smallest danger, the troops could be sent there in a few days, artillery, baggage, and all, while it effectually commanded the Dardanelles and the entrance to the Sea of Marmora, and made it a *mare clausum* as it lists. Other considerations ought not to be overlooked; a small town, on a spit of land opposite the mouth of the Maritza, on the coast of Turkey to the north-east of Samothrace, was surveyed and examined for an encampment by French and English engineers. This was the town of Enos. It is obvious that if some daring Muscovite general forcing a passage across the Danube were to beat the Turks and cross the western ridges of the Balkans, he might advance southwards with very little hindrance to the very Ægean; and a dashing march to the south-east would bring his troops to the western shores of the Dardanelles. An army at Gallipoli could check such a movement, if it ever entered into the head of any one to attempt to put it in practice. Gallipoli is in effect situated on almost the narrowest portion of the tongue of land or peninsula which, running between the Gulf of Saros on the west and the Dardanelles on the east, forms the western side of the

* It is a fact that at one time the Turks were busily engaged strengthening the batteries at the entrance of the Dardanelles, in order to prevent the entrance of the Allied fleets without their consent.

strait. An army encamped here commands the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora, and can be marched northwards to the Balkan, or sent across to Asia or up to Constantinople with equal facility.

Early on the Thursday morning after the arrival of the "Golden Fleece" at Gallipoli, a boat came off from the shore, with two commissariat officers, Messrs. Turner and Bartlett, and an interpreter. They informed us that the Consul had gone up the Dardanelles to look for us, but that he would return in the course of the day, and added the unwelcome news that horses were not to be had at any price, that provisions were not very cheap, and that the French, being the first comers, had got hold of the best part of the town, and of the best quarters as well. The French mail steamer for Marseilles put in just at the moment, and started so soon afterwards that we could scarcely get the General's letters and despatches on board. After breakfast, Lieutenant-General Brown, Colonel Sullivan, Captain Hallewell, aid-de-camp, and Captain Whitmore, aid-de-camp, started for the shore in the ship's boat, accompanied by the captain of the vessel and the commissary officers. Sir George proceeded to visit the Pasha of Adrianople (Rustum Pasha), who was sent here expressly by his Government to facilitate the arrangements and debarkation of the troops. On their return, about half-past two o'clock, Lieutenant-General Canrobert, in full uniform, accompanied by one aid-de-camp, came on board, and was received by the Lieutenant-General. They had a long and animated conversation, and Sir George led him down the hold of the ship, that he might have an opportunity of seeing how the troops were stowed, and their arms, &c., carried. The visit lasted an hour, and was marked at its close with greater cordiality, if possible, than at the commencement. After the necessary arrangements had been made, the troops were disembarked, and marched out to encamp, eight miles and a half north of Gallipoli, at a place called Bulair.

CHAPTER III.

Gallipoli described—Turkish Architecture—Superiority of the French arrangements—Close shaving, tight stocking, and light marching.

TAKE the most dilapidated outhouses of farmers' yards in England—remove rickety old wooden tenements of Holywell-street, Wych-street, and the Borough—catch up, wherever you can, any seedy, cracked, shutterless structures of planks and tiles that have escaped the ravages of time in our cathedral towns—carry off sheds and stalls from Billingsgate, and add to them the huts along the shores of the Thames between London-bridge and Greenwich—bring them all to the European side of the Straits of the Dardanelles, and having pitched on the most exposed portion of the coast, on a bare round hill, sloping away to the water's edge, with scarcely tree or shrub, tumble them "higgledy piggledy" on its declivity, in such wise that the streets may resemble, on a large scale, the devious traces of a book-worm through some old tome—let the roadway be very narrow, of

irregularly varying breadth, according to the bulgings and projections of the houses, and filled with large round slippery stones, painful and hazardous to walk upon—here and there borrow a dirty gutter from a back street in Boulogne—let the houses in parts lean across to each other so that the tiles meet, or that a few planks thrown across from over the doorways unite and form a sort of "passage" or arcade—steal some of our popular monuments, the shafts of various national testimonials, or Irish round towers—surround them with a light gallery about twelve feet from the top, put on a large extinguisher-shaped roof, paint them all white, and having thus made them into minarets, clap them down into the maze of buildings—then let fall big stones all over the place—plant little windmills with odd-looking sails on the crests of the hill over the town—transport the ruins of a feudal fortress from Northern Italy, and put it into the centre of the town, with a flanking tower extending to the water's edge—erect a few buildings of wood by the waterside to serve as *café*, custom-house, and government stores—and, when you have done this, you have to all appearance imitated the process by which Gallipoli was created. The receipt, if tried, will be found to answer beyond belief.

To fill it up you must, however, catch a number of the biggest breeched, longest bearded, dirtiest, and stateliest old Turks (to be had at any price in the Ottoman empire); provide them with pipes, and keep them smoking all day on little wooden stages or platforms about two feet from the ground, by the water's edge or up the main streets, as well as in the shops of the bazaar (one of the "passages" or arcades already described); see that they have no slippers on, nothing but stout woollen hose (their feet gear being left on the ground below), shawl turbans (one or two being green, for the real descendant of the Prophet), fur-lined flowing coats, and bright-hued sashes round the waist, in which are to be stuck silver-sheathed yataghans and ornamented Damascus pistols; don't let them move more than their eyes, or express any emotion at the sight of anything except an English lady; then gather a noisy, picturesque, and active crowd of fez-capped Greeks in baggy blue breeches, smart jackets, sashes, and rich vests—of soberly-dressed Armenians—of intellectual-looking Jews, with keen flashing eyes—Chasseurs de Vincennes, Zouaves, British riflemen, *vivandières*, Sappers and Miners, Nubian slaves, camel-drivers, commissaries, officers, and sailors, and direct them in streams through the streets round the little islets in which the smoking Turks are harboured, and you will do much to populate the place.

It will be observed that women are not mentioned in this description, but children were not by any means wanting—on the contrary, there was a glut of them, in the Greek quarter particularly, and now and then a bundle of clothes, in yellow leather boots, and covered at the top with a piece of white linen, might be seen moving about, which you will do well to believe contained a woman neither young nor pretty. Dogs, so large, savage, tailless, hairy, and curiously-shaped, that Wombwell could make a fortune out of them if aided by any clever zoological nomenclator, prowled along the shore and walked through the shallow water, in which stood a herd of bullocks and buffaloes waiting till the araba, or cart, was ready for them—six French

steamers, and three French transports, with the tricolor flying, and the paddlebox boats full of troops on their way to land—a solitary English steamer, with the red ensign, at anchor in the bay—and some Greek polaccas, with their beautiful white sails and trim rig, flying down the straits, which are here about three and a half miles broad, so that the villages on the rich swelling hills of the Asia Minor side are plainly visible,—all these must be added, and then the picture will be tolerably complete.

In truth, it is a wretched place—picturesque to a degree, but, like all picturesque things or places, horribly uncomfortable. The French came first, and like all first comers, they were the best served. When the "Golden Fleece" arrived on Thursday night there was no pilot to show her where to anchor, and it was nearly an hour ere she ran out her cable in nineteen fathoms water. No one came off to her, for it was after midnight, and there was something depressing in this silent reception of the first British army that ever landed on the shores of these straits. As the vessel entered the portals of the Dardanelles, and rushed swiftly up between its dark banks, those on board tried to discern the outline of the villages on its shores. The sentinels on the forts and along the ridges challenged loudly—shouting to each other to be on the alert—the band of the Rifles all the while playing the latest fashionable polkas, or making the rocks acquainted with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." But all these things ceased at Gallipoli, and when morning came we only felt sorry that nature had made it a desirable place for us to land at. The tricolor was floating right and left, and the blue coats of the French were well marked on shore, the long lines of bullock-carts stealing along the strand towards their camp making it evident that they were taking care of themselves. As it happened, our active, intelligent, and able Consul had gone down to the towers of the Dardanelles to look for us, but we had escaped him in the dark.

The first thing that happened after the visit of the commissaries was characteristic. The General desired to send for the Consul, but the only way of doing so was by water, and the only vessel available for the purpose was a small Turkish Imperial steamer near us. The Consul's dragoman, a grand-looking Israelite, prepared to go on the expedition, but the engineer on board had just managed to break his leg. He therefore requested the loan of our engineer, as no one could be found to undertake the care of the steamer's engines, and, after a successful cruise, he returned in the evening with the Consul, Mr. Calvert, on board. Now, will it be credited, that no instructions whatever were sent to the Consul to prepare for the reception of this force at Gallipoli? The only steps taken by the authorities were to send two commissariat officers, without interpreters or staff, to the town a few days before the troops actually landed, to make provision for them. These officers could not speak the language, nor were they furnished with any facilities for making themselves intelligible; their proceedings, therefore, in all matters of purchase, hire, or contract, were necessarily very slow, and, considering the pressure of the French demands, it is very wonderful they were so successful. However, the English Consul was, fortunately, a man of energy; he came to

Gallipoli, and found the French had literally got hold of the town from the Turkish Council. It was affirmed, indeed, that so vigorously did General Canrobert speak in making requisitions for his army, that the Pasha asked him whether the French were come as allies to assist them, or as victors to rule over a conquered province. The story runs that General Canrobert next day sent an aid-de-camp to the Pasha, to say that he was a soldier, and in command of an army, and had perhaps spoken too warmly; and that the Pasha (Rustum) replied, that he too was a soldier, and had been in command of an army, but that he never could have considered these circumstances justified the use of such language. This by way of parenthesis. Mr. Calvert went to the Turkish Council, reminded them that there were British troops yet to come, and succeeded in having half of the quarters in the town reserved to him for their use. Next day he visited and marked off the houses; but on his return the French authorities said they had made a mistake as to the portion of the town they had handed over to him, and he of course had to yield and give them up. They had the Turkish part of the town, close to the water, with an honest and favourable population; the English had the Greek quarter, further up the hill, and perhaps the healthier, with dexterous tradesmen, and a population which hated them bitterly, and regarded them as foes quartered on them by force of arms.

Mr. Calvert was aided considerably in his efforts by an officer of Royal Engineers, Lieutenant the Hon. George Wrottesley, who had been surveying this neighbourhood and the surface of the isthmus after the departure of Sir J. Burgoyne. One naturally felt great hesitation in expressing an opinion on a subject of such difficulty as the selection of a position for an army of occupation or defence, but in one or two important particulars the site (said to be fixed upon by Sir J. Burgoyne and Colonel Ardent) appeared at the time unfavourable. It would be obviously difficult to get supplies to the men defending it from the country—they must be brought by sea, or across from Asia Minor. Next, it was not well provided with water; and thirdly, there was a want of wood as well as of shelter. Some alterations in the original plans are said to have been proposed in General Vaillant's office in Paris; but it was understood that at or near the line passing right across the front of the British camp from the Straits to the Gulf of Saros were to be erected a series of field works and entrenchments of considerable magnitude. The camp was at that time occupied by the Rifles and Sappers and Miners, within three miles of the village of Bulair (or Blejar). It was seated on a gentle slope of the ridge which runs along the isthmus, and commanded a view of the Gulf of Saros, but the Sea of Marmora was not visible from it. Sanitary and certain other considerations may have rendered it advisable not to select this village itself, or some point closer to it, as the position for the camp; but the isthmus was narrower at Bulair, could be more easily defended, would not have required so much time or labour to put it into a good state of defence, and appeared to be better adapted for an army as regards shelter and water than the position chosen. Bulair was ten and a half miles from Gallipoli, so the camp was about seven and a half from the port at which its supplies

were landed, and where its reinforcements arrived. However, there was some talk of building works on the coast, so as to enable troops to disembark within a couple of miles from the camp; and the engineers had also drawn out a plan for a new pier at Gallipoli, at which boats could come close up and land men and horses with greater facility than in the position which they at this time occupied.

Sir George Brown, commanding the First Division of the British Expeditionary Army, Colonel Sullivan, Assistant-Adjutant-General, Dr. Alexander, first-class Staff-Surgeon, Captain Whitmore, Aid-de-Camp, &c., the Rifle Brigade, and two companies of Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant-Colonel Victor, arrived on Wednesday, the 5th of April, but it was midday on Saturday ere the troops were landed and sent to their quarters. Why was this? Because nothing was ready for them! The force consisted of only some thousand and odd men, and small as it was, it had to lie idle for two days and a half watching the seagulls, or with half-averted eye regarding the ceaseless activity of the French, the daily arrival of their steamers, the rapid transmission of their men by the paddle-box boats of their vessels to shore, and the admirable completeness of all their arrangements in every detail—hospitals for the sick, bread and biscuit bakeries, waggon trains for carrying stores and baggage—every necessary and every comfort, indeed, at hand, the moment their ships came in. On our side not a British pendant was afloat in the harbour! Our great naval State was represented by a single steamer belonging to a private company. Well might a Turkish boatman ask, "Oh, why is this? Oh, why is this, young man? By the beard of the Prophet, for the sake of your father's father, tell me, O English Lord, how is it? The French infidels have got one, two, three, four, five, six, seven ships, with fierce little soldiers; the English infidels, who say they can defile the graves of these French (may Heaven avert it!), and who are big as the giants of Asli, have only one big ship. Do they tell lies?" (Such was the translation given to me of my interesting waterman's address).

It is all very well to talk about the fine moral effect of developing the energies of the country, and relying on the effects of private enterprise, but the thing is not understood abroad (perhaps not much at home either), and experience convinced every one who saw the system at work, that it would be far better for the Government, even at an increased expense of some thousands a year, to keep up an efficient steam transport navy in time of peace than to derange the operations and channels of commerce, and disturb the communications and workings of our great mercantile associations, by seizing on their ships in time of war. Soldiers suffer by it—sailors complain of it—the officers of the ships don't like it—and the companies grumble internally, and talk about the damage and loss they sustain in consequence of their best vessels being engaged as transports. The soldiers suffer by the system, because they never are so well provided with sleeping and other accommodation on board the very best and largest of these vessels as they are on board the Government ships built on purpose to convey them. They are stowed away in these vessels in the spaces left unoccupied by cargo, provisions, coals, &c.,

instead of being placed between decks, with plenty of hammock room; and the comfort of the officers in fine saloons and ample berths is only gained at the cost of the men. In the same way, whenever the soldiers were obliged to land, they were subject to the delay, discomfort, and even danger, of ill-managed shore boats, instead of being carried drily and comfortably in paddle-box boats, or in men-of-war launches. Then the sailors complained of being penned up by the men, and of the great increase of labour in washing and cleaning the vessel, as well as of many other things which the marine habit of fault-finding with "sojers" will suggest to the active fancy.

A dandy new ship, all brass work and paint, with gold and maple and *papier-maché* drawing-rooms, is certain to suffer when employed as a transport for 1000 men, with ammunition and arms. If Government dockyard engineers could only build engines that would keep in order now and then, or if the Government would always employ men like Penn, Maudslay, or Napier, they might maintain a fleet of twelve good steamers to act as transports. There will be plenty to be done with them as long as we have colonies and distant empires to manage. We have always troops at sea, troops coming home or going out, and a powerful maritime nation like ourselves should take shame to see other nations doing that which we are unwilling to effect. The French, however they manage it, are able to send very much greater numbers of men in the same amount of tonnage, though they pack their ships too much, and have small and insufficient vessels in use.

On Thursday there was a general hunt for quarters through the town. Mr. Calvert, the consul, attended by the dragoman and a train of lodging seekers, went from house to house; but it was not till the eye had got accustomed to the general style of the buildings and fittings that any of them seemed willing to accept the places offered them. The General got a very fine place in a *beau quartier*, with a view of an old Turk on a counter looking at his toes in perpetual perspective. Colonel Sullivan and the staff were equally successful. From one learn all:—The hall door, which is an antiquated concern—not affording any particular resistance to the air to speak of—opens on an apartment with clay walls about ten feet high, and of the length and breadth of the whole house. It is garnished with the odds and ends of the domestic deity—with empty barrels, with casks of home-made wine, buckets, baskets, &c. At one side a rough staircase, creaking at every step, conducts one to a saloon on the first floor. This is of the plainest possible appearance. On the sides are stuck prints of the "Nicolaus ho basileus," and of the Virgin and Child (after the Greek school), with wonderful engravings from Jerusalem. It may be observed that as the schism between the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic Churches arose out of the discussion of an intricate question on the subtlest point of theology, they fight bitterly on matters of very fine distinction yet. Thus the Greeks are iconoclasts, and hate images, but they adore pictures. A yellow Jonah in a crimson whale with fiery entrails, is a favourite subject for these artists, and doubtless bears some allegorical meaning. From this saloon open the two or three rooms of the house—the kitchen, the divan, and the principal bedroom. There is no furniture. The floors

are covered with matting, but, with the exception of the cushions on the raised platform round the wall of the room (about eighteen inches from the floor), there is nothing else in the rooms offered for general competition to the public. Above are dark attics.

A description of the apartment occupied by the author will give the reader a good idea of the nature of the accommodation. True, the walls were of mud and straw, and the staircase had been devised expressly for the purpose of entrapping the first heavy Turk who might happen to stride up. It was the thinnest woodwork possible. Water was some way off, and the philosophers, if not provided with servants who can speak the language, and an allowance of rations from her Majesty's stores, might be seen soon after their arrival stalking up the street with as much dignity as was compatible with the circumstance of their carrying a sheep's liver on a stick in one hand, some lard in the other, and a loaf of black bread under their arms—at least, they had to adopt that course or die of hunger. There was not such a thing as a pound of butter in the whole country, meat was very scarce, fowls impossible; but the country wine was fair enough, and eggs were not so rare as might be imagined from the want of poultry. Lieutenant-General Brown occupied one of these houses; Colonel Sullivan and staff another. The nights and mornings were cold even during the month of April, and the thermometer in the shade did not mark beyond 57°. Indeed, the spring had not advanced nearly so far as it had in England, and the trees and shrubs were only just beginning to bud.

There was no chance of getting horses at first for love or money—indeed, comfort or necessary accommodation was out of the question. In every respect the French taught us a lesson in these matters. While our sick men had not a mattress to lie down upon, and were literally without blankets, the French were well provided for. We had no medical comforts—none were forwarded from Malta,—and so when a poor fellow was sinking one day, the doctor had to go to the General's and get a bottle of wine for him. The hospital sergeant was sent out with a sovereign to buy coffee, sugar, and other things of the kind for the sick, but he could not get them, as no change was to be had in the place. After this it was annoying to visit the French hospital and see them so well prepared. Everything requisite was nicely made up in small packages, so that they could be carried on mules' backs, and marked with labels, that what was wanted might be procured in a minute.* The French are very troublesome in getting what they want, and already some little difficulties have arisen from their desire to lay hold of everything. Dr. Alexander has managed to get beds for about 200 patients in different houses, and he went down with Mr. Calvert to the Dardanelles to look at the building destined for the principal medical establishment.

All the neighbouring hills were dotted with the tents of the French. As M. Sabatier had given it as his opinion that the water at Bulair

* It is now some time since this was written, and much controversy has taken place respecting the conduct of the Eastern campaign; but there is no reason to alter a line of these warnings, which were not believed, or at least were contradicted at the time by the authorities.

and the lines was only adequate for the wants of a brigade, General Canrobert proposed that the works should be carried on by three regiments from each army at a time, the English to be relieved by the French, and so on in turn.

The camps in the neighbourhood of Gallipoli extended and increased in numbers every day, and with the augmentation of the allied forces, the privations to which the men were at first exposed became greater, the inefficiency of our arrangements more evident, and the excellence of the French commissariat administration more strikingly in contrast. Amid the multitude of complaints which met the ear from every side, the most prominent were charges against the commissariat; but the officers at Gallipoli were not to blame. The persons really culpable were those who sent them out without a proper staff, and without the smallest foresight or consideration. Early and late these officers might be seen toiling amid a set of apathetic Turks and stupid araba drivers, trying in vain to make bargains and give orders in the language of signs, or aided by interpreters who understood neither the language of the contractor nor contractee. And then the officers of a newly arrived regiment rushed on shore, demanded bullock-carts for the luggage, guides, interpreters, rations, &c., till the unfortunate commissary became quite bewildered. There were at this time only four commissary officers, all deputy-assistant-commissaries-general—Messrs. Turner, Bartlett, Thompson, and Smith, and they were obliged to get on as well as they could with the natives. It was said that the authorities had sent to Constantinople for interpreters. Surely it was rather a late thought at this time of day! The French had a perfect baggage train, and carried off all their stores and baggage to their camps the moment they landed, while the English were compelled to wait till a proper number of araba carts had been collected, instead of having an organized administration and military train department to do what was required. From the Lieutenant-General downwards every one did his best. The Engineer officers were particularly active and indefatigable, and yet little seemed to be done. Some of the men of the regiments landed affirmed that they had no meat rations, and the soldiers of the 93rd are said to have fed on some bullocks which drew the waggons that brought their baggage to the camp.

The men suffered exceedingly from cold. Some of them, officers as well as privates, had no beds to lie upon. None of the soldiers had more than their single regulation blanket. They therefore reversed the order of things, and dressed to go to bed, putting on all their spare clothes and warm clothing before they tried to sleep. The worst thing was the continued want of comforts for the sick. Many of the men labouring under diseases contracted at Malta were obliged to stay in camp in the cold, with only one blanket under them, as there was no provision for them at the temporary hospital. Mr. Alexander, the senior staff surgeon, with commendable activity, succeeded in getting hold of some hundreds of blankets by taking on himself the responsibility of giving a receipt for them, and taking them off the hands of the commanding officer of one of the regiments

from Malta. This responsibility is a horrid bugbear, but no man is worth his salt who does not boldly incur it whenever he thinks the service is to be benefited thereby. It would be lucky if more people had a supply of desirable recklessness, and things would have gone much better.

Independent of previous arrangements, there can be no disguising the fact that the French got on much better than we did in procuring supplies and in obtaining at reasonable prices whatever they wanted for their men. Why? Because they bullied the natives where we tried to carry our point by soft sawder. Thus, General Canrobert treated them very much *à la Kabyle*, and was respected accordingly. The French *Commandant de Place* posted a tariff of all articles which the men were likely to want on the walls of the town, and regulated the exchanges like a local Rothschild. A Zouave wanted a fowl; he saw one in the hand of an itinerant poultry merchant, and he at once seized the bird, and, giving the proprietor a franc—the tariff price—walked off with the prize. The Englishman, on the contrary, more considerate and less protected, was left to make hard bargains, and generally paid twenty or twenty-five per cent. more than his ally. These Zouaves were first-rate foragers. They might be seen in all directions, laden with eggs, meat, fish, vegetables (onions), and other good things, while our fellows could get nothing. Sometimes a servant was sent out to cater for breakfast or dinner: he returned with the usual "Me and the Colonel's servant has been all over the town, and can get nothing but eggs and onions, Sir;" and lo! round the corner appeared a red-breeched Zouave or Chasseur, a bottle of wine under his left arm, half a lamb under the other, and poultry, fish, and other luxuries dangling round him. "I'm sure I don't know how these French manages it, Sir," said the crestfallen Mercury, retiring to cook the eggs. But the French established a *restaurant* for their officers, and at the "Auberge de l'Armée Expéditionnaire," close to General Bosquet's quarters, one could get a dinner which, after the black bread and eggs of the domestic hearth, appeared worthy of Philippe.

One fact will show the reckless way in which the French treated their allies. At a short distance was a burial-ground, with its white headstones shining brightly in the sun amid the greensward. Right through the centre of this a fatigue party from a French regiment drove a road to their camp, while horror-stricken Greeks, Moslems, and Jews stood by with upraised eyes and arms. There is no people on earth who pay such reverence to the departed as these Orientals; and it is scarcely possible to imagine what their feelings must have been as they saw these stout, active little men, with pipe in mouth, shovelling away the bones and skulls of their ancestors, to some favourite air of a popular camp opera. Whether any official notice was taken of this act or not it is impossible to say, but in the English general orders the greatest stress was laid on treating the Turks with proper respect, and both officers and men were strictly enjoined to pay every deference to "the most ancient and faithful of our allies." The soldiers appeared to act in strict conformity with the spirit of these instructions. They bought everything they wanted, but on going for a walk into the

country one might see the fields dotted by stragglers from the French camp, tearing up hedgestakes, vines, and sticks for fuel, and looking out generally with eyes wide open for the *pot à feu*. The few wretched sheds which were dignified with the names of "shops" were rendered all but useless by the number of holy days kept by the Greek Church, for, the bulk of the shopkeepers being members of that body, there were closed shutters in the bazaar at this season four days out of the seven.

With the exception of the *vivandières*, the French brought no women whatever with them. Will it be credited that the Malta authorities, acting, of course, on orders from home, had the egregious folly to send out no less than ninety-seven women in the "Georgiana" to this desolate and miserable place, where men were hard set to live? The General, however, did not seem inclined to let them land, and this indiscretion was not repeated. The Lieutenant-General commanding the division was evidently actuated by a sincere desire to do all in his power for the comfort of the men, but he was also determined to secure their efficiency according to the light that was in him. If Sir George Brown had his way, Rowland, Oldridge, and the whole race of bears'-grease manufacturers and pomade merchants, would have scant grace and no profit. No one under his command need dread the fate of Absalom. His hatred of hair amounted to almost a mania. "Where there is hair there is dirt, and where there is dirt there will be disease." That is an axiom on which was founded a vigorous war against all capillary adornments, and in vain engineers, exposed to all weathers, and staff-officers, exhibit sore and bleeding lips; they must shave, no matter what the result is. The stocks, too, were ordered to be kept up, stiff as ever. On the march of the Rifles to their camp at least one man fell out of the ranks senseless; immediate recovery was effected by the simple process of opening the stock. The General would not allow the little black pouches hitherto worn on the belt by officers. They are supposed to carry no pockets, and are not to open their shell jackets; and the question they very naturally ask is, "Does the General think we are to have no money?" The new orders contained more stringent regulations about baggage, &c. Commanding officers of regiments were ordered to return to store all tents beyond the number of ninety, which might be in their possession. But the order which gave the greatest dissatisfaction was that which provided that each officer must carry his own tent. They were warned to provide mules for that purpose, and to carry their baggage, but mules were not to be had at any price. For close shaving, tight stocking, and light marching, Lieut.-General Sir George Brown was the general. A kinder man to the soldiers, or one who looked more to their rights, never lived, and no "but" need be added to this praise, although he exhibited more of the fortiter than the suaviter in his mode of communicating with the officers under him.

CHAPTER IV.

Works at Bulair—Scutari—Return to Gallipoli—French Troops—Intricate Monetary Arrangements—The Turkish Commission—Army Chaplains—Fire in a Turkish Town—Prevalence of High Winds at Gallipoli—Arrival of Lord Raglan at Gallipoli.

THE works at Bulair were planned by the French and English engineer officers before and at the time of Sir John Burgoyne's visit, with modifications suggested by General le Vaillant. Their character may be easily explained. The general outline of the Chersonese resembles the longitudinal section of a pear, the broad end being southwards, facing the Isle of Imbros and the Ægean Sea, the narrow end tapering away at Bulair till it swells into the continent north of Jasily, on the Sea of Marmora, and Kawak, on the Gulf of Saros. Along the centre of this peninsula a ridge of hills runs north and south as far as Bulair, where it terminates somewhat abruptly. The isthmus is here about two miles and three-quarters broad from the Dardanelles to the Gulf of Saros. Intrenchments and strong earthworks of a formidable nature were cast up across this neck of land, so as to secure the Dardanelles completely against any *coup de main*, or any assault, except the successful advance of a regular army, with trains of artillery, &c. In the centre of these lines, within a short distance from the village of Bulair, it was intended to erect a strong pentagonal fortification to crown the works, and cover the flanks towards the sea. The Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Gulf of Saros, are all open to these works, and a very small force could hold them against an invading army, which would run the risk of having its communications cut off in the rear, and could be hampered on every side by an enemy in command of the sea.

Whilst part of the army was engaged in these works, arrangements of some kind were made for the reception of English regiments in the Bosphorus. On the 13th of April the "Himalaya" arrived with the 33rd Regiment (Colonel Blake) and the 41st Regiment (Colonel Adams) on board, and anchored off Gallipoli; but Sir George Brown ordered her off to Scutari after a short delay, and on the 15th (Good Friday) she arrived in the midst of a snow-storm, and moored at the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. These regiments were the first which landed at Scutari—a place then about to acquire a sad notoriety as the head quarters of death and sickness, and an immortal interest as the principal scene of the devoted labours of Florence Nightingale and her sisters in the work of mercy. The huge barracks were given up to the men just as they had been left by the Turkish troops, and they were inhabited in every nook and corner by legions of fleas, and less active but more nauseous insects. It was late in the day when the regiment arrived at quarters, and several officers lay for the night in the guard-room, which had an open brasier of charcoal to keep warmth in it. The day was bitterly cold; Constantinople and Pera black-looking and desolate, contrasted with the white hills behind them, all covered with deep snow; and the Asiatic mountains in the distance had an Alpine

wintry aspect, which gave a curious shock to our notions of an Oriental spring. At night we could scarcely sleep, and at dawn began to receive visits from Turks, who were kind enough to see if they could relieve us of anything they thought we did not want. A few days exhausted all the sights of Stamboul and Pera, and Missiries emptied one's pockets, and the snow began to tumble on one's head from the housetops, and the mud to surge over one's boots, and so I was very glad to return even to Gallipoli, where I recovered my old quarters. During my absence several regiments had arrived, and encamped near the town, and transports with other regiments had proceeded to the Bosphorus. The 4th, 28th, 50th, 93rd, and 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade were stationed between Bulair and Gallipoli. The 33rd, 41st, 49th, 77th, and 88th, lay in Scutari or in the adjoining barracks.

The French poured in their troops in swarms. Towards the end of April, they had 22,000 men in the neighbourhood of Gallipoli, and the narrow streets were almost impassable from the crowds of soldiers going and coming with ceaseless tramp. The Zouaves, from their picturesque costume, quite threw our men into the shade—all but their heads and shoulders, which rose in unmistakeable broadness above the fez caps of their Gallic allies. Even the Zouaves yielded the prize of effectiveness to the Chasseurs Indigènes, or French Sepoys. These troops wore a white turban, loose powder-blue jackets, faced and slashed with yellow, embroidered vests with red sashes, and blue breeches, extremely wide and loose, so that they looked like kilts, falling to the knees, where they were confined by a band; the calf of the leg is encased in greaves of yellow leather with black stripes; and white gaiters, falling from the ankle over the shoe, completed this very striking uniform.

Provisions at this time were dear, but in sufficient quantity, for the country began to feel the pressure of the demand from without, and the pashas were indefatigable in providing for the wants of the army as far as possible. Every day long strings of camels laden with skins of coarse strong wine, raki, and corn, might be seen stalking along the dusty roads and filing through the dingy bazaar, and wild-looking countrymen with droves of little shaggy ponies trooped in hour after hour to sell the produce they carried and the beasts that bore it. They were corrupted already, and had quite lost the simplicity of their mercantile notions. Instead of piastres, they began to demand lire, shillings, pounds, and Napoleons, and they displayed ingenuity in the art of selling horses and doctoring them that would have done honour to Yorkshiremen. The coarse brown bread of the country was to be had at the bakers' shops early in the morning by those who were not so fortunate as to have rations, and after a little preparatory disgust was not quite uneatable. Wine, which was formerly two or three piastres (4d. or 5d.) a bottle as an outside price, soon sold for 1s. 6d. or 2s. Meat was bad and dear, the beef being very like coarse mahogany; the mutton was rather better, but very lean. Eggs were becoming scarce and dear, in consequence of the razzias of the army on the producing powers. Milk was an article of the highest luxury, and only to be seen on the tables of the great; and the sole attempt at butter was

THE GUARDS AT SCUTARI.

rancid lard packed in strong-smelling camel's-hair bags. It was really wonderful that no Englishman had sufficient enterprise to go out to Gallipoli with a stock of creature comforts and camp necessaries. One man set up a shop, at which bad foreign beer was sold as English ale at 1s. 6d. a bottle; a hard little old Yankee ham fetched about 20s.; brandy was very dear, scarce, and bad; bacon was not to be had, except by great good fortune and large outlay; and Dutch cheeses were selling at 8s. each. A stock of saddlery would have been at once bought up at very remunerating rates to the importer; and there was scarcely an article of common use in England which could not be disposed of at very considerable profit.

The bazaar, a narrow lane, twisting and twining through the town, presented a curious scene from an early hour in the morning till sunset. This lane was lined on each side by wretched wooden houses, with the "front parlours" open to the street; overhead was a covering of loose planks and staves of wood about twelve feet above the ground, and through the chinks and holes in this roof the sunlight fell brightly in patches on the variegated crowd below. So numerous are the holy days of the Greek Church, which rivals in this respect the liberal arrangements of its Latin competitor, that on an average three-fourths of these parlours were closed every day, so that the number of shops open was comparatively small. Around those in a condition to carry on traffic there are assembled in their picturesque costumes motley groups of camp-followers, Jews, Armenians, Greeks of the islands, Zouaves, Africans, riflemen, sappers, chasseurs, artillerymen, and soldiers' wives, engaged in varied purchases and intricate monetary arrangements. As change is very scarce, there was great difficulty in obtaining articles of small value, and a sum of 19s. was occasionally made up in piastres, half-piastres, gold pieces of 5, 10, 20, and 50 piastres each, francs, soldi, lire, halfpence, sixpences, and zwanzigers, collected at several shops up and down the street. Let the reader imagine Mr. John Robinson, Patrick Casey, or Saunders Macpherson of her Majesty's 50th Regiment, suddenly plunged into such a mass of cheats and sharpers, who combine the avidity of the Jew with the subtlety of the Greek, and trying to purchase some little article of necessity or luxury with his well-saved sovereign, and he can guess how he would suffer. "I expect at last they'll give me a handful of wafers for a sovereign," said a disconsolate sapper one day, as he gazed on the dirty equivalent for a piece of English gold which he had received from an Israelite. The French by their tariff saved the pockets of the men very considerably. We had no such arrangement, and suffered accordingly. Towards evening, when raki and wine have done their work, the crowds became more social and turbulent, and English and French might be seen engaged in assisting each other to preserve the perpendicular, or toiling off to their camps laden with bags of coffee, sugar, and rice, and large bottles of wine. At sunset patrols cleared the streets, taking up any intoxicated stragglers they might find there or in the *cafés*, and when the brief twilight had passed away the whole town was left in silence and in darkness, except when the barking and yelping of the innumerable dogs which infested it woke up the echoes, and now and

then the challenge of a distant sentry, or the trumpet-calls of the camp fell on the ear. The little bay was alive with French shipping and boats.

There seemed at this period to have been a general impression among the French soldiers that it would be some time ere they left Gallipoli or the Chersonese. They were in military occupation of the place. The tricolour floated from the old tower of Gallipoli. The *café* had been turned into an office—*Direction du Port et Commissariat de la Marine.* French soldiers patrolled the town at night, and kept the soldiery of both armies in order; of course we sent out a patrol also, but the regulations of the place were directly organized at the French head-quarters, and even the miserable house which served as our *Trois Frères*, or London Tavern, and where one could get a morsel of meat and a draught of country wine for dinner, was under their control. A notice on the walls of this *Restaurant de l'Armée Auxiliaire* informed the public that, *par ordre de la police Française*, no person would be admitted after seven o'clock in the evening. In spite of their strict regulations there was a good deal of drunkenness among the French soldiery, though perhaps it was not in excess of our proportion, considering the numbers of both armies. They had *fourgons* for the commissariat, and all through their quarter of the town one might see the best houses occupied by their officers. On one door was inscribed *Magasin des Liquides*, on another *Magasin des Distributions.* M. l'Aumonier de l'Armée Française resides on one side of the street; l'Intendant-Général, &c., on the other. Opposite the commissariat stores one morning a score or two of sturdy Turks were working away at neat little hand-mills marked *Moulin de Café—Subsistence Militaire. No. A., Compagnie B.*, &c., and roasting the beans in large rotatory ovens; the place selected for the operation being a burial-ground, the turbaned tombstones of which seemed to frown severely on the degenerate posterity of the Osmanli. In fact, the French appear to have acted uniformly on the sentiment conveyed in the phrase of one of their officers, in reply to a remark about the veneration in which the Turks hold the remains of the dead—"*Mais il faut rectifier tous ces préjuges et barbarismes!*" Their engineers worked with great energy on the lines at our Chersonesian Torres Vedras at Bulair, and took the direction out of the hands of our officers to a greater extent than was quite agreeable to the latter. Indeed, our people became tired of playing second fiddle, and either made an effort to put in an extra string or two, or gracefully yielded the instrument altogether to our gallant ally.

The force of French in and about Gallipoli amounted to 22,000 men. The greater number of these, such as the Chasseurs de Vincennes (1st and 3rd Regiments), the Zouaves, the Tirailleurs Indigènes (native Zouaves), and the Marines, of whom there were about 2000, were armed with rifles *à bal forcé.* Some little annoyances about horses and quarters arose now and then, for the French said that our officers spoilt the market by giving too much money for the poor animals brought in for sale from the country. Their own way of dealing in these matters was rather

peculiar. If they wanted a place for any purpose of the army—a building, enclosure, or house, they went to the Turkish commission, and demanded that it should be given over to them, leaving the commissioners to arrange with the proprietors as they pleased. Thus the *café*, which was turned into an office for the management of the harbour, was surrendered to them at discretion — the owner was ejected, and only received a compensation of 800f. a month. The difficulties regarding quarters arose chiefly in the case of hospital accommodation. It was mentioned in a former letter that Dr. Alexander had succeeded (by the aid of the Consul, Mr. Calvert) in obtaining very eligible buildings for the medical department, close to the Château d'Asie, on the Dardanelles. He brought down a guard of a corporal and four privates to keep possession; but the French authorities having obtained a key which opened the back door of one of those buildings, turned the sentry out, and held it on the plea that Sir George Brown had consented to surrender it to them. The French would have hoisted the tricolour but for the expostulation of the Consul. The greatest cordiality existed between the chiefs of the armies. Sir George Brown and some of his staff dined one day with General Canrobert; another day with General Martimprey; another day the drowsy shores of the Dardanelles were awakened by the thunders of the French cannon saluting him as he went on board Admiral Bruat's flagship to accept the hospitalities of the naval commander; and then on alternate days the dull old alleys of Gallipoli were brightened up by an apparition of these officers and their staffs in full uniform, clanking their spurs and jingling their sabres over the excruciating rocks which form the pavement as they proceeded on their way to the humble quarters of "Sir Brown," to sit at return banquets.

The natives preferred the French uniform to ours. In their sight there can be no more effeminate object than a warrior in a shell jacket, with closely-shaven chin and lip, and cropped whiskers. He looks, in fact, like one of their dancing troops, and cuts a sorry figure beside a great Gaul in his blazing red pantaloons and padded frock, epaulettes, beard *d'Afrique*, and well-twisted moustache. The pashas think much of our men, but they are not struck with our officers. The French made an impression quite the reverse. The Turks could see nothing in the men, except that they thought the Zouaves and Chasseurs Indigènes dashing-looking fellows; but they considered their officers superior to ours in all but exact discipline. One day, as a man of the 4th was standing quietly before the door of the English Consulate, with a horse belonging to an officer of his regiment, some drunken French soldiers came reeling up the street; one of them kicked the horse, and caused it to rear violently; and, not content with doing so, struck it on the head as he passed. Several French officers witnessed this scene, and never offered to interfere; but one of them, speaking to the soldier, exclaimed, "Why did not you cut the brigand over the head with your whip when he struck the horse?" The Englishman was not a master of languages, and did not understand the question. When it was explained to him, he said with the most sovereign contempt, "Lord forbid I'd touch sich a poor drunken little baste of a crayture as that!"

The Turkish Commission had a troublesome time of it. All kinds of impossible requisitions were made to them every moment. Osman Bey, Eman Bey, and Kabouli Effendi, formed the martyred triumvirate, who were kept in a state of unnatural activity and excitement by the constant demands of the officers of the allied armies for all conceivable stores, luxuries, and necessaries for the troops, as well as for other things over which they had no control. One man had a complaint against an unknown Frenchman, for beating his servant—another wanted them to get lodgings for him—a third wished them to send a cavass with self and friends on a shooting excursion—in fact, very unreasonable and absurd requests were made to these poor gentlemen, who could scarcely get through their legitimate work, in spite of the aid of numberless pipes and cups of coffee. One of the medical officers went to make a requisition for hospital accommodation, and got through the business very well. When it was over, the President descended from the divan. In the height of his delusions respecting Oriental magnificence and splendour, led away by reminiscences of *Tales of the Genii* and the *Arabian Nights*, the reader must not imagine that this divan was covered with cloth of gold, or glittering with precious stones. It was clad in a garb of honest Manchester print, with those remarkable birds of prey or pleasure, in green and yellow plumage, depicted thereupon, familiar to us from our earliest days. The council chamber was a room of lath and plaster, with whitewashed walls; its sole furniture a carpet in the centre, the raised platform or divan round its sides, and a few chairs for the Franks. The President advanced gravely to the great Hakim, and through the interpreter made him acquainted with particulars of a toothache, for which he desired a remedy. The doctor insinuated that his Highness must have had a cold in the head, from which the symptoms had arisen, and the diagnosis was thought so wonderful it was communicated to the other members of the Council, and produced a marked sensation. When he had ordered a simple prescription, he was consulted by the other members in turn: one had a sore chin, the other had weak eyes; and the knowledge evinced by the doctor of these complaints excited great admiration and confidence, so that he departed, after giving some simple prescriptions, amid marks of much esteem and respect.

Djemel Pasha, who commanded the pashalic of the Dardanelles, and who was at Gallipoli at this time on the business of the army, is a very enlightened Turk, and possesses a fund of information and a grasp of intellect not at all common among his countrymen, even in the most exalted stations. He was busily engaged on a work on the constitution of Turkey, in which he proposed to remodel the existing state of things completely. He had been much struck by the notion of an hereditary aristocracy, which he considered very suitable for Turkey, and was quite fascinated by our armorial bearings and mottoes, as he thought them calculated to make members of a family act in such a way as to sustain the reputation of their ancestors. Talking of the intended visit of the Sultan to Adrianople, he said, one day, that it was mere folly. If the Sultan went as his martial ancestors—surrounded by his generals—to take the command of his armies and

share the privations of his soldiers, he granted it would be productive of good, and inflame the ardour of his soldiery; but it would produce no beneficial result to visit Adrianople with a crowded Court, and would only lead to a vast outlay of money in repairing the old palace for his reception, and in conveying his officers of State, his harem, and his horses and carriages to a city which had ceased to be fit for an imperial residence. He was very much of the opinion of General Canrobert, who, at the close of a splendid reception by the pashas, at Constantinople, in which pipes mounted with diamonds and begemmed coffee-cups were handed about by a numerous retinue, said, "I am much obliged by your attention, but you will forgive me for saying I should be much better pleased if all these diamonds and gold were turned into money to pay your troops, and if you sent away all these servants of yours, except two or three, to fight against your enemy!" Djemel Pasha declared there could be no good in tanzimats or in new laws, unless steps were taken to carry them out and administer them. The pashas in distant provinces would never give them effect until they were forced to do so, and therefore it will be necessary, in his opinion, to have the ambassadors of the great Powers admitted as members of the Turkish Council of State for some years, in order that these reforms may be productive of good. The Koran he considered as little suitable to be the basis and textbook of civil law now in Turkey, as the Old Testament would be in England. It will be long indeed ere the doctrines of this enlightened Turk prevail among his countrymen, and when they do the Osmanlis will have ceased to be a nation. The prejudices of the true believers were but little shaken by these events. The genuine old green-turbaned Turk viewed our intervention with suspicion, and attributed our polluting presence on his soil to interested motives, which aim at the overthrow of the Faith. This was seen in their leaden eyes as they fell on one through the clouds of tobacco-smoke from the *khans* or *cafés*. You are still a giaour, whom Mahomet has forced into his service, but care must be taken that you do not gain any advantage at the hands of the faithful.

One of the beys was greatly puzzled with respect to a very simple matter. He was told that chaplains had arrived for the forces, and soon afterwards a reverend gentleman happened to pass by his window riding quietly down the street. It was explained to to him that this was the Protestant chaplain.* Soon afterwards a gentleman in a wide hat, with a revolver in a broad black belt, and his legs cased in long patent-leather riding-boots, mounted on a handsome charger, and attended by a cavass, pranced past, and the Pasha was informed this was the Roman Catholic chaplain.† His astonishment was great, nor was it at all satisfactory to be forced to illustrate the difference between the creeds by a reference to the distinction existing in the Mahomedan faith between Sunnees and

* An excellent, kindly Christian clergyman, poor Mockler, who died soon after the battle of the Alma.

† The Rev. F. Wheble, who died about the same time as the Rev. Mr. Mockler, and from the same cause—zealous exertions and great fatigues on the battle-field, and in the subsequent march to Balaklava. They were alike regretted by all who knew them, Protestant and Catholic.

Sheahs. These things are inexplicable to the Turks, but they are so suspicious a people that it is better to attempt any kind of answer than to baffle or evade their questions. If their professions were to be relied on, they preferred us very much to the French, which was natural; for the latter were by far the most numerous, and therefore gave the Turks more trouble than we did. They yielded very readily, however, to the French authorities, and evinced great alacrity in complying with their requests. The Commission, indeed, appeared to look on the management of our allies as very cognate to the established Turkish rule of the old time. If a native brought in a horse, the French *remonte* officers settled the price, and the owner was compelled by the Commission to accept it, whatever it might be. In this way a horse for which an English officer was bargaining one week was taken away by our allies, and put into their stable, for a lower sum than that which the former had offered. These were necessary evils, and very small ones, nor are they to be considered as in any great degree detracting from the value of the excellent understanding and perfect military co-operation of the two armies.

A fire broke out at Gallipoli on the morning of Saturday, the 22nd of April. The previous Friday was the Good Friday of the Greeks, and they kept it as is their wont on a great festival, staying up late and feasting and revelling in much *abandon*. No one could get a wink of sleep on account of their shouting for many an hour; it was less musical and louder than the barking of the dogs. It was late, therefore—about 9 o'clock in the morning—when, in the middle of a comfortable sleep, we were awakened by Assistant-Surgeon Irwin, of the 28th, who slept in a den in the next room with Captain Mansell, of the same regiment, rushing in and exclaiming—"Get up! get up! Alexander's house is on fire!" The house in which the principal medical officer lived was on the other side of the street, about three houses lower down. On running to the window, Major Dickson discovered that the alarm was only too true. Flames were issuing through the windows of Papa Zonani's residence, and the Greek population out of the lanes and miserable hovels of the town were gazing idly on the scene, while those who lived on either side of the wooden mansion were removing their effects as rapidly as possible. A fire in a Turkish town is no joke. The houses are like lucifer matchboxes, and the only thing that saved half the place, despite the efforts of the French, was the calmness of the morning. The Major in his excitement dashed his hand through a pane of glass, and shouted out, "Get up and bundle out your things, or we're done for." It was time, indeed; for the fire seemed fed with oil, and blazed away fearfully. The Turks stroked their beards, and considered that the will of God was directly concerned in the destruction of the premises, while the Greeks wrung their hands, and did nothing further. A jump out of bed and a rush at the few spare articles of clothing lying about followed, and then commenced a rapid flight down stairs into a garden of onions and garlic at the rear of the house, which seemed especially formed as a refuge for us. There were in the house Mr. Irwin, of the 28th, Captain Mansell, the 28th, Major Collingwood Dickson, R.A., two soldiers of

the 28th, servants of the officers, the writer, an old woman, several children, cocks, hens, &c., and immediately a secession of *lares* and *penates* to this land of refuge was begun by all of us; beds, coats, trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, were hurled down the stairs, and fierce struggles took place for precedence in the narrow passage, while the old Greek and the children howled dismally as they flew about with pipkins and spinning-reels and inexplicable chattels.

In the midst of all our confusion a heavy tramp was heard in the street—the door of our house was burst open, and in rushed a body of French infantry in fatigue dress, shouting out, "Cassez tous, cassez tous; il faut abattre la maison!" However, it was explained to them that this necessity was not absolute, and that it would be much better for them to devote themselves to saving our property. They at once assented, and rushing on the various things in the room, transported them with incredible rapidity into the garden. Their comrades outside were as energetic as demons. They mounted on the roofs of the houses next to the burning mansion, smashed in the tiles, destroyed the walls, and left them a mass of ruins in as little time as it takes me to write these lines. The bravery, system, and agility of these fine fellows were beyond all praise. They saved the quarter of the town, for there was but little water, and the few small hand-engines were of no service. The marines and sailors of the "Jean Bart" and "Montebello" were landed very speedily, and helped to extinguish the flames, and when our troops came into the town there was nothing left for them to do.

The Doctor's house was burnt to the ground in less than half-an-hour, and two others, as well as the greater part of the hospital, were destroyed. Several of the French soldiers were hurt severely in their gallant efforts, but no lives were lost. The fire originated in the apartments of the Greek priest. There was no pillage, owing to the vigilance of the French guards. The only mischief, beyond the destruction of property in the houses, the loss of twenty pounds' worth of Dr. Alexander's effects, and the fright, was that our room was rendered less habitable, if possible, than before, and we were compelled to take refuge in a tent pitched in the onion-garden at the back of the cabin, which would have formed a very agreeable residence for an enthusiastic entomologist, but was by no means agreeable, on those cold and windy nights, to unscientific individuals.

On the 22nd of April, Sir De Lacy Evans and staff, in the "City of London," passed, after a short delay, on their way to Scutari, where the General intended to form the Second Division. On the 23rd the "Emperor Nicholas" passed Gallipoli early in the morning, with Sir Richard England on board, on his way to Constantinople, to take the command of the Third Division. Later in the day the "Trent," with the 23rd regiment; the "Tonning," with Brigadiers Sir C. Campbell and Pennefather; and the "Medway," with the 95th regiment, arrived, and after a short delay proceeded northwards to Scutari. Brigadier Eyre, who arrived in the "Tonning," was at once secured by Sir George Brown, who had been anxiously waiting to catch a brigadier, and he set to work to drill his men with energy

a day or two after his arrival, and the regiments stationed at Gallipoli were inspected on successive mornings. Brigadier Eyre gave his men no rest. The 44th (to whom the General paid a compliment on their efficient condition), the 28th, and 4th, were under arms daily at 5½ a.m. The Brigadier was always at the camp soon after dawn, and they thought themselves lucky if they got released after three hours' drill and marching. The men soon got into fine working order, in spite of the weather. It would have been better, however, if there had been a little more attention paid to their comforts by the home authorities. The beer at 3d. a quart, and pale ale for officers at 4d. a quart—the preserved potatoes and potted meats, of which so much was heard, did not make their appearance. The supplies of rum were very uncertain. Sometimes the ration-beef was quite uneatable; it was so green and nasty the men had to throw it away; and their rambles through the French camp, where they saw plenty of coffee, sugar, rice, &c., made them discontented and grumbling. The post-office department, too, was in a very unsatisfactory state, and showed very ill when compared with that of the French army, which was perfection; but, shortly after, complaints appeared in the press on the subject, and an arrangement was made with the French Post Office in order to remedy the evils which unfairly pressed upon the army.

Æolus must have taken up his abode somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gallipoli since he removed his Court from Lipari. The unseasonable rapidity with which he opens his bags, and the violence with which he sends forth the sharpest and most truculent of all the winds to sweep over the hills around this miserable spot, would satisfy Juno in her most indignant mood if the place were a Trojan colony. The extraordinary suddenness of these changes and the excessive variations of temperature were very trying to the men in camp, but the average of illness and disease was rather below that of most camps in ordinary circumstances. The sun rises, perchance, from behind the hills of Asia Minor without a cloud to mar his splendour; the Sea of Marmora, bounded by the faint blue lines of the highlands of Asia and the distinctive sweep of the European coast, spreads out towards the north-west like a sheet of burnished silver; the Dardanelles flows swiftly between the contracted channel as smoothly as the Thames in summer time by the pleasant meads of Chertsey. There is a rich sylvan look about the scenery, for at a distance the hills around Lampsaki, across the straits, appear to be dotted with verdant lawns and plantations; and the outline of the high grounds, rising tier after tier till they are capped by the lofty range which stretches along the background from Ida in the Troad, is subdued and regular.

The villages built in the recesses of the hills and in the little bays and creeks of the straits, surrounded by all the enchantment of distance, looked clean and picturesque, the dark groves of cypress casting into bright relief the whitewash of the houses and the tall shafts of minarets standing out gracefully from the confused mass of roofs, gables, masts, yards, and sails by the seaside. Further south the coasts closed in abruptly, and the straits looked like a long Highland

loch. The land around Gallipoli on the European side of the straits is more bleak and more level. Indeed, for miles around the town (except towards the south, where there is a very small table-land with patches of trees), and all the way across to the Gulf of Saros, the country very much resembles the downs about Brighton. It is nearly as destitute of wood or plantations. The soil, which is light but deep and rather sandy, produces excellent crops, but bears no trees, except a few figs and olives. The vines, which are planted in rows, not trailed as in Italy, are abundant, and the grape yields a rich, full, and generous wine, which is highly esteemed. Into the soil, which is just scratched up by ploughs rather inferior to those described by Virgil 1800 years ago, the dejected, wretched rayahs were at the time of which we are now writing busied throwing the corn and barley seed: and as the slow steers or huge lumbering buffaloes paced along the furrows, they were followed by a stately army of storks, which marched gravely at the very heels of beast and ploughman, and engaged themselves busily in destroying the grubs and larvæ. On all the heights around glistened the white tents of French or English, and here and there the eye rested upon their serrated lines on the slope of some pleasant valley, or lighted on the encampment of some detached party posted in a recess of the hills. Faint clouds of dust, through which might be seen the glistening of steel and dark masses of uniform, blurred the landscape here and there, and betrayed the march of troops along the sandy roads, which were exactly like those worn by the tramp of men and horses through Chobham-common, and had neither fence, boundary-metal, nor drainage.

In an incredibly short time the whole aspect of the scene was changed. A violent storm of wind rushed over the face of the sea and straits, lashing them into fury, and sending the Turkish boats flying with drooping peaks to the shelter of the shore—the coast was obscured by masses of black clouds, which burst into torrents of rain resembling tropical waterspouts. The French men-of-war in the bay sent down top-masts, and the merchantmen ran out cable and let go another anchor; the rayahs plodded across the fields, and crouched in holes and corners till the storm abated; and the luckless troops on their march were covered with mud in a moment by the action of the rain on the dust which had fallen upon them, and then they had to trudge along through slush and filth till they gained their tents. In such times as these canvas is a sorry shelter—the pegs draw from the loose soil, and let in wind and rain. On Saturday, the 29th of April, tents were blown down by such a storm in all directions. In the two English camps about twenty were down at the same time, and exposed the men to all the drenching rain. Lady Errol's tent was one of these, and her ladyship, who was living with her husband in the Rifle Camp, had to crawl from under the dripping canvas through the slush in most sorry plight.

The arrival of generals and the constant firing of salutes rendered the town and harbour very lively at this time. It was evident, however, that the importance of Gallipoli, in a military point of view, if ever real, would soon have disappeared, inasmuch as all the principal officers were proceeding northwards, and we heard that a move on

the Danube was seriously contemplated. Prince Jerome Napoleon arrived on the 30th. The town was shaken by the Imperial salute of 101 guns from each of the five French line-of-battle ships. He left the ship for the shore in a storm of wind, under a similar salute, which frightened the Greeks out of their lives.

Lord Raglan, accompanied by Lord de Ros, Quartermaster-General, and staff, Mr. Burrell, P.M.O., Dr. Tice, &c., arrived *May* 2, at noon, in the Bay of Gallipoli, on board the "Emeu." Although expected for several days past, it so happened that no one was in waiting to receive him. Sir George Brown, Brigadier Eyre, and staff, had gone out early in the morning to inspect the 28th and the other regiments of the Eastern camp. Colonel Sullivan, Deputy Adjutant-General, and Captain Halliwell, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, had also ridden out of the town to look after various matters connected with the arrangement of the camps. When Lord Raglan landed, therefore, he had full time to look about him, and form a notion of the capabilities of Gallipoli. He proceeded to the General's quarters, and when Sir George returned they had a long interview. Lord Raglan visited Admiral Bruat on board his flag-ship, and was received with the usual salute, which was repeated on his departure. He sailed the same night for the Bosphorus.

The works at the intrenched camp at Bulair progressed with such speed that our portion of them was at this time expected to be finished by the middle of May. The emulation between the French and English troops at the diggings was immense, and at the same time most good-humoured. The lines were about seven miles long, and about two and three-quarters or three miles were executed by our men. They were simple field works, running along the crest of a natural ridge, from the Gulf of Saros to the Sea of Marmora. They consisted of a trench seven feet deep; the bottom from scarp to counterscarp six feet broad; the top thirteen feet broad. There was then a berm of three feet wide, above which was the parapet of earthwork (to be revetted in due course) of five feet thick, a banquette three feet six inches broad, and a slope inside of one in two.

CHAPTER V.

Review of French Troops—Greek Apathy and Turkish Indifference—Mishaps—Omar Pasha's Plans—Preparations for a move—Lord Raglan—Jew and Armenian Money-changers—Review of the English Forces—Off to Varna.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived at Gallipoli in the "Caradoc" at 3 p.m., on Tuesday, the 9th of May. Marshal St. Arnaud arrived on Sunday, the 7th, somewhat later in the day. On May 6th, the Rifle Brigade and 93rd Regiment left Gallipoli for Scutari. Sir George Brown and staff also departed, leaving the force encamped under the command of Sir Richard England, with Brigadiers Sir J. Campbell and Eyre; Major Colborne and Captain Halliwell, Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master-Generals; Colonel Doyle, Assistant Adjutant-General; Brigade-Major Hope; Brigade-Major Wood, &c. On the previous Sunday, Prince Napoleon, with General Canrobert and the whole of the French *état major*, reviewed all the disposable French troops quartered in this district, and the English General and staff attended upon the occasion. For two or three hours in the morning long black columns of men might have been seen marching through the corn-fields, and filing along the narrow lanes that intersect them, or toiling up the hilly ridges of land in apparent confusion, or at least without much visible order. The spectator who selects a high point of land on the undulating country round Brighton, and looks across the valley below, might form a tolerable idea of the terrain around Gallipoli. Crossing the hills in all directions, and piercing the ravines between them, the dark masses of French infantry advancing from their numerous encampments, might at the period referred to, be seen formed for miles around on every sloping plateau. The shrill trumpets of the Zouaves were frequently heard sounding a wild and eccentric march, and these fierce-looking soldiers of Africa, burnt brown by constant exposure to the sun, with beards which easily distinguish them from the native Arabs, came rushing past, for their pace is so quick that it fully justifies the term. The open collars of their coats allow free play to the lungs; the easy jacket, the loose trouser, and the well-supported ankle, constitute the *beau ideal* of a soldier's dress; their firelocks and the brasses of their swords and bayonets are polished to a nicety. Each man was then fully equipped for the field, with great-coat strapped over his knapsack, canteen by his side, a bill-hook, hatchet, or cooking-tin fastened over all. In the rear, mounted on a packhorse, followed the *vivandière*, in the uniform of the regiment, with natty little panniers and neatly-polished barrels of diminutive size dangling over the saddle; and then came a sumpter-mule, with two wooden boxes fastened to the pack, containing small creature comforts for the officers. The word was given to halt—stand at ease—pile arms. In a moment the whole regiment seemed disorganized. The men scattered far and wide over the fields collecting sticks and brushwood, and it appeared incredible that they could have gathered

all the piles of brambles and dried wood and leaves which they deposited in the rear of the lines from the country that looked so bare. The officers gathered in groups, lighted cigars, chatted and laughed, or sat on the ground while their coffee was being boiled.

The moment the halt took place, off came the boxes from the mule —a little portable table was set up—knives, forks, glasses and cups were laid out—a capacious coffee-tin was put upon three stones over a heap of bramble, and in three minutes each officer could take a cup of this refreshing drink after his hot march, with a biscuit and morsel of cheese, and a *chasse* of brandy afterwards. The men were equally alert in providing themselves with their favourite beverage. In a very short space of time two or three hundred little camp-fires were lighted, sending up tiny columns of smoke, and coffee-tins were boiling, and the busy brisk *vivandière*, with a smile for every one and a joke or box on the ear for a favourite *vieux moustache*, passed along through the blaze, and filled out tiny cups of Cognac to the thirsty soldiers. Pipes of every conceivable variety of shape were lighted, and a hum and bustle rose up from the animated scene, so rich in ever-shifting combinations of form and colour that Maclise might have looked on it with wonder and despair. Regiment after regiment came up on the flanks of the Zouaves, halted, and repeated the process, the only remarkable corps being the Indigènes, or native Zouaves, dressed exactly the same as the French, except that jackets, trousers, and vest are of a bright powder blue, trimmed with yellow, and their turbans, or the folds of linen round the fez, are of pure white.

In an hour or so the crest of the hill, which extended in undulating folds for two or three miles, was covered by battalions of infantry, and they might be seen toiling up the opposite ridge, till nothing was visible from one extremity to the other but the broken lines of these stalwart battalions. There was a ready, dashing, serviceable look about the men that justified the remark of one of the captains—"We are ready as we stand to go on to St. Petersburg this instant." There was a vivacity, so to speak, about the appearance of the troops which caught the eye at once. The air of reality about this review distinguished it from sham fights and field-days, and all holiday demonstrations of the kind. Before twelve o'clock there were about 22,000 troops on the opposite ridges of hills —an excellently-appointed train of artillery of nine-pounder guns, with appointments complete, being stationed in the valley below. The columns, taken lineally, extended upwards of eight miles. Strange as such a spectacle must have been to Turks and Greeks, there was scarcely a native on the ground. Whether fear or apathy kept them away, it is impossible to say; but Gallipoli, with its 15,000 inhabitants, sent not a soul to gaze upon the splendid spectacle. If Horace be right, the Gallipolitans have indeed discovered the secret of the only true happiness. They absolutely revel in the most voluptuous indulgence of the *nil admirari*. While six or seven French men-of-war were anchored in their waters, while frigates and steamers and line-of-battle ships kept passing up and down in continuous streams, waking the echoes of the Dardanelles with endless salutes, not a

being ever came down to glance at the scene. The old crones sat knitting in their dingy hovels; the men, *i.e.*, the Greeks, slouched about the corners in their baggy breeches, and the pretty and dirty little children continued their games without showing the smallest sign of curiosity, though a whole fleet was blazing away its thunder in an Imperial welcome within a few yards of them.

As for the Turks, they sat so obstinately on their shelves and smoked their apathetic pipes so pertinaciously—they were so determined in resenting the impulses of curiosity—that one's fingers were perpetually itching to indulge in the luxury of giving them a slap in the face, and it was all but impossible to resist the impulse of trying what effect a kick would have had in disturbing such irritating equanimity. There were no Chobham crowds to break the uniformity of the lines of military, but great numbers of the English soldiery in their Sunday costume turned out and "assisted" at the ceremony. Shortly before twelve o'clock a brilliant staff—it did indeed literally blaze in gold and silver, brass and polished steel, as the hot sun played on rich uniforms and accoutrements—was visible coming up the valley from the direction of the town. They were preceded by four vedettes, French dragoons with brazen helmets and leopard-skin mountings; the various staff officers in advance; then Prince Napoleon in the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and General Canrobert, in full dress and covered with orders, on one side, and Sir George Brown on the other, both somewhat in the rear. The effect of the *cortége* as it swept past, the vision of prancing horses and gorgeous caparisons, of dancing plumes, of gold and silver lace, of hussar, dragoon, artillery, rifle, Zouave, spahi, lancer, of officers of all arms, dressed with that eye to effect which in France is very just as long as men are on horseback, was wonderful. It flashed by like some grand procession of the stage, if one can so degrade its power and reality by the comparison. It was not gratifying to an Englishman to observe the red coatee and cocked hat; the gold epaulettes and twist of the British officers looked very ill amid all the variety of costume in which the French indulged, nor was it without reason that the latter complained they could not tell which was the general or which the captain by their uniforms.

As the vedettes came in view, the drums of each regiment rolled, the trumpets and bugles sounded, and all the men who had been scattered over the ground in disorderly multitudes came running in from all sides, and dressed up, unpiled arms, and with great celerity fell into lines three deep, with bands, *vivandières*, mules, and smoking fires hastily extinguished, in the rear. When General Canrobert reached the first regiment he raised his cocked hat, and shouted lustily, "*Vive l'Empereur.*" The officers repeated the cry, and three times it ran along the line of the regiment. The band struck up, the men presented arms, and the Prince rode past bowing and raising his hat in acknowledgment, and again the band, out of compliment to the English General, played "God Save the Queen." A profound silence ensued as the Prince approached the next regiment, till coming in front of its leading files the salutes were repeated. In this way the staff passed along the ridge of one hill till they came to the ex-

tremity of the lines, then descending, they passed the artillery in the valley, spurred up the opposite hill, and in like manner passed in front of the columns which crowned it. The inspection lasted two hours.

The staff returned to Gallipoli, for the Prince wished to embark that night for Constantinople, and the troops, breaking up into columns of regiments, returned to their various camps, leaving traces of their presence behind them in crushed corn-fields and innumerable smouldering fires. Soon after daybreak on the 6th of May, the tents of the Rifle Brigade, of the 50th Regiment, and of the 93rd Regiment, forming the working brigade of the camp of Bulair, were struck, and the whole encampment was broken up. At the same time the 4th, 28th, and 44th Regiments struck their tents at the Soulari encampment, about two miles from the town of Gallipoli, and proceeded on their march towards Bulair, there to take up the quarters vacated by the other brigade. The mass of baggage belonging to these regiments was enormous. The trains of buffalo and bullock carts, of pack-horses, and mules, and of led-horses, which filed along the road to Gallipoli, seemed sufficient for the army of Xerxes. For seven or eight miles the teams of country carts, piled up with beds and trunks, and soldiers' wives and tents, were almost unbroken, and now and then an overladen mule tumbled down, or a wheel came off, and the whole line of march became a confused struggle of angry men and goaded cattle. It so happened that two French battalions were moving out to fresh quarters (for, in the excellence of their sanitary arrangements, they change their camps nearly once a fortnight), and it became perceptible at a glance that, *pro rata*, they carried much less *impedimenta* than our regiments. There is considerable difficulty in accounting for this; because, without a complete knowledge of the internal economy of both armies, comparison would be difficult; but it may be fairly supposed that the absence of women and the small kit of the French officers, as well as the inferior size of the tents, went far to account for it. Another matter to be taken into consideration in the officers' baggage is, that Frenchmen live in their uniform, while everybody knows no real British soldier is quite happy without his mufti. He must have his wide-awake and shooting-jacket, and dressing-gown, and evening dress, and a tub of some sort or other, a variety of gay shirting, pictorial and figurative, while the Gaul does very well without them. The regiments came on solid and compact as blocks of marble, the sun dancing on their polished bayonets and scarlet coats with congenial fierceness. Regiment after regiment reached the parade-ground, and fell into its place with admirable precision. The lines of these red and blue blocks seemed regulated by plummet, and scarcely a bayonet waved in the long streaks of light above the shakos. The Rifles, too, formed on the ground compact and steady as a plate of iron. Thus they stood under the rays of the morning sun, till at nine o'clock Sir George Brown and staff, accompanied by the French General, and a number of officers, Mr. Calvert, our Consul, &c., rode along the lines, and, after a brief inspection, dismissed them. The Rifles and 93rd Regiment continued their march to the shore, to embark for Scutari. The 50th followed to their new camp at Soulari, and in a single com-

CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE TOWER OF GALATA.

pany of one of the regiments which left Bulair forty-five file strong —ninety men—so many soldiers fell out on the march to Soulari, a distance of six miles or thereabouts, that the captain reached the camping ground with only twenty men,—the rest straggled in during the afternoon. On arriving at the beach all their troubles ceased, for the French admiral had, with the greatest promptitude, sent the launches and boats of the fleet to the piers, and in about one hour the whole of the two regiments, consisting of nearly 2000 men, were shipped on board the steamers, and in a short time after were on their way to the Bosphorus, Sir George Brown accompanying the head quarters of the Rifles in the "Golden Fleece."

The disposition of the English army was at this time as follows :— at Scutari, the Guards three battalions, the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 30th, 33rd, 41st, 47th, 49th, 77th, 88th, 93rd, 95th, and Rifle Brigade; at Gallipoli the 1st Royals, 4th, 29th, 38th, 44th, and 50th; in all about 22,000 men. Our cavalry consisted of Lord Lucan, his aids-de-camp, and a few staff officers, who were awaiting the arrival of the force to which they were attached. The artillery which had arrived was not in a very efficient condition, owing to the loss of horses on the passage out; and it was while our army was in this imperfect state, in the beginning of May, that we heard of the march of the Russians upon Silistria, and their advance from the Dobrudscha along the banks of the Danube. Lord de Ros, a good-natured and kindly man, who acted as Quarter-Master General, was dispatched to Varna, and had an interview with Omar Pasha, who impressed on him the necessity of an advance on the part of the allies into the Bulgarian territory, and it became more evident every day that the time for decisive action was at hand. The Russian army on the right bank of the Danube, with their left resting on Kostendje, and their right on Rassova, covering their front with clouds of Cossack plunderers, were within twelve miles of Silistria, and their light cavalry swept all the northern portions of Bulgaria, and threatened to cut off the communications. It was indeed time to act, and the reviews at Scutari were justly regarded as preparations for the departure of the army from the neighbourhood of the Turkish capital, to seek the enemy nearer home.

A state dinner was given to the Duke of Cambridge by the Sultan, on the 17th of May. Lord Raglan, the Ambassadors, St. Arnaud, &c., were present, and several speeches were made on the occasion. It was said that Marshal St. Arnaud made an allusion to a third Power which would join France and England in the struggle. The Austrian Ambassador, who was present, did not utter any expression of opinion upon the subject.

A tremendous storm—lightning, thunder, and torrents of rain—broke over the camp on the night of the 18th of May. Two officers of the 93rd, Lieutenant W. L. Macnish and Ensign R. Crowe, set out from the barracks, about nine o'clock, to go to the encampment of their regiments. The distance was about a third of a mile, and just outside the barrack-wall was a small gully, or inconsiderable ravine, of some few yards in depth, at the bottom of which there is usually a few inches of water, so narrow that a child might step across. The rain, which descended in sheets—one might say, in

columns—of water, had, however, in the space of a few moments, filled this gully, and turned it into a swift watercourse, rushing into the sea at the distance of a few hundred yards from the path to the camp. The night was pitch dark, and no friendly flash of lightning revealed the dangers of the route to the officers. As they were groping along they suddenly plunged into the muddy current, far beyond their depth. Mr. Crowe managed to get out and scramble up the bank, but his calls to his companion were unanswered. As soon as the news reached the camp, the men turned out and searched all along the stream for Mr. Macnish, but he was nowhere to be found. His body was discovered a few days later, in the mud of the ditch, and was interred with proper marks of honour and respect by the regiment.

On the same night Lord Raglan, in the "Caradoc," Marshal St. Arnaud and staff, in the "Berthollet," and Riza Pasha, Minister of War, and Mehemet Kepresli Pasha, Minister of the Interior, in the steam-frigate "Cheh-Per," sailed for Varna, to hold a council of war with Omar Pasha, assisted by the engineer and artillery officers and the admirals Hamelin and Dundas. Omar Pasha's wishes were well known. He was anxious for the arrival of an Anglo-French army to occupy the country between Varna and Shumla, and to feel their way in advance of that line, so as to menace the Russians from Chernavoda to Kostendje, while he pursued his successes, if, indeed, they proved substantial, in Wallachia, and endangered their right flank by pushing a large force on Bucharest. He placed great reliance on the position of Varna. A general at the head of a large army, who kept his own counsel, could, according to the ideas he then expressed, paralyse the whole Russian invasion, when once he had got his men into the neighbourhood of this place, aided, as he must be, by the fleets. Omar Pasha was in great dread of Russian spies, and declared that his plans were known to the Russians in twenty-four hours after he mentioned them. But, presuming that the officer in command at Varna had a close mouth, according to Omar Pasha, a moral and physical strength might be found in the position almost irresistible. He might from that point move on Shumla, and on the passes of the Balkan, with equal ease; he could attack the right flank or the left flank of the Russians, or, by landing in their rear, covered by the fleet, he might break up their position in front of the Danube, and frustrate all their plans of campaign. With similar facility he could have sent an army across to the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea, to aid the Turkish army, or to attack the forces of the Caucasus, or could direct his attention to the Crimea, so as to make an attempt on Sebastopol.

On the 23rd Lord Raglan returned from Varna, and it would appear that Omar Pasha succeeded in convincing the allied generals that it would be desirable to effect a concentration of their forces between Varna and Shumla. In order to understand the position, the allied Generals visited Pravadi and Shumla, and inspected the Turkish army, which numbered about 40,000 men, many of whom were sick; and on the very evening of their visit, Omar Pasha received despatches announcing that 70,000 Russians, under Paskiewitch, had commenced the bombardment of Silistria.

It was decided that Omar Pasha should at once concentrate his troops in front of Shumla, and that the English and French should as speedily as possible move all their disposable forces to his assistance. On the return of the Generals arrangements for moving from Scutari were pushed forward with great vigour. Reinforcements arrived; Lord Cardigan and other officers made their appearance, and a fleet of some thirty vessels, steamers and transports, was anchored off the barracks and camp. The quarters in which Lord Raglan then lived seemed to be endowed with enormous centripetal and centrifugal forces, for generals, brigadiers, colonels of regiments, commissary officers, and aids-de-camp were flying to and from them every moment of the day, as fast as their horses could carry them. Yenikeui, where the French Marshal resided, presented symptoms of extraordinary excitement. The Sappers were busily engaged fitting up horse-boxes on board the transports, all the stores required for the troops having been previously put on board. The Sea of Marmora was covered with the white sails of transports and store-ships making way against the current, and the little wharf and landing-place at Scutari were alive with men working hard in loading boats with casks of provisions or munitions of war; while the air was shrill with the creaking and screaming of the wheels of buffalo carts toiling up and down the steep ascent to the barracks.

In strange contrast to all this life and activity, the natives idled on the shore, scarcely raising their heads to look at what was passing around them; or taking a very unobtrusive and contemplative interest in the labours of the soldiery, as, chibouque in mouth, they watched them from their smoking-perches in front of the *cafés* of the town, or of the sutlers' booths pitched along the shore. Lord Raglan's quarters seemed to be an especial resort for them. The house, a low wooden building two stories high, very clean, and neatly painted and matted within, was situated on the beach, about three-quarters of a mile from the barrack. In front was a tolerably spacious courtyard, with high walls, well provided with little stone boxes for the sparrows and swallows to build in, and inside this court a small stud of led horses and chargers, belonging to the aids and officers on duty, might be seen constantly pacing about. Directly opposite to the entrance of the court was a wooded knoll, with a few gravestones peering above the rich grass; and a Turkish fountain, in front of a group of pine-trees, usually surrounded by water-carriers, was placed in the foreground.

Groups of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, each distinct from the other, were generally to be seen reclining at the foot of these trees, gazing listlessly into the courtyard, while they carried on monosyllabic conversations at long intervals between the puffs of tobacco smoke. The beach, which somewhat resembled that at Folkestone at high water, was bounded by a tolerable road, a favourite walk of the women and children of Chalcedon and the suburbs beyond it; but these animated bundles of bright-coloured clothing scarcely deigned to look at the men in uniforms, or to turn their heads at the jingle of sword and spur. In the stagnant water which ripples almost imperceptibly on the shore there floated all forms of nastiness and corruption, which

the prowling dogs, standing leg-deep as they wade about in search of offal, cannot destroy. The smell from the shore was noisome, but a few yards out from the fringe of buoyant cats, dogs, birds, straw, sticks —in fact, of all sorts of abominable flotsam and jetsam, which bob about on the pebbles unceasingly—the water became exquisitely clear and pure. The slaughter-houses for the troops, erected by the sea-side, did not contribute, as may readily be imagined, to the cleanliness of this filthy beach, or the wholesomeness of the atmosphere.

On a slope rising up from the water's edge, close to Lord Raglan's quarters, the camp of the brigade of Guards was pitched; a kind of ravine, about a quarter of a mile wide, divided it from the plateau and valley at the back of the barracks, in which were pitched the camps of the other regiments, and of the Light Division. Clumps of tall shady trees were scattered here and there down towards the water's edge, under which a horde of sutlers had erected sheds of canvas and plank for the sale of provisions, spirits and wines, combined with a more wholesome traffic in cakes, Turkish sweetmeats, lemonade, and sherbet. The proprietors were nearly all Smyrniotes or Greeks from Pera, not bearing the highest character in the world. The regular canteens established within the lines were kept by a better class of people, under the *surveillance* of the military authorities.

Syces, or grooms, with horses for sale, rode about at full speed through the lanes and pathways leading to the camp; but the steeds they bestrode were generally small bony animals with mouths like a vice, stuffed out with grass and green food, and not worth a tithe of the prices asked for them. These gentry were kept at arm's length, and were not allowed to come within the lines. All this scene, so full of picturesque animation—these files of snowy tents sweeping away tier after tier over hillock and meadow, till they were bounded by the solemn black outlines of the forest of cypress—these patches of men at drill here and there all over the plain—these steadier and larger columns at parade—this constant play and glitter of bayonet and accoutrement as the numerous sentries wheeled on their beaten tracks—this confused crowd of araba drivers, match sellers, fruit and cigar and tobacco vendors, of hamals or porters, of horsedealers and gaily-dressed rogues, and rapparees of all nations, afterwards disappeared, as if by magic, in a few hours, and left no trace behind, except the barren circle which marked where the tent once stood, and the plain all seared and scorched by the camp-fires. What became of the mushroom tribe which had started as it were from the ground to supply the wants of the soldiery, it would be difficult to say, and not very interesting to inquire.

Among the most amusing specimens of the race must be reckoned some Jew and Armenian money-changers—squalid, lean, and hungry-looking fellows—whose turbans and ragged gabardines were ostentatiously dirty and poverty-stricken,—who prowled about the camp with an eternal raven-croak of "I say, John, change de monnish—change de monnish," relieved occasionally by a sly tinkle of a leathern purse well filled with dollars and small Turkish coin. They evaded the vigilance of the sentries, and startled officers half asleep in the heat of the sun, by the apparition of their skinny hands and yellow

visages within the tent, and the cuckoo-cry, "I say, John, change de monnish." Their appearance was the greatest compliment that could be paid to the national character. The oldest Turk had never seen one of them near a native camp, and the tradition of ages affirmed that where soldiers come the race disappeared. Indeed, they only showed at the English camp, in the sun-time. They were a sort of day-ghost which vanished at the approach of darkness, and the croak and the jingle were silent, and they spirited themselves gently away ere twilight, and where they lived no man could tell. Any one who has seen Vernet's picture, at Versailles, of the taking of Abd-el-Kader's Smala, will at once recognise the type of these people in the wonderful figure of the Jew who is flying with his treasure from the grasp of the French swordsman.

In one of those "spirited attacks" on most people, great or small, with which a book called "Letters from Head Quarters" abounds, the press and the newspaper correspondents are honoured by Major Somerset Calthorpe's especial censure, because they had the audacity to ask for an order on the commissariat for tents and animals to carry their baggage, and for rations for themselves and servants. The press can take care of itself, and although Major Calthorpe may consider that its "blessings" bear a strong resemblance to those things uttered in the words of the ass-borne prophet of old, the country which has experienced them, and has the good sense to value them, will not abandon its opinion or renounce its privileges on the strength of any of his windy ejaculations and empty "!" 's of astonishment. Concerning the application to head quarters, which seems to have completely upset his mental system, and to have left him no store of words sufficiently strong to express his ideas on the necessity of supervision and coercion on the part of the authorities towards these gentlemen, it may be as well to state that it was made in consequence of directions from home, founded on promises made by the Ministry. That it was not *per se* so very unreasonable is evinced by the concession of rations, and in many cases transport; for the Government, not having the benefit of Major Calthorpe's sagacious counsels to guide them, were weak enough to believe that the people of England, who were paying for the war, would not be satisfied with bald extracts from a cavalry officer's journal, eked out with paragraphs of private letters to his friends at home, and adjusted by judicious friends, or even with official despatches, which somehow or other are regarded with a certain degree of suspicion when matters are not very pleasant. They, therefore, ordered that the accommodation, which is seldom refused to gentlemen who may accompany in any recognised capacity the course of armies in the field, should be afforded to the correspondents of the London journals, and I can safely say that on the occasion to which Major Calthorpe refers, no expression whatever crossed my lips indicative of the feeling that the press was not treated with proper respect, and that to no one of my fellow labourers in the same field could his statement be applicable. It is in fact a pure fiction. I called on Lord Raglan before he left Scutari, because I was requested to do so. Whilst waiting till his lordship could see me, the correspondent of a London morning journal came into the ante-room, and told me he was on

the same errand as myself. Lord Raglan being very much engaged on that occasion, I was asked to see Colonel Steele, and on stating the object of my visit to that gentleman, he assured me very civilly and very decidedly that it could not be acceded to, whereupon I made my bow and withdrew without any further observation. In a few days afterwards I received, in consequence of orders from home, permission to draw rations from the commissariat to whatever extent they might be required.

Immediately on Lord Raglan's return, on the 23rd, the various generals of brigade visited him, and received instructions to prepare for active operations; and several transports were detached from the fleet to proceed up to the Black Sea with stores on the evening of the same day. The brigade orders for the Guards were distinguished by a great novelty. They were ordered to appear the following day on parade without— Muskets?—No. Coatees?—No. Epaulettes?—No. Cartouch-boxes?—No. Boots?—No. In fact, Her Majesty's Guards were actually commanded to parade "WITHOUT STOCKS!"

This great boon was granted to the Guards to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday, and never since they were formed did the regiments give three more ringing, thundering cheers than issued from their throats on that occasion, when they marched on the ground as erect and upright as ever, but not "caught by the windpipe," to be inspected by Lord Raglan.

The day itself was kept with all honour, and was celebrated by a splendid military spectacle. At a quarter to eleven o'clock all the regiments in barrack and camp were paraded separately, and afterwards marched to the ridge which bounded one side of the shallow but broad ravine that separated the camp of the brigade of Guards from the camp of the other brigades. The total force on the ground consisted of about 15,000 men, and for weight, stature, and strength could not have been matched probably by a like number of any troops in Europe. As they marched from camps and barracks in dense columns, converging on the ridge, the eye refused to believe that they could be condensed into so small a space as that they were ordered to occupy.

The continued apathy of the Turks was astonishing on this occasion. There were present some three or four gentlemen on horseback, with their pipe-bearers, and two or three native carriages full of veiled women; but though Scutari, with its population of 100,000 souls, was within a mile and a half, it did not appear that half a dozen people had been added to the usual crowd of camp followers who attend on such occasions. The Greeks were more numerous, and Pera sent over a fair share of foreigners all dressed in the newest Paris fashions; so that one might fancy himself at a fashionable field-day in England but for the cypress groves and the tall minarets glancing above in the distance.

At twelve o'clock, Lord Raglan and staff, to the number of thirty or forty, appeared on the ground in a perfect blaze of gold lace and scarlet and white plumes. They were received by the bands of all the regiments striking up "God save the Queen," but not with that unanimity which would be desirable in order to give a perfect effect

to the noble strains of our national anthem. Lord Raglan having ridden slowly along a portion of the lines, wheeled round and took his post in front of the centre regiment. After a short pause, just as the guns of the "Niger" were heard thundering out a royal salute from the Bosphorus, the bands struck up the national air again, and down at once fell the colours of every regiment drooping to the ground. The thing was well done, and the effect of these thirty-two masses of richly dyed silk encrusted with the names of great victories, falling so suddenly to the earth as if struck down by one blow, was strange and inexpressible. In another minute a shout of "God save the Queen" ran from the Rifles on the left to the Guards on the right, and three tremendous cheers, gathering force as they rolled on with the accumulated strength of a thousand throats from regiment after regiment, made the very air ring, the ears tingle, and the heart throb. Some of the regiments pulled off their shakoes, and waved them in the air in accompaniment to the shouts; others remained motionless, but made not less noise than their fellows.

After the cheering had died away, leaving, however, a strange sensation in many an English bosom, as we thought how soon those voices might be silenced for ever, the march past began in quick time. The Guards, who were in great good humour, possibly because their necks were free and all prisoners had been let out as an act of grace, marched magnificently. The Highlanders were scarcely a whit inferior, and their pipes and dress created a sensation among the Greeks, who are fond of calling them Scotch Albanians, and comparing them to the Klephtic tribes, among whom pipes and kilts still flourish. Some of the other regiments did well, others not so well, and on leaving the ground all marched off to their respective camps, and the proceedings of the day were brought to a close, so far as the authorities were concerned.

The Guards, however, had their games,—racing in sacks, leaping, running, &c., in the afternoon, and the regiments played cricket, and indulged in other manly sports, in spite of the heat of the day. In the evening, a handsome obelisk, erected in the centre of the Guards' camp, and crowned with laurel, was surrounded by fireworks.

Vessels were now sent up to Varna daily with stores of various kinds; but we were not yet quite prepared to take the field. There was great want of saddlery, pack-saddles, saddle-bags, and matters of that kind, and all the officers found out that their fine London-made portmanteaus were utterly useless, and must be left behind. If John Bull could only have seen the evil effects of strangling the services in times of peace by ill-judged parsimony, he would not for the future listen so readily to the counsellors who tell him that it is economy to tighten his purse-strings round the neck of army and navy. Who was the wise man who warned us in time of peace that we should pay dearly for shutting our eyes to the possibility of war, and who preached in vain to us about our want of baggage, and pontoon trains, and our locomotive deficiencies? No outlay, however prodigal, can atone for the effects of a griping penuriousness, and all the gold in the Treasury cannot produce at command those great qualities in administrative and executive departments which are the fruits of

experience alone. A soldier, an artilleryman, a commissariat officer, cannot be created suddenly, not even with profuse expenditure in the attempt. It would be a great national blessing if all our political economists could, at this time, have been caught and enlisted in the army at Scutari for a month or so, or even if they could have been provided with temporary commissions, till they had obtained some practical knowledge of the results of their system.

On Sunday, the 28th of May, Sir George Brown left the barracks at Scutari, and proceeded to Varna in the "Banshee," and before his departure orders were issued that the men belonging to the Light Division under his command should embark early the following morning,—the baggage to be on board at six o'clock, the men at nine o'clock. At daylight the *réveillé* woke up the camp of the Light Division, and the regiments were ready for inspection at five o'clock. The Light Division, which was destined to play an important part in this campaign, and whose highest glory was to emulate the successes of the famous legion of the Peninsula whose name they bore, consisted of the following regiments:—The 7th Fusileers, the 23rd Fusileers, the 19th Foot, the 33rd or Wellington's Regiment, the 77th Foot, the 88th Connaught Rangers, and the Rifle Brigade, second battalion, attached. They formed in front of their tents, and after a rapid inspection, were ordered to strike tents. In a moment or two file after file of canvas cones collapsed and fell to the earth, the poles were unspliced and packed up, the canvas rolled up and placed in layers on bullock carts, the various articles of regimental baggage collected into the same vehicles,—ants in a swarm could not have been more active and bustling than the men were; they formed into masses, broke up again, moved in single files in little companies, in broken groups all over the ground, while the araba drivers looked stupidly on, exhibiting the most perfect indifference to the appropriation of their carts, and evidently regarding the Giaours as unpleasant demons, by whose preternatural energies they were to be agitated and perturbed as punishment for their sins. It would seem, indeed, very difficult to re-form this shifting, diffusive crowd of red-coats into the steady columns which were drawn up so rigidly a short time previously along the canvas walls, now fluttering in the dust or packed helplessly in bales. Their labours were, however, decisive, and in some half-hour or so they had transformed the scene completely, and had left nothing behind them but the bare circles of baked earth, marking where tents had stood, the blackened spot where once the camp-fires blazed, tethering-sticks, and a curious *débris* of jam-pots, preserved meat cases, bottles, sweetmeat boxes, sardine tins, broken delf, bones of fowl and ham, pomatum pots, and tobacco pipes.

A few words of command running through the toiling crowd—some blasts on the bugle—and the regiments got together, as steady and solid as ever, with long lines of bullock carts and buffalo arabas drawn up between them, and commenced their march, winding slowly along over the sandy slopes which led to the sea. There lay the fleet of transports, anchored with their attendant steamers in long lines, as close inshore as they could approach with safety. The "Vesuvius" steam sloop, Commander Powell, the "Simoom" and the "Megæra" troop ships (screw

steamers), sent in their boats to aid those of the merchantmen and steamers in embarking the men and baggage, and Admiral Boxer, aided by Captain Christie, Commander Powell, and Lieutenant Rundle, R.N., superintended the arrangements for stowing away and getting on board the little army, which consisted of about 6500 men. The morning was fine, but a little too hot. The men were in excellent spirits, and as they marched over the dusty plain to the landing-places, they were greeted with repeated peals of cheering from the regiments of the other divisions. The order and regularity with which they were got on board the boats, and the safety and celerity with which they were embarked—baggage, horses, women, and stores—were creditable to the authorities, and to the discipline and good order of the men themselves, both officers and privates.

CHAPTER VI.

Scenery of the Bosphorus—The Black Sea—Varna—Encampment at Aladyn—Bulgarian Cart-drivers—The Commissariat.

No voyager or artist has yet done justice to the beautiful scenery of the Bosphorus. It has much the character of a Norwegian fiord. Perhaps the rounded outline of the hills, the light rich green of the vegetation, the luxuriance of tree and flower and herbage, resemble more closely the banks of Killarney or Windermere. For thirteen miles, the waters escaping from the Black Sea, in one part compressed by swelling hillocks to a breadth of little more than a mile, at another expanding into sheets of four times that breadth, gush along in a blue flood, like the Rhone as it issues from the Lake of Geneva, till they mingle with the Sea of Marmora, passing in their course by a succession of beautiful groupings of wood and dale, ravine and hill-side, covered with the profusest carpeting of leaf and blade, while kiosk and pleasure-ground, embrasured bastion and loopholed curtain, gay garden, villa, mosque, and noble mansion, stud the banks in unbroken lines from the very foot of the forts which command the entrance up to the crowning glory of the scene, where the imperial city of Constantine, rising in many-coloured terraces from the verge of the Golden Horn, confuses the eye with its masses of foliage, of red roofs, divers-hued walls, gables, and fretwork, surmounted by a frieze of snow-white minarets with golden summits, and by the symmetrical sweep of St. Sophia. The hills strike abruptly upwards to a height varying from 200 feet to 600 feet, and are bounded at the foot by a line of quays, which run along the European side, almost without interruption, from Pera to Bujukderé, about five miles from the Black Sea. These quays are also very numerous on the Asiatic side.

The villages by the water-side are so close together, that Pera may be said to extend from Tophané to the forts beyond Bujukderé. The kiosks and residences of the pashas, the imperial palaces of the Sultan, and the retreats of opulence, line these favoured shores; and as the

stranger passes on, in steamer or caique, he may catch a view of some successful plunderer of a province, some hoary pasha, or unscrupulous ex-governor, sitting cross-legged in his garden or verandah, smoking away, and each looking so like the other, that they might all pass for brothers. The windows of one portion of these houses are mostly closely latticed and fastened, but here and there a bright flash of a yellow or red robe shows the harem is not untenanted. These dwellings succeed each other the whole length of the Bosphorus, quite as numerously as the houses on the road from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith; and at places such as Therapia and Bujukderé, they are dense enough to form large villages, provided with hotels, shops, cafés, and lodging-houses. The Turks delight in going up in their caiques to some of these places, and sitting out on the platforms over the water, while the chibouque or narghile confers on them a zoophytic happiness; and the greatest object of Turkish ambition is to enjoy the pleasures of a kiosk on the Bosphorus. The waters abound in fish, and droves of porpoises and dolphins disport in myriads on its surface, plashing and playing about, as with easy roll they cleave their way against its rapid flood, or gambolling about in the plenitude of their strength and security, till a sword-fish takes a dig at them, and sets them off curvetting and snorting like sea-horses. Hawks, kites, buzzards, and sea-eagles are numerous, and large flocks of a kind of gregarious petrel of a dusky hue, with whitish breasts, called by the French "*âmes damnées*," and which are said never to rest on land, keep constantly flying up and down close to the water.

Amidst such scenery the expeditionary flotilla began its voyage at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 29th of May. It consisted of two steamers for staff officers and horses, seven steamers for troops and chargers, one for 300 pack horses, four sailing transports for horse artillery, and two transports for commissariat animals. Off Tophané, five or six fine frigates, some of them double-banked, displayed the red flag with the silver crescent moon and star of the Ottoman Porte. They were lying idly at rest there, and might have been much better employed, if not at Kavarna Bay, certainly in cruising about the Greek Archipelago.

It was five o'clock ere the last steamer which had to wait for the transports got under weigh again, and night had set in before they reached the entrance of the Black Sea. As they passed the forts (which are pretty frequent towards the Euxine), the sentries yelled out strange challenges and burned blue lights, and blue lights answered from our vessels in return; so that at times the whole of the scene put one in mind of a grand fairy spectacle; and it did not require any great stretch of the imagination to believe that the trees were the work of Grieve—that Stanfield had dashed in the waters and ships—that the forts were of pasteboard, and the clouds of gauze lighted up by a property man—while those moustachioed soldiers, with red fez caps or tarbouches, eccentric blue coats and breeches, and white belts, might fairly pass for Surrey supernumeraries. Out went the blue lights!—we were all left as blind as owls at noontide; but our eyes recovered—the stars at last began to twinkle—two lights shone, or rather bleared hazily on either bow—they marked the opening of the Bosphorus into

VARNA.

the Euxine. We shot past them, and a farewell challenge and another blue halo showed the sentries were wide-awake. We were in the Black Sea, and, lo! sea and sky and land were at once shut out from us! A fog, a drifting, clammy, nasty mist, bluish-white, and cold and raw, fell down upon us like a shroud, obscured the stars and all the lights of heaven, and stole with a slug-like pace down yard and mast and stays, stuck to the face and beard, rendered the deck dark as a graveyard, and forced us all down to a rubber and coffee. This was genuine Black Sea weather.

All the club and tap-room politicians who delight in talking nonsense to distinguished circles, and regulating the motions of fleets, and criticising the conduct of armies, should have been sent out to the Black Sea to take the command of so many Thames wherries till they learnt the real difficulties of managing ships under such circumstances. The shore was not far off (presumed to be) on our port quarter, but had it been within a quarter of a mile, it would have been equally invisible. Later in the night we passed through a fleet, which we took to be Turkish men-of-war, but it was impossible to make them out, and but for the blockade of their ports, these vessels might have been Russians.* In the morning the same haze continued drifting about and hugging the land; but once it rose and disclosed a steamer in-shore, with a transport cast off from her, and hovering about just as a hen watches a chicken. The "Vesuvius" fired a gun, and after some time the steamer tried to take the transport in tow again, and proceeded to rejoin the squadron. We subsequently found it was the "Megæra." The line of land was marked by a bank of white clouds, and the edge of the sea horizon was equally obscured.

Varna is such a town as only could have been devised by a nomadic race aping the habits of civilized nations. If the lanes are not so ill-paved, so rugged, and so painful to the pedestrian, as those of Gallipoli; if they are not so crooked and jagged and tortuous; if they are not so complicated and fantastically devious, it is only because nature has set the efforts of man at defiance, and has forbidden the Turk to render a town, built upon a surface nearly level, as unpleasant to perambulate as one founded on a hill-side. After a course of 100 miles,—by shores which remind you, when they can be seen through fogs and vapours, of the coast of Devonshire, and which stretch away on the western side of the Black Sea in undulating folds of green-sward rising one above the other, or swell into hilly peaks, all covered with fine verdure, and natural plantations of the densest foliage, so that the scenery has a park-like and cultivated air, which is only belied by the search of the telescope,—the vessel bound to Varna rounds a promontory of moderate height on the left, and passing by an earthen fort perched on the summit, anchors in a semicircular bay about a mile and a half in length and two miles across, on the northern side of which is situated the town, so well known by its important relations with the history of the struggles between Russia and the Porte, and by its siege in 1829. The bay shoals up to the beach, at

* It actually did happen that a Russian man-of-war very nearly captured one of our screw transports off the mouth of the Bosphorus as she was running up to Varna with the Commissariat chest full of gold on board.

the apex of the semicircle formed by its shores, and the land is so low at that point that the fresh waters from the neighbouring hills form a large lake, which extends for many miles through the marsh lands and plains which run westward towards Shulma. Varna is built on a slightly elevated bank of sand on the verge of the sea, of such varying heights, that in some places the base of the wall around it is on a level with the water, and at others stand twenty or thirty feet above it. Below this bank are a series of plains inland, which spread all round the town till they are lost in the hills, which, dipping into the sea in an abrupt promontory on the north-east side, rise in terraces to the height of 700 or 800 feet at the distance of three miles from the town, and stretch away to the westward to meet the corresponding chain of hills on the southern extremities of the bay, thus enclosing the lake and plains between in a sort of natural wall, which is like all the rest of the country, covered with brushwood and small trees. A stone wall of ten feet high, painted white, and loopholed, is built all round the place; and some detached batteries, well provided with heavy guns, but not of much pretension as works of defence, have been erected in advance of the walls on the land side. On the sea-face four batteries are erected, provided with heavy guns also—two of them of earthwork and gabions, the other two built with stone parapets and embrasures. Peering above these walls, in an irregular jumble of red-tiled roofs, are the houses of the place, with a few minarets towering from the mosques above them. The angles of the work are irregular, but in most instances the walls are so constructed as to admit of a fair amount of flanking fire on an assaulting force. Nevertheless, a portion of the inner side of the bay, and other parts are equally accessible to the fire of batteries on the trifling hillocks around the town. The houses of the town are built of wood; it contains about 12,000 or 14,000 inhabitants, but there is more bustle, and animation, and life in the smallest hamlet in Dorsetshire than here, unless one goes down to the landing place, or visits the bazaar, where the inhabitants flock for pleasure or business.

The bulk of the convoy arrived and cast anchor in Varna Bay before the evening, and the disembarkation of the troops was conducted with such admirable celerity, that they were landed as fast as the vessels came in. Large boats had been provided for the purpose, and the French and English men-of-war lent their launches and cutters to tow and carry, in addition to those furnished by the merchantmen. The Rifles marched off to their temporary camp under canvas, about a mile away. The 88th Connaught Rangers followed, and on our arrival, the bay was alive with boats full of red-coats. The various regiments cheered tremendously as vessel after vessel arrived, but they met with no response from the Turkish troops. Lord G. Paulet entertained the Lieutenant-General, Sir George Brown, and a numerous party, on board the "Bellerophon" in the evening. The vessel was provided with a band, and all night the shores echoed to the melody of the choicest *morçeaux* of our best composers, while the men who had not landed crowded the decks of the ships to listen.

General Canrobert, and a small staff reached Varna on the morning of the 2nd of June. He landed about mid-day, and after an extem-

pore levee of the French officers on the beach, proceeded to call on Sir George Brown. It may be stated as an instance of the activity and energy of our allies, that the first thing they did when their small body of Sappers arrived at Varna, long before the English came up, was to break a gateway through the town wall on its sea face, to allow troops and provisions to be landed and sent off without a long detour. This proceeding drove the Pasha of the place almost deranged, and he died soon afterwards.

Owing to the exertions of Omar Pasha, and the activity of the commissariat, the quantity of open and covered arabas, or bullock and buffalo carts, which had been collected at this place, was nearly sufficient for all the wants of the first division of the army. They were drawn up in hundreds along the walls of the principal magazine, and their services could be obtained at a few moments' notice. There was also a small army of hairy, wild-looking drivers stalking about the place, admiring the beauties of Varna, spear or buffalo goad in hand.

The cavalry force sent by Omar Pasha to a place within a few miles of our camp, was of infinite service in transporting provisions, horses, and cattle. The latter were wretchedly small and lean. A strong man could lift one of the beasts, and there was not so much meat on one of them as on a good English sheep. The horses were hardy, wild, mouthless brutes, but the owners asked too much for them. In order to secure forage and food, Omar Pasha prohibited the export of grain from all the ports of Roumelia without exception.

The British camp was at first pitched on a plain, covered with scrub and clumps of sweet-brier, about a mile from the town, and half a mile from the fresh-water lake. The water of the lake, however, was not good for drinking—it abounded in animalculæ, not to mention enormous leeches—and the men had to go to the fountains and wells near the town to fill their canteens and cooking tins. This, however, was only a temporary encampment.

All the force—men, artillery, horses, and all—of the Light Division landed on the 2nd of June. We found that great efforts had been made to strengthen Varna, and along the sea face new guns, with earthwork and fascine parapets and embrasures, had been mounted, but, on the whole, the works were in a bad state. The beach was covered with heaps of rusty old shot and shell. The hills at the back completely commanded the place, and made it a poor military position. Food was good enough, and plentiful: a fowl could be had for seven piastres—1*s.* 2*d.*; bread and meat were about the same price as in London; a turkey could be procured for half-a-crown; wine was dear, and not good; spirits as cheap as they were bad. With great difficulty I succeeded in getting a very poor lodging in the house of a scampish Armenian dragoman, who forces himself on the staff of the English consulate, and, in company with several officers, remained there for several days, living and eating after the Armenian fashion by day, and "pigging" in some very lively "divans" at night, till my horses and servants arrived, when I proceeded to Aladyn. In consequence of instructions from home, Mr. Filder gave orders for the issue of rations to me for self and servants and horses, and all gentlemen who came in a similar capacity, or who subsequently joined

the army as amateurs, were, on application, granted the same favour.

At three o'clock on Monday, June 5th, the Light Division of the British army, commanded by Sir George Brown, and consisting of the second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th and 88th Regiments, with part of the 8th Hussars, the 17th Lancers, and a portion of a battery of artillery consisting of four guns attached, commenced its march from the encampment at Varna, by striking tents and getting baggage in readiness, and after breakfast proceeded on their way to their new encampment between Kojuk and Devna (called in some of the maps Dewnos). The infantry halted on a plain about nine miles and a half from the town of Varna, close to a fresh-water lake, but the cavalry and artillery continued their march, and pitched tents at the village of Devna, about eighteen miles from Varna, the route being through a rich and fertile country, perfectly deserted and lifeless—not a house, not a human creature to be seen along the whole line of march.

Our commissariat had a hard task to play. It was so tied down with orders, and so cramped by surveillance, that its energies were greatly diminished. It treated and contracted, where the French commissariat demanded and took; and in no department had the effect of our ill-judged economy been so painfully manifested as in the operations of that which was above all others essential to the progress of an army. As the attitude of the Russian army on the Danube demanded immediate measures of repression and resistance, the allied Generals were anxious to devise some grand plan of offensive and defensive operations, and Varna was appointed as the rendezvous of the chiefs for that purpose.

Admirals Dundas and Hamelin came into the bay in order that they might assist at the conferences. A new pasha also arrived, who was supposed to be better fitted to the exigencies of the times than his predecessor.

The troops continued to arrive daily. On the 12th, the 5th Dragoon Guards, which left Cork on the 28th of May, were landed from the "Himalaya," after the quickest passage ever known from Ireland to Bulgaria. The French were hastening overland from Gallipoli, and had already approached the lower Balkans. Lord Raglan was confined for some days to his quarters at Scutari by illness, but the Duke of Cambridge and his staff landed on the 14th of June, and with him came the Brigade of Guards.

The disembarkation of the Guards was effected in excellent order, and with a rapidity and comfort which conferred great credit on the officers engaged in superintending it. The French assisted with the most hearty goodwill. Of their own accord the men of the Artillery and the Chasseurs came down to the beach, helped to load buffalo carts, and set to work at once to thump the drivers, to push the natives out of the way, to show the road, and, in fact, to make themselves generally useful.

After I had been a few days at Aladyn, I rode down to Varna, and was astonished at the change which the place had undergone, owing principally to the French. Old blind side walls

had been broken down, and shops opened, in which not only necessaries, but even luxuries, could be purchased; the streets, once so dull and silent, re-echoed the laughter and rattle of dominoes in the newly-established *cafés*. Wine merchants and sutlers from Algiers, Oran, Constantine, Marseilles, Toulon, had set up booths and shops, at which liqueurs, spirits, and French and country wines, could be purchased at prices not intolerably high. The natives had followed the example. Strings of German sausages, of dried tongues, of wiry hams, of bottles of pickles, hung from the rafters of an old Turkish khan, which but a few days before was the abode of nothing but unseemly insects; and an empty storehouse was turned into a nicely white-washed and gaily painted "Restaurant de l'Armée d'Orient pour Messieurs les Officiers et Sous-officiers." The names of the streets, according to a Gallic nomenclature, printed in black on neat deal slips, were fixed to the walls, so that one could find his way from place to place without going through the erratic wanderings which generally mark the stranger's progress through a Turkish town. One lane was named the Rue Ibrahim, another Rue de l'Hôpital, a third Rue Yusuf; the principal lane was termed the Corso, the next was Rue des Postes Françaises; and, as all these names were very convenient, and had a meaning attached to them, no sneering ought to deter one from confessing that the French manage these things better than we do. Where at this period was the English post-office? No one knew. Where did the English general live? No one knew. Where was the hospital for sick soldiers? No one knew. Did any one want to find General Canrobert? He had but to ask the first Frenchman he met, and he would tell him to go up the Corso, turn to the right, by the end of the Rue de l'Hôpital, and there was the name of the general painted in large letters over the door of his quarters. The French post-office and the French hospital were sufficiently indicated by the names of the streets.

As to the camp at Aladyn, never were tents pitched in a more lovely spot. When the morning sun had risen it was scarcely possible for one to imagine himself far from England. At the other side of the lake which waters the meadows beneath the hill on which the camp was placed, was a range of high ground, so finely wooded, with such verdant sheets of short crisp grass between the clumps of forest timber, that every one who saw it at once exclaimed, "Surely there must be a fine mansion somewhere among those trees!" When once the traveller left the sandy plain and flat meadow lands which sweep westward for two or three miles from Varna, he passed through a succession of fine landscapes, with a waving outline of hills, which he could see on all sides above the thick mass of scrub or cover, pierced by the road, or rather the track, made by horsemen and araba drivers.

The open country was finely diversified, with abundance of wood and water all around, within easy distance of the route. Long lines of storks flew overhead or held solemn reviews among the frogs in the meadows. As for the latter, they were innumerable, and their concerts by day and night would delight the classical scholar who remembered his Aristophanes, and who could test the accuracy of the chorus. Eagles soared overhead, looking out for dead horses; and vultures, kites, and

huge buzzards scoured the plains in quest of vermin, hares, or partridges. Beautiful orioles, a blaze of green and yellow, gaudy woodpeckers, apiasters, jays, and grosbeaks, shrieked and chattered among the bushes, while the nightingale poured forth a flood of plaintive melody, aided by a lovely little warbler in a black cap and red waistcoat with bluish facings, who darted about after the flies, and who, when he had caught and eaten one, lighted on a twig and expressed his satisfaction in a gush of exquisite music. Blackbirds and thrushes joined in the chorus, and birds of all sorts flitted around in multitudes. The commonest bird of all was the dove, and he was found so good to eat, that his cooing was often abruptly terminated by a dose of No. 6.

On the first morning of my visit, as I rode from the camp, a large snake, about eight feet long and as thick as my arm, wriggled across the path; my horse plunged violently when he saw him, but the snake went leisurely and with great difficulty across the sandy road; when he gained the grass, however, he turned his head round, and darted out a little spiteful-looking tongue with great quickness. A Turk behind drew a long barrelled pistol, and was adjusting his aim, when with the quickness of lightning the snake darted into the thicket, and though four of us rode our horses through the cover, we could not find him. He was of a dark green, mottled with white, had a large head of a lighter hue, and protuberant, bright eyes. Jackals were said to abound, but probably the wild dogs were mistaken for them. There were traditions in camp concerning roe deer in the hill forests, and the sportsmen found out the tracks of wild boars through the neighbouring hills. Huge carp abounded in the lake; and very fine perch, enormous bream, and pike might be had for the taking, but tackle, rods, and lines were very scarce in the camp. There were no trout in these waters, but perch and pike took large flies very freely, whenever the angler could get through the weeds and marshy borders to take a cast for them.

But where are the natives all this time?—come, here is one driving an araba—let us stop and look at him He is a stout, well-made, and handsome man, with finely-shaped features and large dark eyes; but for all that there is a dull, dejected look about him which rivets the attention. There is no speculation in the orbs which gaze on you, half in dread half in wonder; and if there should be a cavass or armed Turk with you, the poor wretch dare not take his look away for a moment, lest he should meet the ready lash, or provoke some arbitrary act of violence. His head is covered with a cap of black sheepskin, with the wool on, beneath which falls a mass of tangled hair, which unites with beard, and whisker, and moustache in forming a rugged mat about the lower part of the face. A jacket made of coarse brown cloth hangs loosely from the shoulders, leaving visible the breast, burnt almost black by exposure to the sun. Underneath the jacket is a kind of vest, which is confined round the waist by several folds of a shawl or sash, in which are stuck a yataghan or knife, and a reed pipe-stick. The breeches are made of very rudely-manufactured cloth, wide above and gathered in at the knee; and the lower part of the leg is protected by rags, tied round with bits of old string, which put one in mind of the Italian bandit, *à la* Wallack, in a state of extreme dilapidation and poverty.

If you could speak with this poor Bulgarian, you would find his mind as waste as the land around you. He is a Christian, after a fashion, but he puts far more faith in charms, in amulets, and in an uncleanly priest and a certain saint of his village, than in prayer or works. He believes the Turks are his natural masters; that he must endure meekly what they please to inflict, and that between him and Heaven there is only one power and one man strong enough to save him from the most cruel outrages, or to withstand the sovereign sway of the Osmanli—and that power is Russia, and that man is the Czar. His whole fortune is that wretched cart, which he regards as a triumph of construction; and he has driven those lean, fierce-eyed buffaloes many a mile, from some distant village, in the hope of being employed by the commissariat, who offer him what seems to him to be the most munificent remuneration of 3*s.* 4*d.* a-day for the services of himself, his beasts, and araba. His food is coarse brown bread, or a mess of rice and grease, flavoured with garlic, the odour of which has penetrated his very bones, and spreads in vapour around him. His drink is water, and now and then an intoxicating draught of bad raki or sour country wine. In that abject figure you look in vain for the dash of Thracian blood, or seek the descendant of the Roman legionary. From whatever race he springs, the Bulgarian peasant hereabouts is the veriest slave that ever tyranny created, and as he walks slowly away with downcast eyes and stooping head, by the side of his cart, the hardest heart must be touched with pity at his mute dejection, and hate the people and the rule that have ground him to the dust.

Let the reader imagine he is riding in Bulgaria any hot eventide in June, 1854; he will pass many a group of such poor fellows as these. A few miles before him, after leaving Varna, he will catch glimpses of English hill-tents through the trees on a beautiful knoll, running down towards the rich marshes at the head of the lake, which he has kept on his left all the way. Let us water our horses, for the place is yet some way off. Now and then encountering English travellers going to pester Omar Pasha at Shumla, or returning proudly from having done so, we at last draw towards the camp. The report of a gun rings through the woods and covers, and an honest English shout of "What have you hit, Jack?" or, "By Jove, he's off!" from among the bushes, shows that Ensign Brown or Captain Johnson is busy in the pursuit of the sports of the field. Private Smith, of the Rifle Brigade, with a goose in each hand, is stalking homewards from the hamlet by the lake-side. Mr. Flynn, of the Connaught Rangers, a little the worse for raki, is carrying a lamb on his shoulders, which he is soothing with sentimental ditties; and Sergeant Macgregor, of the 7th, and Sergeant Aprice, of the 23rd Welsh Fusileers, are gravely discussing a difficult point of theology on a knoll in front of you. Men in fatigue-frocks laden with bundles of sticks or corn, or swathes of fresh grass, are met at every step; and by the stream-side, half hidden by the bushes, there is a rural laundry, whence come snatches of song, mingled with the familiar sounds of washing and lines of fluttering linen, attesting the energies of the British laundress under the most unfavourable circumstances. In a short time the stranger arrives at a mass of araba carts drawn up

along the road, through which he threads his way with difficulty, and just as he tops the last hill the tents of the Light Division, stretching their snowy canvas in regular lines up the slope of the opposite side, come into view.

The camp was pitched on a dry, sandy table-land. On the right-hand side the artillery (Captain Levinge's troop), the small-arm and ammunition train (Captain Anderson), and the rocket carriages, caissons, artillery horses, &c., had their quarters. The valley between them and the table-land on which the camp was situated was unoccupied. On the left-hand side, on a beautiful spot overlooking the lake, at a considerable elevation, was the little camp of the commissariat, surrounded by carts and araba drivers, flocks of sheep and goats, and cattle, and vast piles of bread and corn. The Rifle camp was placed at the distance of 300 yards from the commissariat camp, on the slope of the table-land, and commanded a beautiful view of the lakes and of the surrounding country; and the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th, and 88th Regiments were encamped close together, so that the lines of canvas were almost unbroken, from one extremity to the other. Brigadier-General Airey and staff, and Drs. Alexander, Tice, and Jameson, had pitched their tents in a meadow close by some trees, at the upper end of the encampment. Brigadier Buller's marquee was close to the lines of his brigade. Captain Gordon, R.E., the Rev. Mr. Egan, and Captain Halliwell, had formed a little encampment of their own in a valley a little further on, which is formed by two spurs of land, covered with the thickest foliage and brushwood—hazels, clematis, wild vines, birch, and creeper,—and near at hand were the tents of the Sappers and Miners. The cavalry were stationed about nine miles further on, close to the village of Devna.

In front of the Rifle camp was a rural burial-ground, long abandoned, probably because there were not many people left to die in the district. It was of the rudest kind. No sculptured stone, not even a scratch of a chisel distinguished one resting-place from another, but a block of unhewn granite was placed at each grave, and the Sappers and Miners, who were a most utilitarian corps, selected some of the largest and best of them to serve in the construction of their bridge over one of the narrow channels which join lake to lake. These same Sappers had hard work of it in building this bridge. The 10th company, who laboured at it, worked entirely naked and up to their breasts in water for one whole day. It is no wonder that a few of them suffered from fever in consequence.

The people of England, who had looked with complacency on the reduction of expenditure in all branches of our warlike establishments, ought not to have been surprised at finding the movements of our army hampered by the results of an injudicious economy. A commissariat officer is not made in a day, nor can the most lavish expenditure effect the work of years, or atone for the want of experience. The hardest-working treasury clerk had necessarily much to learn ere he could become an efficient commissariat officer, in a country which our old campaigners declare to be the most difficult they ever were in for procuring supplies. Let those who have any recollections of

Chobham, just imagine that famous encampment to be placed about ten miles from the sea, in the midst of a country utterly deserted by the inhabitants, the railways from London stopped up, the supplies by the cart or wagon cut off, corn scarcely procurable, carriages impossible, and the only communication between the camp and port carried on by means of buffalo and bullock arabas, travelling about one mile and a half an hour, and they will be able to form some faint idea of the difficulties experienced by those who had to procure the requisite necessaries for the expeditionary forces. To give the reader a notion of the requirements of such a body as an expeditionary army of 25,000 men, it may be stated that not less than 13,000 horses and mules would be required for the conveyance of their ammunition, baggage, and stores in the field.

The movements of the troops were often delayed on account of want of transport. Buffalo and bullock carts, and their drivers, vanished into thin air in the space of a night. A Bulgarian is a human being after all. A Pasha's cavass might tear him away from "his young barbarians all at play;" but when he had received a few three-and-eightpences a day, off he started the moment the eye of the guard was removed, and, taking unknown paths and mountain roadways, sought again the miserable home from which he had been taken.

The people were so shy, it was impossible to establish friendly relations with them. The inhabitants of the Bulgarian village of Aladyn, close to the camp at the borders of the lake, abandoned their houses altogether. Not one living creature remained out of the 350 or 400 people who were there on our arrival. Their houses were left wide open, and such of their household goods as they could not remove, and a few cocks and hens that could not be caught, were all that was left behind. The cause generally assigned for this exodus was the violence of a few ruffians on two or three occasions, coupled with groundless apprehension of further outrages—others said it was because we established our slaughter-houses there. Certainly the smell was abominable. Diarrhœa broke out in the camp soon after my arrival, and continued to haunt us all during the summer. Much of this increase of disease must be attributed to the use of the red wine of the country, sold at the canteens of the camp; but, as the men could get nothing else, they thought it was better to drink than the water of the place. There were loud complaints from officers and men on this score, and especially on account of the porter and ale they were promised not being dealt out to them; and the blame was laid, as a matter of course, on the shoulders of Sir George Brown. While the men of the light division lay outside Varna they were furnished with porter; but on moving further off they were deprived of it, and the reasons given for the deprivation were various but the result was manifest. The men heard that the soldiers of the other divisions near Varna got their pint of porter a day, and that they should be dissatisfied at this distinction is not surprising. A draught of good porter, with the thermometer at 93° or 95° in the shade, would be a luxury which a "thirsty soul" in London could never understand. It was evident that some wholesome drink ought to have been provided for the men, to preserve from the attacks of

sickness, in a climate where the heat was so great and the supply of pure water inadequate. Many of the officers rode into Varna, bought salt, tobacco, tea, and spirits, and brought it out in saddle-bags, either to distribute gratuitously or at cost price to their men. This was an immense boon, particularly as the men, except servants on leave, were not allowed to go into Varna. A small stock of preserved potatoes was sent out, but it was soon exhausted.

CHAPTER VII.

Camp life—Good news from Silistria—Forces in and near Varna—Egyptian troops—Omar Pasha visits the camp—Bono, Johnny—Affair at Giurgevo—The Black Virgin—Levies from India—Council of War—Ominous signs.

THE fraternity established between the French and English troops became daily more affectionate, and individual friendships soon sprang up, all the closer, perhaps, for a squabble now and then, which ended in the old *redintegratio amoris;* but it was evident that it did not answer to let the troops of the two nations mingle indiscriminately in crowded market-places, and we were well satisfied that we were in advance towards the Danube. From all I could learn, I was convinced of the sagacity of the opinion of Marshal St. Arnaud, who objected to the march of the English Dragoons through France on their way to the East.

On Saturday, the 24th of June, a Tatar with an escort rode past the camp by the Shumla road, at full speed for Varna, and, on arriving there, at once repaired to the quarters of Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, with despatches from Omar Pasha. The two commanders-in-chief held a conference, at which several of the French and English generals were present, and on the same evening two steamers left the port of Varna with despatches, one for Constantinople, and the other for the Admirals at Baltschik. On the previous Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the noise of a distant cannonade had been heard at intervals by the officers and men of the outlying picquets from the direction of Silistria, and hypothesis and conjecture were busy hatching *canards*, which flew about the tents in ever-varying plumage and form. But on Saturday the great fact was known in Varna, and it soon travelled out here, that the siege of Silistria was raised, and that the Russians were in full retreat from the scene of their discomfiture. It would seem that the garrison of Silistria had scarcely any cavalry, and that the Russians had retired so precipitately after their last defeat that their route could not be accurately ascertained. By Lord Raglan's orders, a reconnaissance was undertaken by Lord Cardigan with detachments of the force under his command, and a small party of about 200 sabres were immediately advanced, and extended their files by Yeni Bazaar and to the eastward of the plains of Shumla, towards Hadschi Oghlu, in order to ascertain if the enemy had retreated across the Danube. They returned, quite disabled for service, owing to the number of sore backs among the horses, after patrolling the right bank of the Danube, up to the

Dobrudscha, without having seen anything of the enemy except a few Cossacks.

It may readily be believed that the news of the Russian retreat caused a profound sensation. The prominent feeling among the men was one of disappointment, lest they should lose the chance, "after coming so far, of having one brush with the Russians." Sir De L. Evans is said to have addressed his division in order to soothe their spirits upon this point.

On the 24th of June, Prince Napoleon arrived, to take the command of his division, and was received with the usual heavy salute of 101 guns from each French man-of-war in harbour. Our vessels paid him the more modest compliment of one royal salute, and hoisted the French imperial ensign. On the same day a part of the 50th Regiment, and detachments of the rest of the Gallipoli division, under Sir R. England, arrived in Varna, and some of the baggage of Adams's brigade, as well as detachments of the 41st, 55th, and 95th Regiments. Portions of several French regiments also landed. During the week the Turkish steamers carried up four battalions of Egyptian infantry, two parks of field artillery, and some Turco-Egyptian lancers. The whole of the plain round Varna, for the distance of two or three miles, was covered with tents. Grass, herbage, and shrubs disappeared, and the fields were turned into an expanse of sand, ploughed up by araba wheels, and the feet of oxen and horses, and covered with towns of canvas. There could not have been less than 40,000 men encamped around the place, including French, English, Egyptians, and Turks, and the town itself was choked in every street with soldiery. Upwards of 300 vessels were at anchor in the bay, and were kept in readiness to sail at a moment's notice. The Light Division held a position in advance at Aladyn, its front covered by the cavalry at Devna, several miles nearer to Shumla. The men were exercised almost daily, and those who had not practised with the Minié were instructed in it. An order, dated June 1st, was promulgated, directing the men to throw off their stocks on the march, but to stow them in their knapsacks. The heat was very great. Upwards of 500 carts came in from the Turkish army to carry stores and provisions towards Shumla and the Danube, but the hope entertained that there would be a portion of them reserved for the French and English armies was not realized. A kind of commission of inquiry, over which Sir George Brown presided, with several Turkish and French officers to assist him, sat for some days, to inquire into the whole system of transport and internal communication. The carts were not suited for horses, even if the roads had been adapted for them; oxen were rather scarce, and were very slow, and buffaloes were useless.

Commissary-General Filder arrived at Varna on the 25th of June from Constantinople. A salute was fired in the morning, which was said to be for the close of the Ramazan; but, as English and French men-of-war joined in it, we can hardly imagine that the real cause of the firing was ascertained by those on shore, who attributed it to Christian sympathies with a Mussulman observance. A review of about 8000 Turco-Egyptian troops took place in the plain behind Varna, on the

24th of June. The men, who were dressed in clean white trousers, blue frocks, and green jackets, looked well, in spite of their ill-shod feet and ragged jerkins; but their manœuvres were carelessly performed and done in a listless manner, for which the hunger of the poor fellows might be a very good excuse. Physically the soldiers were square-built, bow-legged men, of fair average height, with fierce, eager eyes, and handsome features. A number of negroes, of savage aspect, were among the Egyptian contingent, and some of their best regiments did not disdain the command of Nubian eunuchs. Some of these Egyptians were mutilated in the hands, and had deprived themselves of their thumbs or fore-fingers—a useless attempt to escape conscription altogether. The French and English officers did not form a very high opinion of anything but the raw material of which the troops were composed,—a raw material which, like everything else in Turkey, had been spoilt as much as possible by the genius of maladministration. It was the old story. Behind stone walls, intrenchments, or ramparts, defending a breach, or in the dash of a sortie, the Osmanli, with his wild courage, savage fanaticism, and disregard of death, which he considers indeed as his passport to heaven, may repel the organized attack of European troops, or carry temporary destruction among their ranks; but no one who sees the slow, cautious, and confused evolutions of the Turks, their straggling advance and march, their shaky squares and wavering columns, can believe they could long stand against a regular army in the open field.

On the occasion alluded to their file-firing was anything but good, and a spattering of musketry was kept up from rank to rank long after the general discharge had ceased. The men had all polished musket-barrels, in imitation of the French, and their arms appeared to be kept in a most creditable order. The Egyptian field-pieces, six and nine pounder guns of brass, were beautifully clean and neat, and the carriages, though rather heavy, were, perhaps, well suited to the country. The gunners seemed to understand their business thoroughly, and the carriages and guns shone with scrubbing, varnish, and fresh paint; the men alone were dirty. They retired to their tents very little fatigued, and partook of very excellent rations, beef and mutton made into pilaff, and lard or grease in lieu of butter. Their tents were just as commodious and as good as our own, but they put more men into each than we were in the habit of doing.

Sickness and diarrhœa in the camp were at this period greatly on the decline; but sore lips among men and officers were common, principally from exposure to the sun. The Duke's division seemed to be growing beards with impunity. His Royal Highness, who lived out close to his division under canvas, having abandoned his quarters in Varna within a few days after he got into them, had his men's parades and field-days before nine o'clock. The brigadiers preferred the hours between nine and noon, under the impression that the sun was not so powerful then, on account of the forenoon breezes, as it was earlier in the morning. We had a thunder-storm almost every day, and very grateful it was, for the temperature was always lowered ten or twelve degrees by the rain and electrical discharges. The commissariat were doing their duty manfully. The quality of the meat was really very

good, though the doctors thought a pound a day was not enough for each man in such a climate, especially as the meat was rather deficient in gelatine and in nutritious quality.

On the 30th of June the bulk of the British quitted their original position at Varna. The Light Division, under Sir George Brown, left their quarters on the plateau near Aladyn, and marched to Devno, about eight and a half or nine miles off; on that day, and on Saturday morning, the First Division, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, marched from their encampment outside Varna, and pitched their tents on the plateau of Aladyn, with their left flank resting on the ground which had just been abandoned by the Rifle Brigade, and their right extending to the plains lately used by the Light Division as parading and drill ground. The detachments of light cavalry under Lord Cardigan were then feeling their way towards the Danube, at the angle of the Dobrudscha, and were supposed to be near Karasu, sixty or seventy miles in advance of the Light Division at Devno. Several horses were sent in lame, and five troop-horses were returned to the cavalry camp before the squadrons had marched thirty miles. The country was described as a scene of complete abandonment and desolation. Cossacks and Bashi-Bazouks had made it a desert, and Lord Cardigan was said to be at times very hard set to find food for his men.

The Light Division had a very exciting review on the 3rd of July, at Devno. The men, who had had a four-hours' drill between half-past four and half-past eight o'clock, had finished dinner, when news arrived that Omar Pasha was coming on his way from Silistria to Varna, and that he might be expected in an hour. The brigade majors rode up from the brigadiers with orders to the colonels to hold their regiments in readiness to turn out, and in about half an hour more the bugles sounded the assembly. The Turkish infantry down on the plains below were observed to fall in, and draw up in solid columns in front of their tents. About two o'clock a faint streak of dust rose over the white lines of the road winding far in the distance over the hills which lie towards Shumla, and through the glass could be discerned two travelling carriages, with a small escort of horse, moving rapidly towards the village of Devno. Arrived there, they halted, and the whole of the staff present with the division hastened to pay their respects to Omar Pasha, who mounted his horse, and attended by Colonel Dieu, by an English officer attached to the British Embassy at Constantinople, and several of his suite and followers, rode up the hill towards the camp, in the front of which the whole division was drawn up in line in a very short space of time. The English staff rode after him, and at his side were the two Brigadiers. The *coup d'œil* was magnificent. The blue outlines of the distant hills, over which played the heavy shadows of rapidly-gathering thunder-clouds—the green sweep of the valley below dotted with tents, and marked here and there with dark black masses of Turkish infantry—the arid banks of sand, and grey cliffs, displaying every variety of light and shadow—and then the crest of the hill, along which for a mile shone the bayonets of the British infantry, topped by the canvas walls behind them—formed a

spectacle worth coming far to see. Omar Pasha was dressed with neatness and simplicity—no order but the Star of the Medjidji glittered on his breast, and his close-fitting blue frock-coat displayed no ornament beyond a plain gold shoulder-strap and gilt buttons. He wore the fez cap, which showed to advantage the clear, well-marked lines of his calm and resolute face, embrowned by exposure to wind and weather for many a year of a soldier's life, and the hue of which was well contrasted with his snow-white whiskers. In the rude and rather sensual mouth, with compressed thick lips, were traceable, if physiognomy have truth, enormous firmness and resolution. The chin, full and square, evinced the same qualities, which might also be discerned in the general form of the head. Those who remember the statue of Radetzky, at the Great Exhibition, will understand what this means. All the rougher features, the coarse nose, and the slight prominence of the cheek-bones, were more than redeemed by the quick, penetrating, and expressive eye, full of quiet courage and genius, and by the calm though rather stubborn brow, marked by lines of thought, rising above the thick shaggy eyebrow. In person he appeared to be rather below than above the ordinary height; but his horse, a well-trained grey, was not as tall as the English chargers beside him, and he may really be more than five feet seven or eight. His figure was light, spare, and active, and his seat on horseback, though too Turkish for our notions of equestrian propriety, was firm and easy. He wore white gloves and neat boots, and altogether would have passed muster very well in the ring at Hyde-park as a well-appointed quiet gentleman. His staff were by no means so well turned out, but the few hussars of the escort were stout soldierlike-looking fellows. One of them led a strong chesnut Arab, which was the Pasha's battle charger.

As he rode by, the troops presented arms, and when he had reached the end of the line, they broke into column, advanced and performed some simple field-day manœuvres, to the great delight of the Pasha. As the men moved off after exercising for about three-quarters of an hour, the cavalry came up at full trot, and at once riveted the attention of the Pasha. There were one and a half squadron of the 17th Lancers, a troop of the 8th, and a troop of the 11th Hussars. The artillery horses and dragoon horses were out at water. About six o'clock, after reviewing the Turks in the plain, he drove on to Varna. Sir George Brown returned soon after from a forty-mile ride through the rain, and rode over to see the Brigadier. He was much disappointed at not being in time to receive Omar Pasha.

Omar Pasha left Varna early on Thursday the 6th of July, paid another visit to the camp, and, on arriving at Aladyn, found the Duke of Cambridge's Division ready to receive him. He expressed in the most lively way his admiration at the magnificent appearance of the Guards and Highlanders, and after the review he retired with his Royal Highness the Duke to his tent, where he remained for some time, and partook of some refreshment. About two o'clock Omar Pasha's travelling carriages, escorted by Turkish cavalry, appeared in sight. The Pasha, mounting one of his led chargers, and followed by a small suite of aids, pipe-bearers, &c., rode up towards the review-

ground, and was received by Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, Brigadier-General Scarlett, the Brigadiers of Division, &c. He was dressed simply, as on the first day he visited us, except that he wore a star on his left breast, and he seemed vivacious and pleased as he entered into conversation with the English Generals. After a time the 5th Dragoon Guards went past in splendid order, and then the two troops of Royal Horse Artillery and the battery, which did just what they are wont to do when his Royal Highness Saxe-some-place-or-other visits Woolwich, moving like one man, wheeling as if men, horses, and guns formed part of one machine, sweeping the plain with the force and almost the speed of steam engines, unlimbering guns, taking them to pieces, putting them together, and vanishing in columns of dust. They came by at a trot, which was gradually quickened into a dashing gallop, so that the six-pound and nine-pound guns, and carriages, and tumbrils, went hopping and bounding over the sward. A charge in line, which shook the very earth as men and horses flew past like a whirlwind, wreathed in clouds of dust, particularly excited the Pasha's admiration, and he is reported to have said, "With one such regiment as that I would ride over and grind into the earth four Russian regiments at least." He was particularly struck by the stature of the men, and the size and fine condition of the horses, both dragoon and artillery; but these things did not lead him away from examining into the more important question of their efficiency, and he looked closely at accoutrements, weapons, and carriages. At his request Sir George Brown called a dragoon, and made him take off his helmet. The Pasha examined it minutely, had the white cover taken off, and requested that the man should be asked whether it was comfortable or not. The inspection was over at half-past three o'clock, to the great delight of the men: and Omar Pasha, who repeatedly expressed his gratification and delight at the spectacle, retired with the Generals to Sir George Brown's quarters, and in the course of the evening renewed his journey to Shumla.

For some days 3000 Bashi-Bazouks and Militia were encamped close to our cavalry camp, and every day performed irregular evolutions in the plains below, and made the night hideous with their yells and challenges. On Wednesday, the 5th of July, to the great relief of all their neighbours, our friends moved off to Varna, with great flourishing of lances, swords, and trumpets, headed by ragged red banners, there to be placed under the mild rule of General Yusuf, the famous Algerine commander, who had tamed so many of the wild tribes of the desert to the French yoke. In all the villages about tales were told of the violence of these ruffians—they were true types of the Mussulman "soldiery" as they are yet to be found in Asia, and as they would have been, perhaps, even in the camp, if the eye of Europe had not been upon them. A common practice among them during their march through this very district was to take away the sons and young children of the miserable Bulgarians, and demand a ransom. A poor widow's only son was carried off by them. They put a price on his head she could not pay. She told the chief of the party so, and offered all she had to give to the scoundrel, but

he would not accept the sum; and she had never seen her son since. One would have thought that General Yusuf was the very man to get these gentry into order; but the result proved that he was unable to subdue their settled habits of irregularity. Omar Pasha did great good by a little wholesome severity. He seized on whole hordes of them, took their horses and accoutrements, and sent them off to be enlisted by compulsory levy into the armies of the faithful as foot soldiers.

Their camp, just outside the town, was worth a journey to see. Their tents were all pitched regularly, instead of being thrown down higgledy-piggledy all over the ground, and their horses (nearly all stallions—such neighing and kicking, and biting and fighting as goes on among them all day!) were neatly tethered in lines, like those of regular cavalry. There were about 3000 of these wild cavaliers, and it would have been difficult to find more picturesque-looking scoundrels, if the world was picked for them from Scinde to Mexico. Many of them were splendid-looking fellows, with fine sinewy legs, beautifully proportioned, muscular arms, and noble, well-set heads, of the true Caucasian mould; others were hideous negroes from Nubia, or lean, malignant-looking Arabs, with sinister eyes and hungry aspect; and some were dirty Marabouts, fanatics from Mecca, inflamed by the influence of their Hadj, or pilgrimage. They were divided into five regiments, and each man was paid a franc a-day by the French authorities. For this reason many of our Bashis "bolted" from Colonel Beatson and the English officers, and joined the French. Colonel Beatson had no money to pay them, and, indeed, it was not very clear that he had the sanction, or at all events, the approbation, of Lord Raglan, whatever countenance he may have received from the home authorities. As Omar Pasha moved northwards, and left a larger extent of ground between his army and the Allies, without military occupation, these wild and reckless men deserting from both Beatson and Yusuf, became more and more troublesome, and began to indulge in their old habits of violence and plunder.

There was one phrase which served as the universal exponent of peace, good will, praise, and satisfaction between the natives and the soldiery. Its origin cannot be exactly determined, but it probably arose from the habit of our men at Malta in addressing every native as "Johnny." At Gallipoli the soldiers persisted in applying the same word to Turk and Greek, and at length Turk and Greek began to apply it to ourselves, so that stately generals and pompous colonels, as they stalked down the bazaar, heard themselves addressed by the proprietors as "Johnny;" and to this appellation "bono" was added, to signify the excellence of the wares offered for public competition. It became the established cry of the army. The natives walked through the camp calling out "Bono, Johnny! Sood, sood" (milk)! "Bono, Johnny! Yoomoortler" (eggs)! or, "Bono, Johnny! Kasler" (geese)! as the case might be; and the dislike of the contracting parties to the terms offered on either side was expressed by the simple phrase of "No bono, Johnny." As you rode along the road friendly natives grinned at you, and thought, no matter what your rank, that they had

set themselves right with you and paid a graceful compliment by a shout of "Bono, Johnny."

Even the dignified reserve of Royal Dukes and Generals of Division had to undergo the ordeal of this salutation from Pashas and other dignitaries. If a benighted Turk, riding homewards, was encountered by a picquet of the Light Division, he answered the challenge of "Who goes there?" with a "Bono, Johnny," and was immediately invited to "advance, friend, and all's well!" and the native servants sometimes used the same phrase to disarm the anger of their masters. It was really a most wonderful form of speech, and judiciously applied, it might, at that time, have "worked" a man from one end of Turkey in Europe to the other.

The most singular use of it was made when Omar Pasha first visited the camp. After the infantry had been dismissed to their tents, they crowded to the front of their lines in fatigue jackets and frocks to see the Pasha go by, and as he approached them a shout of "Bono! bono! Johnny!" rent the air, to the great astonishment of Omar, while a flight of "foragers" gave him some notion of a British welcome. He smiled and bowed several times in acknowledgment, but it was said that as the whoops, hurrahs, and yells of the Connaught Rangers rang in his ears, he turned to one of the officers near him, and said, "These are noble-looking fellows, but it must be very hard to keep them in order!" He could not comprehend how such freedom could be made consistent with strict discipline in the ranks.

Early in July Lord Cardigan returned to camp with the detachments of Light Cavalry, with which he effected an extended *reconnaissance* along the banks of the Danube, towards Rustchuk and Silistria. The noble Lord and his men were without tents, and bivouacked for seventeen nights, but, in a military point of view, the reconnoissance effected very little service. His lordship, however, obeyed the orders of Lord Raglan in searching for the enemy, and it is only to be regretted that so many valuable horses were irretrievably injured by bare backs in the course of the march. On the 11th, the distressing intelligence of the affair at Giurgevo reached the camp, and caused the liveliest sensation. Some short time before, Captain Bent and Lieutenant Burke, of the Royal Engineers, went up to Silistria on particular service connected with the defences of the place, and with the object of surveying and reporting on the forts along the Danube. To their great disappointment, they arrived on the morning of the day on which the siege was raised by the Russians. It so happened that while they were in Rustchuk the Turks resolved to force the river and attack the Russians, who were on the other side of the river. Among the British officers on the spot at the time were Mr. Burke, Royal Engineers, Mr. Meynell, 75th Regiment, and Mr. Arnold, of the Indian Army, and they all engaged in the expedition, which was not the first of the kind in which Mr. Burke had taken part within a short time previously. The result was melancholy. In a fierce attack on the Russian intrenched camp on the 7th of July, the Turks were received with such a heavy *mitraille* that they wavered and fell back. Mr. Burke, Mr. Meynell, and Mr. Arnold rushed forward to rally and

cheer them on, and, rendered only too conspicuous by their gallantry and daring, they fell dead before a deadly fire from the Russian riflemen. Mr. Burke was a universal favourite, an excellent officer, and courageous to a fault. He was much regretted throughout the Light Division, and great sympathy was felt for his brother, a captain in the Connaught Rangers, who was deeply attached to him.

On the 16th, the "Vesuvius," Captain Powell, and the "Spitfire," Captain Spratt, were cruising off the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and it occurred to the two captains that they would feel their way up to the scene of poor Captain Parker's death. On the morning of the 17th, Lieut. A. L. Mansell, of the "Spitfire," went up towards the bar in one of the boats, and ascertained from the captain of an Austrian vessel coming down, that there was one small buoy left to mark the channel over the bar. He ran up accordingly, found the buoy, and discovered that there was eleven feet water on the bar, instead of six or seven as is generally reported. The channel was found to be about a cable's length across, and when Lieut. A. L. Mansell had buoyed it down, he returned to the ships, which were ready with their paddle-box boats, their launches, gigs, and cutters. This little flotilla proceeded up the river, destroying the stockades as it passed, without a show of resistance, and at last came to the small town of Sulina, on which the boats opened fire. Only three musket-shots were fired in return, and at three o'clock p.m. the place was a heap of ruins, nothing being spared but the church and lighthouse.

On the 17th of July, Omar Pasha having slowly advanced from his camp opposite Rutschuk, on the track of the retreating Russians, entered the town of Bucharest, and took military possession of Wallachia.

On the 18th, an old woman, said to be Fatima Hanoum, the Karakizla (Black Virgin), Kurdish chieftainess, passed through Devno on her way from Varna, attended by a rabble rout of thirty or forty Bashi-Bazouks. She stopped at the rude khan or café, and enjoyed her pipe for a time, so that one had an opportunity of seeing this Turkish Semiramis. She appeared to be a lean, withered, angular old woman, of some seventy years of age, with a face seamed and marked in every part of its dark mahogany-coloured surface with rigid wrinkles. Her nose was hooked and skinny—her mouth toothless and puckered—her eyes piercing black, restless, and sinister, with bleary lids, and overhung by tufty grey brows. Her neck, far too liberally exhibited, resembled nothing so much as the stem of an ill-conditioned, gnarly young olive tree. With most wanton and unjustifiable disregard of the teachings of Mahomet and of the prejudices of Mussulmans, she showed all her face, and wore no yashmak. Her attire consisted of a green turban, dirty and wrinkled as her face; an antiquated red jacket, with remnants of embroidery, open in front, and showing, as far as mortal sight could gaze upon it, the lady's bosom; a handsome shawl waist scarf, filled with weapons, such as knives, pistols, and yataghans; and wide blue breeches. Hanoum was a spinster, and her followers believed her to be a prophetess. The followers were Bashi-Bazouks *pur sang*, very wild and very ragged, and stuck all over with weapons, like porcupines with spines. Their horses were lean and scraggy, and

altogether it was a comfort to see this interesting Virgin Queen of the Kurds on her way to Shumla. The lady refused to visit our camp, and seemed to hold the Giaour in profound contempt. We never heard of her afterwards, but she was remarkable as being the only lady who took up arms for the cause in this celebrated war.

On the 19th of July some five-and-twenty horsemen rode into the village, attired in the most picturesque excesses of the Osmanli; fine, handsome, well-kempt men, with robes and turbans a blaze of gay colours, and with arms neat and shining from the care bestowed on them. They said they came from Peshawur and other remote portions of the north-western provinces of the Indian Peninsula, and while the officer who was conversing with them was wondering if their tale could be true, the officer in charge of the party came forward and announced himself as an Englishman. It turned out to be Mr. Walpole, formerly an officer in our Navy, whose charming book on the East is so well known, and it appeared that the men under his command were Indian Mahomedans, who had come up on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and who, hearing of the Turkish crusade against the Infidels, had rushed to join the standard of the Sultan. They were ordered to be attached to Colonel Beatson's corps of Bashi-Bazouks, and to form a kind of body-guard to the colonel, whose name is so well known in India. Mr. Walpole seemed quite delighted with his command, and, as he had the power of life and death, he imagined there would be no difficulty in repressing the irregularities of his men.

A council of war was held on Tuesday, July 18th, at Varna, at which Marshal St. Arnaud, Lord Raglan, Admiral Hamelin, Admiral Dundas, Admiral Lyons, and Admiral Bruat were present, and it was resolved that the time had come for an active exercise of the power of the allied forces by sea and land. The English Cabinet, urged probably by the English press, which on this occasion displayed unusual boldness in its military councils and decision in its suggestions of hostility against the enemy, had despatched the most positive orders to Lord Raglan to make a descent in the Crimea, and to besiege Sebastopol, of which little was known except that it was the great arsenal of Russia in the Black Sea. On the 19th, orders were sent out by Lord Raglan to Sir George Brown, at Devno, to proceed to head-quarters at Varna immediately. Sir George Brown lost no time in obeying the summons. He sent a portion of his baggage on at once, and went on to Varna, attended by his aid-de-camp, Captain Pearson. Lord Raglan and his second in command had a long conversation, and on Thursday morning, the 20th, Sir George Brown, attended by Captain Pearson, Colonel Lake, of the Royal Artillery, Captain Lovell, of the Royal Engineers, &c., went on board the "Emeu," Captain Smart, and immediately proceeded to the fleets at Baltschik. At the same time General Canrobert, attended by Colonels Trochu, Lebœuf, and Sabatier, took ship for the same destination. The generals went on board the flag ships of the respective admirals, and stood out to sea, steering towards the Crimea, on board her Majesty's ship "Fury." Of course, the object of this expedition was kept a dead secret; but it was known, nevertheless, that they went to explore the coast in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, in order to fix upon a place for the

descent. On the 21st, the 1st Division of the French army, General Canrobert and General Forey's Division, struck their tents, and broke up their camp outside Varna. They took the road which led towards the Dobrudscha, which they were to reconnoitre as far as the Danube, and on the 22nd General Yusuf followed with his wild gathering of Bashi-Bazouks, numbering 3000 sabres, lances, and pistols.

The result of this expedition was one of the most fruitless and lamentable that has ever occurred in the history of warfare. The French Marshal, terrified by the losses of his troops, which the cholera was devastating by hundreds in their camps at Gallipoli and Varna, and alarmed by the deaths of the Duc D'Elchingen and General Carbuccia, resolved to send an expedition into the Dobrudscha, where there were—as Colonel Desaint, chief of the French topographical department, declared on his return from an exploration—about 10,000 Russians, two regiments of regular Cavalry, 10 Sotnias of Cossacks, and 35 pieces of artillery. Marshal St. Arnaud, who was confident that the expedition for the Crimea would be ready by the 5th of August, and that the descent would take place on the 10th of the same month, imagined that by a vigorous attack on these detached bodies of men, he might strike a serious blow at the enemy, raise the spirits and excite the confidence of the allies, remove his troops from the camp where they were subject to such depressing influences, and effect all this in time to enable them to return and embark with the rest of the army. It has been said that he proposed to Lord Raglan to send a body of English troops along with his own, but there is, I believe, no evidence of the fact. The 1st Division was commanded by General Espinasse, and started on the 21st for Kostendji; the 2nd Division, under General Bosquet, marched on the 22nd towards Bajardik, and the 3rd Division, under Prince Napoleon, followed next day and served as a support to the 2nd. All the arrangements were under the control of General Yusuf. Having passed through the ruined districts of Mangalia, the 1st Division reached Kostendji on the 28th of July. They found that the whole country had been laid waste by fire and sword—the towns and villages burnt and destroyed, the stock and crops carried off. A cavalry affair took place on the same day between Yusuf's Bashi-Bazouks and some Russian cavalry, in which the former behaved so well that the General, aided by 1200 Zouaves, pushed forward to make an attack on the enemy, and wrote to General Espinasse to march to his assistance. On that night, just ere the French broke up their camp at Babadagh, in order to set out on this march, the cholera declared itself among them with an extraordinary and dreadful violence. Between midnight and eight o'clock next morning nearly 600 men lay dead in their tents smitten by the angel of death! At the same moment the division of Espinasse was stricken with equal rapidity and violence at Kerjelouk. All that night men suffered and died, and on the 31st of July General Yusuf made his appearance at Kostendji with the remains of his haggard and horror-stricken troops, and proceeded towards Mangalia in his death march. On the 1st of August General Canrobert, who had returned from his reconnaissance, arrived at Kostendji from Varna, and was horrified to find that his camp was but a miserable hospital, where the living could scarcely bury the remains of their comrades. He could

pity and could suffer, but he could not save. That day and the next the pestilence redoubled in intensity, and in the midst of all these horrors food fell short, although the General had sent most urgent messages by sea to Varna for means of transport, and for medicine and the necessaries of life. The 2nd and the 3rd Divisions were also afflicted by the same terrible scourge, and there was nothing left for the Generals but to lead their men back to their encampments as soon as they could, leaving behind them the dead and the dying. The details of the history of this expedition, which cost the French more than 7000 men, are among the most horrifying and dreadful of the campaign. On returning to Varna the Bashi-Bazouks, tired of the settled forms of a camp life, and impatient of French drill, and the superintendence of brutal or rude non-commissioned officers, began to desert *en masse*, and on the 15th of August the corps was declared disbanded, and General Yusuf was obliged to admit his complete failure.

We return to Varna, where we find the same awful plague of the later days of the world developing itself with increasing strength and vigour. All the months of June and July I had been living in camp at Aladyn and Devno, with the Light Division, making occasional excursions into Varna or over to the camps of the other divisions; and although the heat was at times very great indeed, there were no complaints among the men, except that diarrhœa began to get common about the beginning of July. On St. Swithin's day we had a heavy fall of rain; some thunder and lightning, and a high wind. On the 17th I heard several of my friends complaining of depression, heaviness, ennui, &c., and "wishing to do something," and the men exhibited traces of the same feeling. On the night of the 19th, having gone down towards the river to visit Captain Anderson, of the Artillery, I was struck by the appearance of prodigious multitudes of small dark beetles, which blew out our candles, and crawled all over the tents in swarms. On the 20th, as I expected there would be a move down to Varna, and wanted to get some articles of outfit, I rode down there with some officers. Up to this time there had been no case of cholera in the Light Division; but early on Sunday morning, 23rd, it broke out with the same extraordinary violence and fatal effect which had marked its appearance in the French columns, and the camp was broken up forthwith, and the men marched to Monastir, nine miles further on, towards the Balkans.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Angel of Death—Rations—Army payments—Turkish Outrages—Cholera—French hospital—Captain Burke—The fire at Varna—Progress of the cholera—Preparations for a move—Final deliberations—Embarkation of the troops—Array of transports—Suspense.

It will be seen that the cholera first appeared among the troops at Varna, but the English forces were tolerably free from it till it had been among the French for nearly three weeks. A good deal of

sickness prevailed among the Turkish and Egyptian troops. Diarrhœa was only too prevalent. Nearly every one had it in his turn. The quantity of apricots ("Kill Johns") and hard crude fruit which were devoured by the men, might in some degree account for the prevalence of this debilitating malady. The commissariat bread was not so good as at first, and speedily turned sour; but the officers took steps to remedy the evil by the erection of ovens in the camp. As a general rule, the French bread was lighter and better than our own, and yet they suffered as much from diarrhœa as our troops. As the intensity of the sun's rays increased, the bread served out to us from the Varna bakeries became darker, more sour, and less baked.

The Heavy Dragoons at Varna, although encamped on a lovely spot—the plateau on the top of a promontory by the sea-side, the healthiest-looking site that could have been chosen by a medical board,—in a few days lost twenty-six men from cholera—a large number out of such skeleton regiments. The 50th suffered rather heavily, and the 4th, at Gallipoli, had just lost forty men up to the 2nd of August.

The ration was increased to 1¼lb. of meat instead of 1lb., and a ration of rum was issued to each man. Drilling and tight stocking began to fall into disuse, and, by general orders, towards the end of July moustachios were allowed to grow, according to the pleasure of officers and men. In Varna the inhabitants suffered from the pestilence as much as the troops. Many of them fled from the town, and encamped near the neighbouring villages. Turks and Greeks suffered alike, and perished "like flies," to use their own image.

Illness still increased, and on the 28th of July there were thirty-three cases of cholera in our hospital, and a much larger number of men from the same cause in the French hospital. The Duke of Cambridge was suffering from diarrhœa; indeed, a large per-centage of officers of the different divisions had been attacked by this complaint, but great precautions were taken by the medical officers to prevent neglect in the early stages, and to check the premonitory symptoms, which are too often disregarded until it is too late.

No one unacquainted with the actual requirements of an army can form the smallest notion of the various duties which devolved upon a commissariat, or of the enormous quantity of stores required for the daily use of man and horse. At this time the quantity of food supplied for horses daily by the commissariat seemed to a civilian almost fabulous, and, as it was all drawn from store at Varna, because the harvest was not then thrashed in the country, the exertions of the officers charged with the supply were taxed to the uttermost to keep pace with the demand, so as to have a proper reserve. No less than 110,000 pounds weight of corn, chopped straw, &c. was issued for the horses daily. To this was added about 27,000lb. rations of meat, 27,000lb. rations of bread, the same quantity of rice, tea, coffee, sugar, &c., and it is evident that the commissariat had enough on its hands. But the issue and supply of rations was but a small portion of their duty. They had to provide horses, carts, saddles, packsaddles, tents, carriages for Dragoons, Light Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery, Sappers

and Miners, and interpreters, and to provide for the innumerable legitimate wants of an army in the field.

The supply of packsaddles was not equal to the demand, and, notwithstanding all their exertions, the commissariat were not able to comply with the orders given to them to furnish saddles for the interpreters and various persons attached to the forces. Large as our commissariat staff was, they were worked to the very uttermost. Commissary-General Filder's office in Varna was like a bank in the City in the height of business, and the various officers at their desks were to be seen writing away as if their lives depended upon it. The officers at the other branch departments were equally busy, and in this hot weather it was not unusual for some of them to ride to Varna and back to Devno, a distance of more than forty miles, between sunrise and sunset.

The system of payment adopted by the French was not at all approved in distant parts of the country; and they did not find an open market so readily as we did. We paid in ready money, and a commissariat chest, under the care of Mr. Cowan, was established at Shumla, to keep our officers supplied with gold and silver. The French, on the contrary, did not pay in money. For work and labour done, or for purchases, they gave cheques on their commissariat chest at Varna, which were only payable on presentation there. It can readily be imagined that a peasant at the other side of the Balkans, or an ignorant Bulgarian up the country, regarded this printed paper with huge disdain, and it was certainly rather hard to have to journey from Roumelia into Bulgaria in order to get 10*s.* or 12*s.* for the hire of an araba cart. Even with ourselves the araba drivers were suspicious, and grew sulky and discontented if they were not paid the instant they presented their certificates. As soon as they were paid any large sum, they sought, and generally with success, the first opportunity of getting away from our service. Our presence on the spot, indeed, prevented either outrage or desertion, on the part of our camp followers, but the circle of our moral influence was not very wide, and many outrages were committed close to our lines, by the ruffians who always congregate around a camp.

A circumstance which occurred one day will show the state of the country while we were in occupation. Sir De Lacy Evans was riding through a Bulgarian village close to his camp, when he noticed in one of the houses a family in great distress. On making inquiries, he ascertained that a band of six or eight Turks armed to the teeth, had ridden to the village that very morning, and had taken away the child of one of the villagers, for which they demanded a ransom of 80*l.* There were ten Turkish soldiers stationed in the place to protect it, but they never offered to interfere. The following morning, while the men were at church, Sir De Lacy Evans received information that the Turks with their prey were in a wood close to the village. He immediately detached three companies of the 49th Regiment, and rode off with his staff and some mounted officers to the place indicated. They found the wood to be of great extent and very dense. Extending their files so as to enclose as much of the cover as possible, the men proceeded to beat for their game,

but, though they found plenty of traces to show it had been there, they could not discover it. No doubt the fellows had seen the troops coming, and had made off through a pass to the mountains. The troops continued their search through a heavy thunderstorm for six or seven hours, and returned thoroughly drenched to their camp.

However, we were soon to be released from the scene of our operations. Positive orders were received from the Government by Lord Raglan to make an attack on Sebastopol, and on the 20th he had despatched Sir George Brown and several English officers to make a reconnoissance conjointly with General Canrobert and officers of the French Head-quarters Staff. On the 28th of July the commission returned after a cruise, in which they had been enabled to count the very guns of Sebastopol. The "Fury" stood off the port quietly at night, and about two o'clock ran in softly, and stopped within 2000 yards of the batteries. There she remained till six o'clock in the morning. As the General was counting the guns, an officer observed a suspicious movement in the muzzle of one, and in a moment afterwards a shot roared through the rigging. This was a signal to quit, and the "Fury" steamed out of the harbour as fast as she could; but the shot came after her still faster. A shell burst close to her, and one shot went through her hull; fortunately no one was hurt. In the course of their reconnoissance they coasted slowly along the west face of the shore from Eupatoria southwards, and at the mouth of the Katcha discovered a beach, which the English and French generals decided on making the site of their landing.

However, signs of a move soon became unmistakeable. On the next day the Turkish fleet and the transports, which had been lying in the Bosphorus, left their anchorage for Varna, carrying with them pontoons and siege guns, and it began to be rumoured that we should really do something ere the winter came on. There were, however, divided counsels and *timides avis*. Lord de Ros, Admiral Dundas, and Admiral Hamelin, were notoriously opposed to the descent on the Crimea, and Marshal St. Arnaud did not like to attack Sebastopol, nor was Sir George Brown very sanguine of success. The great preparations made at Varna for the embarkation of the English forces were hailed with satisfaction by officers and men, tired of the monotony of life in this wretched country, and depressed by the influence of illness and laborious idleness. It was not then known where they were going to; but, in the absence of any exact knowledge respecting the destination of the troops, conjecture pointed with unsteady finger to Odessa, Anapa, Suchum-Kaleh, or Sebastopol.

The force of the Russians in the Crimea was supposed to be upwards of 55,000 men, but considerable reinforcements might have been sent there, of which we knew nothing. The Russians were well served by their spies, and were acquainted with all our movements; but it would be impossible to say whether M. St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan had equal means of intelligence. We could not, between French and English, at this time have sent a greater army than 42,000 or 43,000 men to the Crimea; and, speaking merely in reference to strategic considerations, there appeared to be some rashness in attempting the reduction of such a fortress as Sebastopol

with an army inferior in force to that of the enemy inside and outside the walls—an army liable to be attacked by all the masses which Russia could direct, in her last extremity, to defend the "very navel of her power"—unless the fleet was able to neutralize the preponderance of the hostile army, and place our troops upon equal terms. An assault on Sebastopol, an attempt to carry it by storm or by *coup de main*, at first sight, was out of the question, according to the opinion of most of our officers. It was not impregnable, either from the quality of the works or natural position, and, like all such fortresses, it could not but fall before the regular uninterrupted continuance and progress of sap and mine and blockade. The result showed, however, that the usual conditions of a siege were not complied with in this case; and the character of the expedition, which was at first a dashing, sudden onslaught, was, perhaps inevitably, changed by the course of events. Sir George Brown and Sir E. Lyons went down to Constantinople on board the "Agamemnon," on the 1st of August, and for several days they were busily engaged in making arrangements for the transport of the fleet, and in the preparation of boats and provisions.

The cholera prevailed at Varna and in the camps, but its attacks were not so fatal as at first. The change of encampments did some good. Colonel Maule died of the prevailing epidemic. The gallant officer threw up the post of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance to go out; and during the performance of his duties as Assistant Adjutant-General, he had gained the goodwill and esteem of all around him. Poor Major Levinge, too, succumbed. He died of an overdose of opium, administered by himself, when suffering from diarrhœa. He was a universal favourite, gay, light-hearted, and amiable—an excellent officer, a thorough soldier, and a kind, open-hearted man: his loss was felt by all who knew him. Mr. Newbury, the paymaster of the Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion, an old officer who had seen much service, died also; and to this list must be added a young man cut off in early manhood, Mr. Gregg, of the 55th Regiment. The hospital was quite full, and, numerous as our medical staff was, and unremitting as were our medical officers in doing all that skill and humanity could suggest for the sufferers, there were painful cases, of not rare occurrence, in which the men did not procure the attention they required paid to them till it was too late. Many of the poor fellows, too, who desired the attendance of a clergyman or priest at their dying hour were denied that last consolation, for the chaplains were few, or at least not numerous enough for the sad exigencies of the season.

The French losses from cholera were frightful. Convinced that there was something radically wrong in the air of the hospital at Varna, the French cleared out of the building altogether, and resolved to treat their cases in the field. The hospital had been formerly used as a Turkish barrack. It was a huge quadrangular building, like the barracks at Scutari, with a court-yard in the centre. The sides of the square were about 150 feet long, and each of them contained three floors, consisting of spacious corridors, with numerous rooms off them of fair height and good proportions. About one-third of the building was reserved for

our use; the remainder was occupied by the French. Although not very old, the building was far from being in thorough repair. The windows were broken, the walls in parts were cracked and shaky, and the floors were mouldering and rotten. Like all places which have been inhabited by Turkish soldiers for any time, the smell of the buildings was abominable. Men sent in there with fevers and other disorders were frequently attacked with the cholera in its worst form, and died with unusual rapidity, in spite of all that could be done to save them. I visited the hospital, and observed that a long train of araba carts, filled with sick soldiers, were drawn up by the walls. There were thirty-five carts, with three or four men in each. These were sick French soldiers sent in from the camps, and waiting till room could be found for them in the hospital. A number of soldiers were sitting down by the roadside, and here and there the moonbeams flashed brightly off their piled arms. The men were silent; not a song, not a laugh! A gloom, seldom seen among French troops, reigned amid these groups of grey-coated men, and the quiet that prevailed was only broken now and then by the moans and cries of pain of the poor sufferers in the carts. Observing that about fifteen arabas without any occupants were waiting in the square, I asked a *sous-officier* for what purpose they were required. His answer, sullen and short, was,—"*Pour les morts—pour les Français décédés, Monsieur.*"

A detailed account of the death of Captain Burke, of the Engineers, at the passage of the Danube—a foolish and useless expedition on the part of the commander of the Turkish forces—reached the army about this time, and was heard with much interest. His brother, poor Captain Ulick Burke, of the 33rd Regiment, told me that his body had been discovered close to the bank of the river, covered with numberless wounds. His sword-belt was gone; but his sword was found hidden in some long grass close to the corpse. The ring finger of both hands was cut off. He was seen by the sapper who went with him fighting desperately to the last, though surrounded by a horde of Russians. When he first leaped on shore from the boat six soldiers charged him. Two he shot with his revolver, one he cut down with his sword—the rest turned and fled. While he was encouraging the Turks, who were in the stream, to row quietly to the land, and forming them in line as they landed, conspicuous as he was in full uniform and by his white cap cover, a number of riflemen advanced from behind a ditch, and took deliberate aim at him. Poor Burke charged them with headlong gallantry. As he got near he was struck by a ball, which broke his jaw-bone, but he rushed on, shot three men dead at close quarters with his revolver, and cleft two men through helmet and all into the brain with his sword. He was then surrounded, and while engaged in cutting his way with heroic courage through the ranks of the enemy, a sabre-cut from behind, given by a dragoon as he went by, nearly severed his head from his body; and he fell dead, covered with bayonet wounds, sabre gashes, and marked with lance thrusts and bullet holes.

On the night of Thursday (Aug. 10th), a great fire broke out at Varna, which utterly destroyed more than a quarter of the town. The sailors of the ships, and the French and English soldiery sta-

tioned near the town, worked for the ten hours during which the fire lasted with the greatest energy; but as a brisk wind prevailed, which fanned the flames as they leapt along the wooden streets, their efforts were not as successful as they deserved. The fire broke out near the French commissariat stores, in a spirit shop. The officers in charge broached many casks of spirits, and as the liquid ran down the streets, a Greek was seen to set fire to it. He was cut down to the chin by a French officer, and fell into the fiery torrent. The howling of the inhabitants, the yells of the Turks, the clamour of women, children, dogs, and horses, were appalling. Marshal St. Arnaud displayed great vigour and coolness in superintending the operations of the troops, and by his exertions aggravated the symptoms of the malady from which he had long been suffering. The French lost great quantities of provisions, and we had many thousand rations of biscuit utterly consumed. In addition to the bread (biscuit) which was lost, immense quantities of stores were destroyed. 19,000 pairs of soldiers' shoes and an immense quantity of cavalry sabres, which were found amid the ruins, fused into the most fantastic shapes, were burnt. The soldiers plundered a good deal, and outrages of a grave character were attributed to the Zouaves during the fire. Tongues and potted meats, most probably abstracted from sutlers' stores, were to be had in the outskirts of the camp for very little money soon after the occurrence, and some of the camp canteen keepers were completely ruined by their losses. To add to our misfortunes, the cholera broke out in the fleets in Varna Bay and at Baltschik, with extraordinary virulence. The "Friedland" and "Montebello" suffered in particular—in the latter upwards of 100 died in twenty-four hours. The depression of the army was increased by this event. They "supped full of horrors," and listened greedily to tales of death, which served but to weaken and terrify them.

About this time we lost fifteen or sixteen men a day. Some people said we pitched our camps too closely; but Sir George Brown's division covered nearly twice the space which would have been occupied by the encampment of a Roman legion consisting of nearly the same number of men, and yet there is no account in history of any of these camp epidemics in Gaul, or Thrace, or Pannonia, or in any of the standing camps of the Romans, and we must believe that the cholera and its cognate pests arise out of some combination of atmospherical and physical conditions which did not occur in former times. The conduct of many of the men, French and English, seemed characterized by a recklessness verging on insanity. They might be seen lying drunk in the kennels, or in the ditches by the road-sides, under the blazing rays of the sun, covered with swarms of flies. They might be seen in stupid sobriety gravely paring the rind off cucumbers of portentous dimensions, and eating the deadly cylinders one after another, to the number of six or eight, till there was no room for more—all the while sitting in groups in the fields, or on the flags by the shops in the open street, and looking as if they thought they were adopting highly sanitary measures for their health's sake; or frequently three or four of them would make a happy bargain with a Greek for a large basketful of apricots, "kill-johns," scarlet pumpkins, water melons, wooden-bodied pears, greengages,

and plums, and then retire beneath the shade of a tree, where they divided and ate the luscious food till nought remained but a heap of peel, rind, and stones. They then diluted the mass of fruit with raki, or peach brandy, and would straggle home or to sleep as best they could. One day I saw a Zouave and a huge Grenadier staggering up the street arm in arm, each being literally laden with enormous pumpkins and cucumbers, and in the intervals of song—for one was shouting out "Cheer, boys, cheer," in irregular spasms, and the other was chanting some love ditty of a very lachrymose character—they were feeding each other with cucumbers. One took a bite and handed it to his friend, who did the same, and thus they were continuing their amphibian banquet till the Englishman slipped on a stone and went down into the mud, bringing his friend after him—pumpkins, cucumbers, and all. The Frenchman disengaged himself briskly; but the Grenadier at once composed himself to sleep, notwithstanding the entreaties of his companion. After dragging at him, head, legs, arms, and shoulders, the Zouave found he could make no impression on the inert mass of his friend, and regarding him in the most tragic manner possible, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "*Tu es là, donc, mon ami, mon cher Jeeon! Eh bien, je me coucherai avec toi;*" and calmly fixing a couple of cucumbers for a pillow, he lay down, and was soon snoring in the gutter in unison with his ally. The Turkish soldiers were equally careless of their diet and living. I recollect looking at about twenty of them, belonging to a battery, under the window of the room in which I was writing, busily engaged in the consumption of small bulletty-looking melons, daily, except when they were smoking, or, (listen to this!) saying their prayers, for the poor fellows were for the most part very regular in their devotions, and when they finished them they glared and scowled at Christians in a fashion fearful to behold for ten minutes afterwards. They spent their day in this manner. It was no wonder, indeed, that cholera throve and fattened among us.

All the tokens of an impending expedition were eagerly caught up and circulated among the camps. A number of boats, ordered by Admiral Lyons at Constantinople, now arrived at Varna, and their construction showed they were intended for the disembarkation of troops. Each vessel consisted of two of the large Turkish boats of the Bosphorus, which are about fifty feet long, and about eight feet broad, fastened together, and planked over at top, so as to form a kind of raft, not drawing more than a foot of water, and capable of landing two heavy guns and their men, or of carrying 150 or 200 men with the greatest ease. The fleet was assembled in the bay, and consisted of steamers of a magnitude and speed hitherto unknown in any operation of war, and of sailing vessels which would have constituted a formidable navy of themselves. It was calculated that the disembarkation of 20,000 could be effected by the boats of our steamers in two hours. Cavalry would be more difficult to manage; but at this time our strength in that arm was not very great, for we had two Generals in command of a force which mustered in the Crimea less than 1200 sabres. The artillery, under General Cator, consisted of the siege train (30 guns out), commanded by Colonel Gambier; the Royal

Horse Artillery, Colonel Strangways; the Artillery of the Light Division, Colonel Dacres; of the First Division, Colonel Lake; of the Second Division, Colonel Dupuis; and of the Third Division, Colonel Fitzmayer. Each division had twelve field guns attached to it, so that there were forty-eight field guns in all. The C and I troops of the Royal Horse Artillery acted with the Cavalry.

In the second week in August the cholera assumed such an alarming character that both Admirals (French and English) resolved to leave their anchorage at Baltschik, and stand out to sea for a cruise. On Wednesday the 16th, the "Caradoc," Lieutenant Derriman, which left Constantinople with the mails for the fleet and army the previous evening, came up with the English fleet, under Admiral Dundas. The "Caradoc" was boarded by a boat from the "Britannia," and the officer who came on board communicated the appalling intelligence that the flag-ship had lost 70 men since she left Baltschik, and that she had buried 10 men that morning. Upwards of 100 men were on the sick list at that time. Some of the other ships had lost several men, but not in the same proportion.

After the great fire on the night of the 10th, the cholera seemed to diminish in the town itself, and the reports from the various camps were much more favourable than before. It was found, indeed, that the plan of wide open encampments answered in checking disease. The British army was scattered broad-cast all over the country, from Monastir to Varna, a distance of 26 or 27 miles. The Duke of Cambridge's division had marched in from Aladyn, and was encamped towards the south-western side of the bay. It appeared that notwithstanding the exquisite beauty of the country around Aladyn, it was a hot-bed of fever and dysentery. The same was true of Devno, which was called by the Turks "the Valley of Death;" and had we consulted the natives ere we pitched our camps, we assuredly should never have gone either to Aladyn or Devno, notwithstanding the charms of their position and the temptations offered by the abundant supply of water and by the adjacent woods. No blame, perhaps, can be attached to any one for neglecting to ascertain whether those great natural advantages were counterbalanced by any peculiar sanitary evils, but it was at least the duty of the general in command of the division to pay attention to the representations of the medical officers and the traditions of the natives, which assigned to this locality a most unfavourable character for the preservation of health.

Whoever gazed on these rich meadows, stretching for long miles away, and bordered by heights on which the dense forests struggled all but in vain to pierce the masses of wild vine, clematis, dwarf acacia, and many-coloured brushwoods—on the verdant hill-sides, and on the dancing waters of lake and stream below, lighted up by the golden rays of a Bulgarian summer's sun—might well have imagined that no English glade or hill-top could well be healthier or better suited for the residence of man. But these meadows nurtured the fever, the ague, dysentery, and pestilence in their bosom—the lake and the stream exhaled death, and at night fat unctuous vapours rose fold after fold from the valleys, and crept up in the dark and stole into the tent of the sleeper and wrapped him in their deadly embrace. So completely

exhausted was the Brigade of Guards after a short encampment, that these 3000 of the flower of England, had to make two marches in order to get over the distance from Aladyn to Varna, which was not more than (not so much many people said as) ten miles. But that is not all. Their packs were carried for them. How astonished must have been the good people of England, sitting anxiously in their homes, day after day, expecting every morning to gladden their eyes with the sight of the announcement, in large type, of "Fall of Sebastopol," when they heard that their Guards—their *corps d'élite*—the pride of their hearts —the delight of their eyes—these Anakim, whose stature, strength, and massive bulk they exhibited to kingly visitors as no inapt symbols of our nation, had been so reduced by sickness, disease, and a depressing climate, that it was judged inexpedient to allow them to carry their own packs, or to permit them to march more than five miles a day, even though these packs were carried for them! In the Brigade of Guards there were before the march to Varna upwards of 600 sick men.

The Highland brigade was in better condition, but even the three noble regiments which composed it were far from being in good health or in the spirits in which they set out for Varna. The Light Division had lost 110 or 112 men. The Second Division had suffered somewhat less. The little cavalry force had been sadly reduced by death, and the Third (Sir R. England's) Division, which had been encamped to the north-west of Varna, close outside the town, had lost upwards of 100 men also, the 50th Regiment, who were much worked, being particularly cut up. The ambulance corps had been completely crippled by the death of the drivers and men belonging to it, and the medical officers were called upon to make a special report on the mortality among them.

In truth, it may be taken as an actual fact that, physically and morally, each division of the army had been weakened by nearly one regiment, and that the division of Sir George Cathcart did little more than raise the force to its original strength. On Saturday, the 26th, I dined in company with poor Captain Longmore, of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars. He was seized with illness (the cholera) on Saturday; at eight o'clock on Sunday morning he died on board the "Himalaya," and at eleven o'clock I witnessed his remains interred on shore, in a rude coffin, hastily made on board ship, and laid to rest on a ridge of land overlooking the bay, where frequent wooden crosses mark the graves of the French sailors who perished from the cholera. He was an excellent officer, and Lord Cardigan spoke highly of his conduct when commanding the 8th in the *reconnaissance* to the Danube.

On Sunday night, Mr. Shegog, surgeon of the 88th Regiment, was seized with cholera, and expired in a few hours, to the profound regret of every man in the regiment.

Poor Colonel Boyle! Who does not remember the boyish-looking member for Frome, as he walked quietly about the house, or bustled through the lobbies on state occasions, the gentlest and most amiable of men? He, too, is dead. He sank on Sunday, September the 3rd, under the attacks of fever. By the directions of Admiral Dundas, to

whom he was related, and to whom a telegraph had been sent from Varna to Baltschik for instructions, his body was placed in a boat, taken out a little way to sea, and thrown overboard. The same day, Lieutenant A. Saltmarshe, of the 11th Hussars, died of cholera. He appeared in excellent health and spirits the evening previously.

Horrors occurred here every day which were shocking to think of. Walking by the beach one might see some straw sticking up through the sand, and on scraping it away with his stick, he would be horrified at bringing to light the face of a corpse, which had been deposited there, with a wisp of straw around it, a prey to dogs and vultures. Dead bodies rose up from the bottom in the harbour, and bobbed grimly around in the water, or floated in from sea, and drifted past the sickened gazers on board the ships—all buoyant, bolt upright, and hideous in the sun. One day, the body of a French soldier, who had been murdered (for his neckerchief was twisted round the neck so as to produce strangulation, and the forehead was laid open by a ghastly wound which cleft the skull to the brain), came alongside the "Caradoc" in harbour, and was with difficulty sunk again. What fond parent or anxious sweetheart, in some pleasant homestead of La Belle France, may not have long expected him, and wondered at his silence? Would they ever hear of that poor fellow's fate? A boat's crew went on shore to put a few stones together as a sort of landing-place on the sand; they moved a stone, and underneath found a festering corpse. But there could be no use in accumulating the details of scenes like these, which must ever be the terrible attendants on war and pestilence.

But the armies of the allies were about to enter upon the career of active warfare, and to escape from a spot fraught with memories of death unredeemed by a ray of glory. It was no secret that in the middle of July a council of generals and admirals had, by a majority, overcome the *timides avis* of some, and had decided upon an expedition to the Crimea, in compliance with the positive orders of the English Cabinet, and with the less decided suggestions of the Emperor of the French. That project had been arrested by the sickness and calamities which had fallen on the French and English armies, but it had not been abandoned.

At a Council of War, held at Marshal St. Arnaud's quarters on the 24th of August, the final decision was taken. There were present the Marshal, Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, Sir George Brown, Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir John Burgoyne, Admirals Dundas, Hamelin, and Bruat, &c., and the deliberation lasted several hours. Sir John Burgoyne only arrived that morning, and it is said that his views with regard to the point selected for our landing in the Crimea were not quite in unison with those of the Generals who have lately reconnoitred the spot and determined the best locality. It would not have been very politic to have published the decisions of this Council, even if they had been known, though secrets did leak out through closed doors and fastened windows. It was, indeed, said in Bulgaria at the time, that the London journals have done great mischief by publishing, for the information of the enemy, correct intelligence respecting our intended movements against them, by indicating the points to be attacked, and preparing the Russians to resist us. Some people

were absurd enough to say, with all possible gravity, that they should not be at all surprised if the whole expedition against Sebastopol were to be abandoned in consequence of certain articles in the English newspapers, which have anticipated the actual operations of the war. Certainly, if any "dangerous information" were conveyed to the Czar in this way, it was not sent home from the head-quarters of the army, but was derived from sources beyond a correspondent's reach. Considerations connected with geographical position, or with the probable action of the enemy in face of our fleet and army, did not appear to exercise the slightest influence on the reason of persons who urged the extraordinary proposition that the publication in a London newspaper of a probable plan of campaign actually influenced the Czar in the dispositions he made to meet our attack. Even if the Czar believed that plan to be correct—and he might well entertain suspicions on that point—is it likely that he would take the trouble, as soon as he has read his morning paper, to send off a courier to the Crimea to prepare his Generals for an attack on a certain point, which they must (if the article in the paper was to be of any service to the enemy at all) have hitherto left undefended? His spies in London rendered him much surer and better service. The debates in Parliament threw a much surer and steadier light upon our movements. And yet so positive was Nicholas that all our preparations were shams intended to deceive him, so unintelligible to him were the operations of a free press and free speech, that he persisted in thinking, up to the very eve of the descent, that our armies were in reality destined to follow up his retreating legions on the Danube, and he obstinately rejected all Prince Menschikoff's appeals for reinforcements.

Under any circumstances the Russian engineers knew their coast well enough to be ready to defend its weak points, and to occupy the best ground of defence against the hostile descent. They knew our object, if we went to the Crimea at all, must be the reduction of Sebastopol, and of course they took care to render the *primos aditus difficiles*. When the "Furious" returned to the fleet, after a cruise along the south-western coast of the Crimea, she saw a Russian intrenched camp of about 6000 men placed above the very spot at which it seemed desirable we should effect a landing. Who told the Russians what the intentions of our chiefs were? Why they *saw* an English steam frigate, with Sir George Brown, General Canrobert, and Sir E. Lyons on board, making a deliberate survey of that very spot some days before, and it was only natural to suppose that the same strategical knowledge which led the English and French Generals to select this place for the landing warned the Russians that it would be wise to defend it. Certainly it was not any article in a London journal which enabled the Russians to know the point selected by our Generals, so as to induce them to throw up an intrenchment there, and to form a camp of 6000 men.

However, Marshal St. Arnaud prevented much doubt existing as to our real intentions, for on the 25th he published the following:—

"ARMÉE D'ORIENT.

"ÉTAT MAJOR-GÉNÉRAL.—ORDRE GÉNÉRAL. (No. 100.)

"Soldats,—Vous venez de donner de beaux spectacles de persévérance, de calme et

d'énergie, au milieu de circonstances douloureuses qu'il faut oublier. L'heure est venue de combattre, et de vaincre.

"L'ennemi ne nous a pas attendu sur le Danube. Ses colonnes démoralisées, détruites par la maladie, s'en éloignent péniblement. C'est la Providence, peut-être, qui a voulu nous épargner l'épreuve de ces contrées malsaines. C'est elle, aussi, qui nous appelle en Crimée, pays salubre comme le notre, et à Sebastopol, siége de la puissance Russe, dans ces murs où nous allons chercher ensemble le gage de la paix et de notre rétour dans nos foyers.

"L'enterprise est grande, et digne de vous; vous la réaliserez à l'aide du plus formidable appareil militaire et maritime qui se vit jamais. Les flottes alliées, avec leurs trois mille canons et leurs vingt-cinq mille braves matelots, vos émules et vos compagnons d'armes, porteront sur la terre de Crimée une armée Anglaise, dont vos pères ont appris à respecter la haute valeur, une division choisié de ces soldats Ottomans qui viennent de faire leurs preuves sous vos yeux, et une armée Française que j'ai le droit et l'orgueil d'appeler l'élite de notre armée toute entière.

"Je vois là plus que des gages de succès; j'y vois le succès lui-même. Généraux, Chefs de Corps, Officiers de toutes armes, vous partagerez, et vous férez passer dans l'âme de vos soldats la confiance dont la mienne est remplie. Bientôt, nous saluerons ensemble les trois drapeaux réunis flottant sur les ramparts de Sebastopol de notre cri nationale, 'Vive l'Empéreur!'

"Au Quartier-général de Varna, Août 25, 1854.

(Signée) "Le Maréchal de France, Comm.-en-Chef l'Armée d'Orient,

"A. ST. ARNAUD."

In curious contrast to the above order, Lord Raglan issued a memorandum, requesting "Mr. Commissary-General Filder to take steps to insure that the troops should all be provided with a ration of porter for the next few days." It reminded one of the bathos of the Scotch Colonel's address to his men before the Battle of the Pyramids, when compared to Napoleon's high-flown appeal on the same ground. However, it was eminently practical, and probably did more good to our soldiers than the Marshal's order to the French.

The Light Division began its march from Monastir to Varna at five a.m. on Wednesday, the 23rd. The men were in the highest spirits on their march, and sang songs on the way; their packs were carried by mules and horses. They arrived at Yursakova, ten miles from Monastir, near the old camp of Sir De Lacy Evans's division, who had already left for Varna, at one o'clock in the day, and pitched their camp there. Sunday was a day of rest, and many of the men availed themselves of the opportunity afforded to them of receiving the Sacrament. Through the valley of Devno, "the Valley of Death," the men marched in mournful silence, for it was the place where they had left so many of their comrades, and where they had suffered so much. The air was tainted by the carcases of dead horses, and as some of the officers rode near the burial-places of the poor fellows in the division who had died of cholera, they were horrified to discover that the corpses had been dug up, most probably by the Bulgarians, for the sake of the blankets in which they had been interred, and had been left half covered as prey to the dogs and vultures. On Monday the brigade again advanced and reached Karaguel, seven miles from Varna. All the other divisions began to move towards Varna at the same time, and prepared for embarkation as fast as they could be shipped from the neighbourhood of the town. It became a very perplexing matter for the officers to know what to do with their horses and baggage. The

greatest care was taken to reduce the baggage and *impedimenta* of the army to a minimum. To each regiment there was only allowed five horses; and as every officer had at least one—some, indeed, had two, and others three—there were some thirty-five or forty horses from every regiment to be provided for, so that the park formed near Varna for the derelicts consisted of 4000 government animals, and 1200 officers' horses.

On the 27th of August, most of the English men-of-war which had lain at Baltschik came down to Varna; and including French, Turkish, and English vessels, there were seventeen sail of the line in the bay. All this time the sickness, though decreasing, continued to affect us. The 5th Dragoon Guards suffered so much—their commanding officer (Major Le Marchant) absent from ill-health, the senior Captain (Duckworth), the surgeon (Pitcairn), and the veterinary-surgeon (Fisher), dead, as well as a number of non-commissioned officers and privates—that it was dis-regimented for a time, and was placed under the command of Colonel Hodge, who incorporated it with his own regiment, the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoons.

The Bashi-Bazouks, on whom some reliance was placed, were completely *hors de combat*. Yusuf had failed in drilling those disorderly scum into soldiers. Colonel Beatson was not much more successful. The rascals ran whenever they could, and carried with them all they could lay their hands upon. When the Greeks were flitting from Kostendje, the Bashi-Bazouks came down and attacked them. One family fled in a boat. The wretches fired into it as they left the beach. There were father, mother, and two young children, one about four years old, and the other a little more than a year old, in the frail bark, along with some other people. The children were soon orphans; and when Captain Parker, who was off the coast in H.M.S. "Firebrand," stood in, and with his usual humanity, went to the scene of this brutal outrage, he found the two children bathed in blood from their own wounds, and the lifeless bodies of their parents in the bottom of the boat. The Bashis had deliberately shot them—their arms were pierced with balls, and burnt with powder, and it was only through the constant and unvarying kindness, care, and attention of the officers and men of the ship that they ever recovered. When Captain Parker fell soon after, in a reconnaissance of the Sulina mouth of the town, by a cowardly fire from an ambuscade laid by some Greeks, the poor children were again left orphans indeed; but her Majesty made inquiries after them with a view to their future prospects, and I believe has since carried out her kindly and gracious intention of providing for them. Every Jack in the "Firebrand" was a nurse to them. The eldest, dressed in a miniature sailor's dress, with a gigantesque straw hat upon his head, considered himself one of the ship's company, and always attended at division and quarters. He spoke English very well, but had not quite forgotten his Bulgarian and Greek. They came into mess with dessert every day, and were as clean and well kept as if they were turned out from the trimmest nursery in Belgravia.

On the morning of the 29th of August, the brigade of Guards and the brigade of Highlanders moved down to the beach, and were em-

barked on board the "Simoom," the "Kangaroo," and other large steamers, in beautiful order, and in a very short period of time. Captain L. T. Jones, H.M.S. "Samson," assisted by Captain King of the "Leander," and Captain Goldsmith, of the "Siden," deserved the greatest praise for their exertions; but, indeed, where all did their duty, it would be invidious to praise individuals. The plan of fitting out the paddle-box boats, so that they were rendered capable of carrying seven horses each, was due to Lieutenant Roberts, commanding her Majesty's steamer "Cyclops," who also worked very hard, both here and at Constantinople, in fitting up boats and pontoons.

In the course of the 1st of September, the 1st, the 2nd, and the 3rd Divisions of the French army were embarked on board the vessels destined for their conveyance to the Crimea. The wind was boisterous on the two preceding days, and it would have been difficult to have effected that operation in the open road at Baltschik. Marshal St. Arnaud and his staff embarked at Varna, on board the "Bertholle," on the 2nd of September, and at six o'clock the same evening shifted their head-quarters to the "Ville de Paris," in Baltjik Bay.

The whole of Monday, September the 4th, was spent by the authorities in final preparations, in embarking stragglers of all kinds, in closing up the departments no longer needed at Varna, such as the principal commissariat offices, the post-office, the ordnance and field train, &c. The narrow lanes were blocked up with mules and carts on their way to the beach with luggage, and the happy proprietors, emerging from the squalid courtyards of their whilome quarters, thronged the piers in search of boats, the supply of which was not by any means equal to the demand. As there were still some 200 vessels in the harbour, exclusive of men-of-war, there was a little difficulty in officers getting on board their respective ships, and the shouts of "Where's No. 22's boat?" "I want No. 97;" "Can any one tell me where the 'Grampus' is lying?" &c., as the time of departure drew near, were deafening. Some of those most industrious fellows, the Maltese, who had come out and taken their harbour boats with them, made a golden harvest, for each ceased his usual avocation of floating stationer, baker, butcher, spirit merchant, tobacconist, and poultryman for the time, and plied for hire all along the shores of the bay.

BOOK II.

DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION FOR THE CRIMEA—THE LANDING—THE MARCH—THE AFFAIR OF BARLJANAK—THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA—THE FLANK MARCH.

CHAPTER I.

Parting scenes—Extent of the Armada—Life at sea—Waiting for orders—Slow Progress—The shores of the Crimea—Anchorage.

With respect to the proceedings of the troops on landing, Lord Raglan issued his "instructions," which were remarkable for simplicity, clearness, and precision of language. The arrangements for the conveyance of the troops to their destination were of the largest and most perfect character; and when all the transports were united, they constituted an armada of no less than 600 vessels, covered and protected on every side by a fleet with a battery of 3000 pieces of artillery, and manned by the bravest seamen in the world.

Although, at first sight, this force appeared irresistible, it could not be overlooked that the enemy had a large fleet within a few hours' sail—that in using our men-of-war as transports, we lost their services in case of a naval action—that our army had suffered much from illness and death, and that the expedition had something of uncertainty, if not audacity, in its character—all that was fixed being this, that we were to descend at the Katcha, beat the Russians, and take Sebastopol.

Writing at the time, I said—"I am firmly persuaded that the patience of people at home, who are hungering and thirsting for the news of "the Fall of Sebastopol," will be severely tried, and that the chances are a little against the incidents of its capture being ready by Christmas for repetition at Astley's. It is late, very late, in the year for such a siege as there is before us, and I should not be surprised if we are forced to content ourselves with the occupation of a portion of the Crimea, which may become the basis of larger and more successful operations next year."

Few but our generals, admirals, and some old officers, troubled their heads much about these things, except a few notorious old and young grumblers. The only persons who were dejected or melancholy, were those who were compelled to stay behind. Such vast establishments as had been created at Varna for the use of our army could not be broken up without many fragments remaining, and these fragments must be watched. There were, besides, the poor invalids in the hospitals, the officers and men in charge of them and of various regimental stores

of depôts, of commissariat supplies, the commissariat officers themselves—in fact, the guardians of the *débris* which an army leaves behind it, all melancholy, and lamenting their hard fate. The most extravagant efforts were made by some of the officers on whom the lot fell to remain, in order to evade so great a calamity.

At the last moment many an aching heart was made happy. The women of several of the regiments who had mournfully followed their husbands to the beach, and rent the air with their wailings when they heard they were to be separated from those with whom they had shared privation and pestilence, were allowed to go on board by an order from head-quarters. It was found when it came to be considered what was to be done with them, that no provision had been made for their domicile or feeding. A camp of women!—the very idea was ludicrous and appalling; and so, as they could not be left behind, the British Andromaches were perforce shipped on board the transports and restored to their Hectors.

In the course of (Monday) September 4th, six English men-of-war and four French men-of-war left Varna Bay, and from morning to evening not an hour passed that some six or eight transports did not weigh anchor and steer away to the northward to the rendezvous at Baltschik. Sir Edmund Lyons, who had charge of the arrangements connected with the expedition, was busy all the day on board his flagship communicating with the shore and with the fleet.

The signal for starting was very anxiously expected, but evening closed in on the bulk of the English flotilla still anchored in the waters of Varna, and for the last time, perhaps, in the history of the world, the echoes of its shores were woke up by the roll of English drums, and by the music of the bands of our regiments, which will, in all probability, never re-visit these ill-omened lands. As the sun set and shot his yellow rays across the distant hills, the summit of which formed our camping grounds, and lighted up the flat expanse of rolling vapours above the lake, one could not but give a sigh to the memory of those who were lying far away from the land of their fathers—whose nameless graves are scattered in every glade and on every knoll in that unkindly Mœsian soil.

However, the morrow came, and with it life and motion. A gun from the Admiral! signals from the "Emperor," the seat of power of the Admiralty agents, and the joyful news was made known throughout the fleet that we were to weigh, and to get off to our rendezvous in Baltschik as soon as we could. Many sailing transports were already stealing out to the southwards under all light canvas, in order to get a good offing for a start up to Baltschik. All the steamers were busy, clothing the bay and the adjacent coast with clouds of smoke as they got up steam, through which, as it shifted, and rose and fell, and thinned away under the influence of a crisp, fresh breeze, one could see the town of Varna, all burnt up and withered by the fire, its white minarets standing up stiffly through the haze, its beach hemmed by innumerable boats, its be-cannoned walls, the blanched expanse around it of hill and plain, still thickly dotted with the camps of the French.

At ten o'clock A.M., Tuesday, September 5th, we were fairly under

way, with a ship in tow. The "City of London," in which I had a berth, carried the head-quarters of the 2nd Division, Sir De Lacy Evans, Lieutenant-General Commanding, the Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General, Colonel Percy Herbert, Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, Colonel Wilbraham, Captain Lane Fox, Captain Allix, aide-de-camp, Captain Gubbins, aide-de-camp, Captain Bryan, aide-de-camp, Major Eman, and officers of 41st Regiment, and a full complement of soldiers of the same very gallant and distinguished Regiment. On steaming out of the bay northwards the number of steamers and sailing transports in sight was wonderful, but when, after a run of two hours, we anchored in Baltschik roads, one was almost disappointed at the spectacle, for the line of coast is so long, and the height of the cliffs inland so considerable, that the numerous vessels anchored in lines along the shore were dwarfed, as it were, by the magnitude of the landscape. It was only as the eye learnt to pick out three-deckers and large vessels—to recognise the "Britannia" here, the "Trafalgar" there, the "Himalaya" further on—that the grandeur of these leviathans grew upon one, just as a simple attempt to count the vessels along the coast gave an idea of their numbers. In addition to the transports, there were several coal vessels for the supply of the steamers; some laden with Turkish coal from Heraclea, and others with coal from England. The coast from Varna to Baltschik very much resembles that of Devonshire. It was as green, more richly wooded, and crowned by verdant expanses of dwarf forest trees, which undulate from the very verge of the sea to the horizon. For some four or five miles outside Varna, the French camps dotted these pleasant-looking hills—the abode of fever and cholera. Then came the reign of solitude—not a homestead, not a path, not a sign of life visible as for the next eight or ten miles one coasted along the silent forest! Just about Baltschik the wood disappears, and the land becomes like our coast between the Forelands, with high white cliffs and bare green hills above them. The town itself, or rather the overgrown village, seemed, through the glass, to be as dirty and straggling as any Bulgaro-Turkish town it had been our lot to witness, and offered no temptation to go ashore.

Lord Raglan came from Varna towards evening on board the "Caradoc," Lieutenant Reynolds, which he had selected as his head-quarters afloat. The Duke of Cambridge, and a portion of his staff, took up their quarters on board Her Majesty's the "Triton," Commander Lloyd. Many of the ships had to get water from the beach, to complete coaling, &c., and the various masters of steamers and the "Admiralty" were twice summoned on board the "Emperor," to receive instructions from Captain Christie, R.N., respecting the sailing of the expedition, and the landing of the troops, &c., conveyed to him by the Rear-Admiral.

The French were nowhere visible, and we learnt, on inquiry, that their fleet, with the few transports under their charge, had left on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and were to rendezvous at Fidonisi, or Serpents' Island, off the mouth of the Danube, near which they were to be joined by the fleets from Bourgas and Varna. Their men were nearly all on board line-of-battle ships. A squadron of steamers,

with a multitude of brigs and transports in tow, was visible towards evening, steering north-east, and the tricolour could be seen ere evening flying from the peaks of the steamers; they passed by Baltschik with a stiff breeze off the land on their quarter. Towards evening the wind freshened and hauled round more to the northward; but the fleet rode easily at anchor all night.

Wednesday, the 6th of September, was passed in absolute inactivity, so far as the bulk of the officers and men of the expedition were concerned. There was a fresh wind to the eastward, which would have carried the transports out rapidly to sea. We thought at the time that some arrangement with the French, or some deficiency to be made good, not known to us, was the cause of the delay.* The ships of the various divisions were got into order as far as possible, and the officers and men were in great measure consoled for the detention by the exchange of good fare on board ship for ration beef and bread and camp living. The soldier may have the sunny side of the wall in peace, but assuredly he has the bleaker side in times of war. Wherever the sailor goes he has his roof over his head, his good bed, his warm meal. He moves with his house about him. If he gets wet on deck he has a snug hammock to get into below, or a change of dry clothing, and his butcher and his baker travel beside him. From a wet watch outside, the soldier is lucky if he gets into a wet tent; a saturated blanket is his covering, and the earth is his pillow. He must carry his cold victuals, as he was going to do now for three days to come, and eat them as best he may in the trenches, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with no change of clothing, and no prospect of warmth or shelter.

These and such other topics could not fail to be discussed on board ship, and the discussion necessarily promoted a better understanding between the services, for Jack saw that these rigid gentlemen in red coats and straps and buckles, whom he is rather apt to look upon as Sybaritical and effeminate creatures, had to go through as much hard work and exposure as himself; and the soldier was not a little surprised, perhaps, to find that those whose business is upon the waters lived in comfort which he would gladly find in the best-appointed barrack. Sailors and soldiers in this expedition, at least, worked together in the greatest harmony, although it was trying to the best of tempers to be turned out of bed for a stranger, and although people with only six feet square a piece to live, move, and have their being in, when stowed away in thousands, might be expected to view their neighbours with a little reasonable dislike.

At half-past four o'clock on Thursday morning, the 7th of September, three guns from the "Agamemnon" fired in quick succession woke up the sleepers of the fleet. The signal-men made out through the haze of morning twilight the joyful order fluttering in the coloured bunting from the mizen of the Admiral, "Prepare to weigh anchor," and in a quarter of an hour the volumes of smoke rising from the steamers, mingled with white streaks of steam, showed that not much time would be lost in obeying it. Ere seven o'clock arrived the steamers had weighed anchor, and each was busy "dodging about" the mass of

* The French aver that it was our tardiness and apathy which caused this delay.

transports to pick up its own particular charges. This was a work of time, of trouble, and of difficulty. Towing is at all times an unpleasant operation, but it is especially difficult to arrange the details and to get the towed vessels under way when there is such a mass of shipping to thread as there was at present. When the vessels were found, and the hawsers passed and secured, then came the next great difficulty—to get them into their assigned places in the several lines of the different divisions. There was some time lost before the lines were formed, and the signal "to sail" was given. With a gentle breeze off shore the flotilla started in nearly the order assigned to it. The lines were about half a mile apart, and each line was four or five miles long, for the towing power of the several steamers was so unequal that the weaker ones tailed off and the stronger got ahead in spite of repeated orders to keep station.

It was a vast armada. No pen could describe its effect upon the eye. Ere an hour had elapsed it had extended itself over half the circumference of the horizon. Possibly no expedition so complete and so terrible in its means of destruction, with such enormous power in engines of war and such capabilities of locomotion, was ever yet sent forth by any worldly power; for the conjunction of such a *corps d élite*—the whole disposable British army—with a fleet of such strength, and an artillery of unequalled range, had assuredly no parallel in history. Its speed was restricted to four miles and a half per hour, but with a favouring wind it was difficult to restrain the vessels to that rate, and the transports set no sail. The course lay N.E. by E., and the fleet was ordered to make for a point at sea 40 miles due west of Cape Tarkan. On looking to the map it will be seen that the point thus indicated is about 50 miles east of Fidonisi, or Serpents' Island, off the mouth of the Danube, and that it lies about 100 miles to the north-east of Sebastopol, Cape Tarkan being a promontory of the Crimea, 63 miles north of the fortress. It was understood that this point was the rendezvous given to our French and Turkish allies. The fleet, in five irregular and straggling lines, flanked by men-of-war and war steamers, advanced slowly, filling the atmosphere with innumerable columns of smoke, which gradually flattened out into streaks and joined the clouds, adding to the sombre appearance of this well-named "Black" Sea. The land was lost to view very speedily beneath the coal clouds and the steam clouds of the fleet, and as we advanced not an object was visible in the half of the great circle which lay before us, save the dark waves and the cold sky.

Not a bird flew, not a fish leaped, not a sail dotted the horizon. Behind us all was life and power—vitality, force, and motion—a strange scene in this so-called Russian lake! From time to time signals were made to keep the stragglers in order, and to whip up the laggards, but the execution of the plan by no means equalled the accuracy with which it had been set forth upon paper, and the deviations from the mathematical regularity of the programme were very natural. The effect was not marred by these trifling departures from strict rectilinearity, for the fleet seemed all the greater and the more imposing as the eye rested on these huge black hulls weighing down upon the face

of the waters, and the infinite diversity of rigging which covered the background with a giant network.

In the course of the day, towards three o'clock, we came up with eight French and Turkish steamers, towing about 50 small brigs and schooners under the French flag, which appeared to be laden with commissariat stores, for there were very few men on board. They steered rather more to the east than we did, and we soon passed them. Soon afterwards several large French men-of-war steamers, with transports in tow, appeared in the distance on our starboard quarter (right-hand side), steering the same course with ourselves, and they seemed to get very close to the stragglers of our fleet. They were probably laden with troops, and had sailed either from Varna or Bourgas. One could not but contrast the comfort of our soldiers in their splendid transports with the discomfort to which our brave allies must have been exposed in their small shallops of 150 and 200 tons burden.

Towards night quick steamers were sent on in advance and on the flanks, to look out, as a matter of precaution. At daybreak they returned, and reported to the Admiral that the French and Turkish fleets were under way in front, and were steering eastward across our bows a long way in advance. In the course of Friday morning, the 8th, the wind chopped round, and blew rather freshly right in our teeth. The result was a severe strain upon hawsers and steamers; in some instances the hawsers parted and the transports drifted away.

Our progress against a head-wind and light head sea was tedious, and on taking our observation at noon we found we were in lat. 48 33 N., long. 31 10 E., which gave us an average speed of 3 7-10ths miles since we started on Thursday. At ten a.m. we steered by signal N.E. ½ N. About eleven o'clock the topgallantsails of a large fleet steering in two lines were seen above the horizon. Signals were made for the transports to close up and keep in their stations, and the "Agamemnon" stood on in advance to communicate with the strangers. The "Britannia," towed by a man-of-war steamer and followed by the "Caradoc," went in the same direction. At the same time the "Napoleon," with a convoy of steamers and transports, rose well into sight on our starboard quarter. The "Trafalgar," the "Terrible," and the "Retribution," followed the "Britannia," and other men-of-war were in advance on our bows.

At half-past twelve o'clock the Turco-French fleet was clearly visible, steering nearly E.N.E. in two lines. They were under all plain sail aloft and alow—27 sail of the line, frigates and steamers. As we came up, they laid their maintopsails aback, and hove to while we passed. They were in two lines, and the decks of those steamers we came near were covered with troops, as thickly packed as they could stand. Large boats and flats were slung over the sides and lashed amidships. Some of the Turks (who appeared to have six line-of-battle ships —one three-decker and five two-deckers, and a couple of frigates) carried troops also. We passed through the fleet slowly, and about three o'clock they were hull down on our starboard quarter. The wind went down towards evening, but the weather became raw and cold. When we came up with the French fleet, Admiral Dundas went on board the "Ville de Paris," where there was a conference, at

which Marshal St. Arnaud was seized with such a violent attack of his old malady that he was obliged to leave the table. It had been reported to the French General that there was a Russian camp on the Katcha, which was the spot indicated by the reconnaissance under Sir George Brown and General Canrobert as the best place for the disembarkation; and this circumstance, coupled with the fact that the gallant officers in recommending the place had not duly considered the small size of the bay, and the great size of the fleet, caused some difference of opinion in the council. Lord Raglan could not attend this conference on account of the swell, which prevented his getting up the side of the "Ville de Paris," and Marshal St. Arnaud requested Admiral Hamelin and Colonel Trochu to repair on board the "Caradoc" and ask his opinion. It was there decided that a second commission of exploration should be sent to examine the coast from Eupatoria to Sebastopol, but not until the French Marshal had faintly recommended a descent on Theodosia (Kaffa), instead of the west coast of the Crimea. General Canrobert, Colonel Trochu, Colonel Lebœuf, Admiral Bruat, General Thiry, General Bizot, General Martimprey, and General Rose, were deputed on this service by the French. Sir John Burgoyne, Sir George Brown, Admiral Lyons, and some other officers, represented the English.

Early on Saturday morning, the "Agamemnon" and "Caradoc," accompanied by the "Samson" and the "Primauguet," left the fleet (about six o'clock), and steered due east, a course which would bring them to the coast of the Crimea, a little above Sebastopol. For the rest of the fleet, the greater part of Saturday was almost lost, for we did not move eight miles in the interval between eight a.m. and noon. The advanced ships were ordered by signal to lie-to for the rear of the fleet, which was very far astern. Our observation at noon gave our position lat. 44 30 N., long. 30 11 E, which is 22 miles north-west of the point, 40 miles west of Cape Tarkan, for which we were ordered to steer, and it appeared we were keeping away considerably to the westward and northward at present. From ten a.m. till three p.m. we scarcely moved a mile. There we were all at anchor in the middle of the Black Sea, in 25 fathoms water. The weather fine —the precious time going fast. So passed the greater part of Saturday and all day Sunday.

Night came on, but still there was no sign of the "Agamemnon" or of the French and English Generals in Chief. Strange management it would seem to be to move an army ere it was known what was to be done with them, or where they were to go to. The French and Turkish fleets combined were ten leagues south of this place this morning, trying to beat up to us. The "Napoleon" arrived and anchored near us, and several French steamers with transports in tow hove in sight. All the Generals not in the secret of our policy were sorely puzzled.

Our exact bearings at noon, verified and amended, were, lat. 45 36 north, long. 31 23 east. This was about 25 miles north and west of the original rendezvous given to the fleet at starting.

Many of the ships were so short of coal they would have had some difficulty in steaming to Sebastopol, in case it was resolved to go there.

As many of the seamen in the merchant vessels and transports had been grumbling at the expected boat service, which rendered them liable to shot and shell if the enemy should oppose the landing of the troops, and some had gone so far, indeed, as to say they would not serve at all—particularly the seamen of the "Golden Fleece," a communication was made to Admiral Dundas, before the departure of the ships from their anchorage, and his reply, to the following effect, was circulated and read among the crews of the transports, to their great satisfaction, on Sunday morning:—

"Having been in communication with General Lord Raglan on the subject of officers and men employed in the transport-service receiving pensions for wounds, I beg you will make known to them that the same pensions as are given to the officers and seamen of the Royal Navy will be granted to them for wounds sustained in action.

"W. Deans Dundas."

We made very slow progress. At half-past two o'clock the French fleet was visible on the starboard or right hand bow, hull down, and with their topmasts only visible above the horizon. They seemed to be steering towards the south-east. The sun was hot, but the wind felt cold and piercing; at times slight showers fell. The sea was very smooth and tranquil, and of that peculiar dark colour which has induced so many nations to agree in giving it names of similar significance. The fleet stretched across the whole diameter of the circle—that is, they had a front of some eighteen miles broad, and gradually the irregular and broken lines tapered away till they were lost in little mounds and dots of smoke, denoting the position of the steamers far down below the horizon.

The "Caradoc" and "Primauguet," returned at seven a.m., on the morning of the 11th September, with their attendant guardians, after a cruise along the coast; on the morning of the 10th they arrived off Sebastopol, which they reconnoitred from the distance of three miles, and then proceeded to Cape Chersonese, where the beach appeared favourable for a descent, but the *timides avis* opposed the proposition on the ground that the men would have to fight for their landing. Some camps were seen near the town, and on turning towards the north, and arriving off the mouth of the Belbek, the Commissioners saw a small camp on the heights over the river. It was decided that this beach and little bay were too close to the enemy for the landing. Then they went upwards to the Katcha, which Sir George Brown had recommended, but all the officers at once condemned the spot, as the beach was much too small. There were some troops visible on shore. The "Caradoc" next ran on to the Alma, which was found to be protected by large camps along the southern ridges—proceeding towards Eupatoria she lay off a beach between the sea and a salt water lake about fourteen miles south of that town, which after some consideration, the Generals fixed upon as the scene of the landing, and having reconnoitred Eupatoria, they made for the rendezvous. In about half an hour after they joined us, signal was made to the transports to steer to Eupatoria. Soon afterwards this signal was recalled, and was replaced by another to "steer S.S.E." For the whole day we ran very quietly on this course without any incident worthy of notice. The night closed in very darkly. The

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lightning flashed in sheets and forked streams every two or three minutes, from heavy masses of cloud behind us, and the fleet was greatly scattered. We were driving through a squall of rain and wind, varied by hailstorms. The thermometer was still at 65°. Our course was rather hazardous at times, and so many steamers were steering across us that great care was required to steer clear of them in the dark. The moon, which would otherwise have aided us, was quite obscured by banks of clouds.

During the night the expedition altered its course slightly to the eastward, and stood in more directly towards the land. The night was fine, but the sharpness of the air told of the approach of winter. Two heavy showers of hail, which fell at intervals in the morning, covered the decks with coatings of ice a couple of inches thick, but the sun and the broom soon removed them. Early in the morning of the 12th, just after dawn, a dark line was visible on our port (or left hand) side, which became an object of interest and discussion, for some maintained it was land, others declared it was cloud-land. The rising sun decided the question in favour of those who maintained the substantiality of the appearance. It was indeed the shore of the Crimea.

The first impression as we drew near was, that the coast presented a remarkable resemblance to the dunes which fortify the northern shores of La Belle France against her old enemy Neptune; but when the leading ships had got within a distance of 18 or 20 miles, it was evident that the country beyond the line of beach was tolerably well cultivated to the margin of the sand. Clumps of trees, very few and wide apart, could be made out with the glass, and at last a whitewashed farm-house or fishing-station, surrounded by outhouses, was visible on the sea-shore. The land was evidently a promontory, for it tapered away at each end to a thin line, which was lifted up by the mirage above the sea horizon, and was lost in air. We had, in fact, struck on the coast south of Cape Tarkan. At seven o'clock a remarkable table-land came into view in quite an opposite direction, namely, on our starboard or right-hand side, showing that we were running into a deep indentation of the coast. By degrees, as we advanced, this hill, which was in the form of the section of a truncated cone, became a very prominent object, and was generally supposed to be Tchatyr Dagh, a remarkable mountain of some 5000 feet high, east of Sebastopol. As no course had been given to steer by during the night, the fleet scattered greatly, and was seen steering in all directions. At 9·30 a.m. the steamer leading the second division was stopped, her head lying N.E. by E. The other divisions "slowed" and stopped also, or quickened their speed, as they happened to be before or behind their positions.

At 10 a.m. a fleet of eleven men-of-war appeared in the north-west, steering towards us. Signal was made to close up and keep in order. At a quarter past 10, signal was made to steer E.N.E. by compass. This unexpected change, of course, puzzled us all greatly, as we were thus ordered to go back on the very course we had just come. About 8 a.m. we had been in about 44 45 lat., 32 30 long., and we now began to steer away from land towards our original ren-

dezvous. The average speed of the expedition was about three miles an hour. At one o'clock we steered due N. by W., the fleet of transports and of men-of-war being visible in all directions, some going south, others east, others west, others north—in fact, it puzzled every one but the Admiral, or those who were in the secret, to form the slightest notion of what we were doing. Three three-deckers, two two-deckers, two frigates, and four steamers, ran away on our starboard side, as our head was turned from the land, to which we had been steering, and lapped over, as it were, the wing of the fleet of transports.

Out of all this apparent chaos, however, order was springing, for these changes of our course were no doubt made with the view of picking up stragglers, and sweeping up all the scattered ships. The "Emperor" led the way towards the N.E., and great was the grumbling and surprise of the captains, Admiralty agents, and military men with a taste for aquatics. "We have been steering S.E. all night, and now we are steering N.W., and going back again —very strange!" &c., was the cry. Others believed the expedition was only intended as a demonstration. In fact, "they knew all along" that was all that was meant, and that we were going to Anapa or Odessa, or some other pet destination of the speakers, after we had thoroughly frightened the Russ in Sebastopol. There were wise men, too, who said the expedition was a feint at that particular point, and that when we had drawn the garrison out of Sebastopol we should run suddenly down and take it with comparative ease, while deprived of its usual number of defenders. We had, however, only gone on this course for two hours when the leading ships of the lines stopped engines, the fleet passing slowly through the rear of the transports towards the southward, with a fine leading breeze. None of the French expedition were clearly visible, but some steamers and sailing ships far away to the N.W. were supposed to belong to it. At 3·15 signal was made from the "Emperor" to steer W.N.W. This order completely baffled even the sagest of our soothsayers, and took the wind out of the sails of all the prophets, who were rendered gloomy and disconsolate for the rest of the day. But when, in a few minutes after, the "Emperor" made signal to steer by compass N.E. by E., and we turned our head once more inshore, it was felt that any attempt to divine the intentions of our rulers was madness. We were also desired to prepare to anchor, but in the depth of water under us—not less than forty fathoms—it was very likely that many ships would never be able to get up their anchors and cables again if we had done so, as they were not strong enough to stand so great a strain. The expedition had been got together pretty well by this time, and with a freshening breeze stood in for the land. It presented the same aspect as the other portion of it, which we had seen closely earlier in the day.

A few farm-houses were dimly discernible in the distance over the waste and low-lying plains, which seemed embrowned by great heats. Little dark specks, supposed to be cattle, could also be distinguished. Shortly before six o'clock the anchor was let go in sixteen fathoms of water, at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles from shore. The

number of vessels was prodigious—forty-four steamers could be counted, though many of the French vessels were not visible. When evening set in, the bands of the various regiments, the drums and fifes of those who had no bands, the trumpets of cavalry and horse artillery, and the infantry bugles formed a *concert monstre*, which must have been heard on shore in spite of the contrary breeze. Some of the ships lay closer in than we did, and they were so thick that collisions took place more than once, happily without any serious consequences.

The sunset was of singular beauty and splendour. Heavy masses of rich blue clouds hung in the west, through innumerable golden chasms of which, the sun poured a flood of yellow glory over the dancing waters, laden with great merchantmen, with men-of-war staggering under press of canvas, and over line after line of black steamers, contending in vain to deface the splendour of the scene. When night came on, and all the ships' lights were hung out, it seemed as if the stars had settled down on the face of the waters. Wherever the eye turned were little constellations twinkling far and near, till they were lost in faint halos in the distance. The only idea one could give of this strange appearance is that suggested by the sight from some eminence of a huge city lighted up, street after street, on a very dark night. Flashes of the most brilliant lightning, however, from time to time lifted the veil of night from the ocean, and disclosed for an instant ships and steamers lying at anchor as far as could be seen. About eight o'clock, just as every one had turned in for the night, orders were sent on board to the deputy-quartermaster-general of each division respecting the preparations for the disembarkation of the men. The men seemed in excellent health and spirits. The number of fever and cholera cases, though greater than we could have wished, was not sufficient to cause any very great alarm. No doubt the voyage had done the army good, and they all looked forward with confidence to their landing next day.

The place off which we anchored on the night of Tuesday, September 12th, was marked on the charts as Schapan. It is fourteen miles distant N.N.E. from our starting point on Tuesday at noon, so that we only ran that length the whole of the afternoon from twelve to six o'clock.

CHAPTER II.

Eupatoria—Orders for the landing—The French land first—Cossacks in sight—Sir George Brown's escape—A brush with the Cossacks—Tartar allies—Shelling a Russian camp—An unpleasant night—A garrison at Eupatoria.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 13th, signal was given to weigh and proceed, and at eight o'clock the lines were formed and the expedition proceeded, steering towards the S.E. The French and Turkish line-of-battle ships joined us in the course of the day. A division of the allies went on in front, and cruised towards Sebastopol. It was evident, from the course we had taken, that the expedition

was going towards Eupatoria, a town situated on a low promontory of land about thirty-four miles distant from Sebastopol. Towards noon the ships of the expedition closed in with the shore. The country was flat, but numerous herds of cattle were to be seen in the plains and salt marshes, and the farm-houses became more frequent as we proceeded southwards. At noon Eupatoria bore ten miles S.E. by E. from us. We soon after saw the Cossacks in twos or threes—or at least horsemen whom every one declared to be these famous irregulars—scouring along towards the town, but there were very few of them, and they were at long intervals; now and then a farmer-looking man, in a covered cart, was visible, jogging along, as it appeared with perfect indifference, to the formidable apparition of some 400 vessels keeping company with him at the distance of some five or six miles only.

Eupatoria soon became visible. It lies on a spit of sand, and for a long time we imagined that it was defended by heavy works, for the solid stone houses close by the sea-coast were so increased by refraction and lifted up so high that they looked like forts. The town is astonishingly clean, perhaps by contrast with Varna and Gallipoli. The buildings seemed very respectable. A large barrack was in course of erection near the town on the north side. Towards the south side were innumerable windmills, and several bathing boxes gaily painted along the beach gave an air of civilization to the place, in spite of the old Turkish minarets which peered above the walls in a very dilapidated state. The chapel was a conspicuous object, and boasted of a large dome. Many square stone buildings were in view. At a quarter past three the expedition anchored off the town, at the distance of two or three miles.

We could see up the main streets of the town with our glasses very clearly. Cossacks dotted all the hills watching us, and some of them were "driving" the cattle across the sandy hillocks towards the interior. There seemed to be a blockhouse on shore, and a kind of earthwork, near which was a flagstaff, but no flag was exhibited. The "Caradoc" slowly coasted by the flat and very low shore close in. A boat with Colonel Steele, Colonel Trochu, and Mr. Calvert, interpreter, proceeded towards the quay with a flag of truce, and summoned the town, which the governor surrendered at once, as he had only 200 invalids under his command. He said, very brusquely, "Nous sommes tous rendus, faites ce que vous voulez." Some soldiers stood gazing on the expedition from the mounds of earth near the town, and we were amused by seeing the process of relieving guard, which was done in very good style by three regulars. They left a sentry behind, in lieu of the man whom they relieved.

There was only one vessel in the roadstead—a Tartar sloop of sixty or seventy tons. The "Tribune" stood leisurely in as soon as the fleet anchored, till she was within half a mile of the town. A boat put off with four men, who pulled towards the sloop, got into her, and immediately hoisted a white flag; the first prize on the shore of the Crimea! All this time the people were gazing at us out of the windows, from the corners of the streets, and from the roofs of the houses.

All the vessels were drawn up in immense lines, with a front ex-

tending over nine miles, and with an unknown depth—for the rigging and sails of the distant transports belonging to the expedition were lost far below the horizon; and after we had anchored, stragglers arrived every hour. After a short conversation by signal between generals and admirals, towards eight o'clock p.m. the "Agamemnon" sent off boats to the steamers and transports with the following order to the quartermasters-general of the divisions:—

"Orders for Sailing.

"Wednesday night.

"The Light Division to be actually under way at one a.m. to-morrow morning.
"The Fourth Division to sail at two a.m.
"The First Division to sail at three a.m.
"The Third Division and the Fifth Division to sail at four a.m.
"Steer S.S.E. for eight miles. Rendezvous in lat. 45 degrees. Do not go nearer to shore than eight fathoms."

These orders were obeyed, and after an interchange of rockets from the admirals, the divisions weighed in the order indicated, and slowly stood along the coast till about eight o'clock in the morning, when we anchored off Staroe Ukroplenie, or the Old Fort.

The place thus selected for our landing was a low strip of beach and shingle, cast up by the violence of the surf, and forming a sort of causeway between the sea and a stagnant salt-water lake. The lake is about one mile long and half a mile broad, and when we first arrived its borders and surface were frequented by vast flocks of wild-fowl. The causeway was not more than two hundred yards broad, leading at the right or southern extremity of the lake, by a gentle ascent, to an irregular table-land or plateau of trifling elevation, dotted with tumuli or barrows, such as are seen in several parts of England. Towards the sea this plateau presented a precipitous face of red clay and sandstone, varying in height from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet, and it terminated by a descent almost to the sea-level, at the distance of nearly two miles from the shores of the lake. Thence towards the south there was a low sandy beach, with a fringe of shingle raised by the action of the waves above the level of the land, and saving it from inundation. This low coast stretched along as far as the eye could reach, till it was lost beneath the base of the mountain ranges over Sebastopol. The country inland, visible from the decks of our ships, was covered with cattle, with grain in stack, with farm-houses. The stubble fields were covered with wild lavender, southernwood, and other fragrant shrubs, which the troops collected for fuel, and which filled the air with an aromatic perfume. As we cruised down towards Eupatoria, we could see the people driving their carts and busy in their ordinary occupations.

Now and then some Cossacks were visible, scouring along the roads to the interior, and down south towards the menaced stronghold of the Czar; but they were not numerous, and at times it was doubtful whether the people we saw were those freebooters of the Don, or merely Crim Tartar herdsmen, armed with cattle-spears. The post carriage from Sebastopol to Odessa also was seen rolling leisurely along, and conveying, probably, news of the great armament with which the coast was menaced.

We were further disappointed to find the natives in dress and

aspect were very like our friends of Bulgaria. They were better kempt, and seemed better clad; but the "style" of the men was the same as that of the people with whom we had been so long and so unpleasantly familiar.

The daybreak of Thursday (September 14) gave promise of a lovely morning, but the pledge was not quite fulfilled. The sun rose from a cloudless sky. Towards noon the heat of his mid-day beams was tempered by a gentle breeze, and by some floating fleecy vapours, which turned speedily into showers of rain, and the afternoon was dark and gloomy. The vast armada, which had moved on during the night in perfect order, studded the horizon with a second heaven of stars, and covering, the face of the sea with innumerable lights, advanced parallel with the coast till it gradually closed in towards the shore near Lake Saki.

At seven a.m. most of the fleet were in shore near their prescribed positions, but it was found necessary to send the "Firebrand" and some other steamers to sea, in order to tow up the slower transports and men-of-war. The "Emperor," which was our guiding star, did not keep exactly in her position, or the places taken by the leading steamers of the rest of the fleet were wrong, and some doubt and a little confusion arose in consequence, but the absence of an enemy rendered any slight deviations from order of comparatively trifling importance. The greatest offender against the prescribed order of disembarkation was the Admiral himself, who, instead of filling the place assigned to him in the centre of his fleet, stood out four miles from the shore and signalled, for four ships of the line to come out from among us and reconnoitre.

As the ships of our expedition drew up in lines parallel to the beach, the French fleet passed us under steam, and extended itself on our right, and ran in close to shore below the cliffs of the plateau. Their small war steamers went much nearer than ours were allowed to do, and a little after seven o'clock the first French boat put off from one of the men-of-war; not more than fifteen or sixteen men were on board her. She was beached quietly on shore at the southern extremity of the red cliff already mentioned. The crew leaped out; they formed into a knot on the strand, and seemed busily engaged for a few moments over one spot of ground, as though they were digging a grave. Presently a flag-staff was visible above their heads, and in a moment more the tricolor was run up to the top, and fluttered out gaily in the wind, while the men took off their hats, and no doubt did their "*Vive l'Empereur!*" in good style. The French were thus the first to take possession and seisin of the Crimea.*

There was no enemy in sight. The most scrutinizing gaze at this moment could not have detected a hostile uniform along the coast. The French Admiral fired a gun shortly after eight o'clock, and the disembarkation of their troops commenced. In little more than an

* It seems to have been a sort of passion with the French to be "the first" to do everything—or was it a passion with our generals to be second? Our allies were first at Gallipoli, first at Varna, first in the Crimea—all our attacks depended on them. They attacked first at the Alma, and when they turned the Russian right our attack was to take place. They also attacked first in the two great assaults, and our assaults were made to depend on the success of their demonstrations.

hour they got 6000 men on shore. This was very smart work, but it must be remembered that nearly all the French army were on board line-of-battle ships, and were at once carried from their decks to the land by the men-of-war's boats. The "Montebello" carried upwards of 1400 men, in addition to her crew. The "Valmy" had in all 3000. The "Ville de Paris" and "Henri Quatre" were laden with men in proportion; and all the line-of-battle ships and steamers had full cargoes of troops. In fact, it was found that their small brigs and schooners were neither safe nor comfortable, and that they were better suited for carrying stores and horses than men. The fleet of French men-of-war carried more than 20,000 men. Their whole force to be landed consisted of 23,600 men.

Our army amounted to 27,000 men, who were embarked in a vast number of transports, covering a great extent of water. But they were carried in comfort and safety; and, though there was still much sickness on board, it was as nothing compared to the mortality among the closely-packed French. Perhaps no army ever was conveyed with such luxury and security from shore to shore as ours in the whole history of war. The instant the French had landed a regiment, a company was pushed on to reconnoitre—skirmishers or pickets were sent on in front. As each regiment followed in column, its predecessors deployed, extended front, and advanced in light marching order *en tirailleur*, spreading out like a fan over the plains. It was most curious and interesting to observe their progress, and to note the rapid manner in which they were appropriating the soil. In about an hour after their first detachment had landed, nearly 9000 troops were on shore, and their advanced posts were faintly discernible between three and four miles from the beach, like little black specks moving over the corn-fields, and darkening the highways and meadow paths. A body of French Spahis, under Lieutenant de Moleyn, were the first cavalry to land. Next morning these men attacked an advanced post, and cut off a Russian officer and a few soldiers, whom they carried back to camp.

In our fleet the whole labour and responsibility of the disembarkation rested with Sir E. Lyons. The Admiral remained aloof, and took no share in the proceedings of the day beyond watching the approach of an invisible enemy miles away from the landing place.

About nine o'clock one black ball was run up to the fore of the "Agamemnon," and a gun was fired to enforce attention to the signal. This meant, "Divisions of boats to assemble round ships for which they are told off, to disembark infantry and artillery." In an instant the sea was covered with a flotilla of launches, gigs, cutters, splashing through the water, some towing flats, and the large Turkish boats, others with horse floats plunging heavily after them. They proceeded with as great regularity as could be expected to their appointed ships, and the process of landing commenced. Up to this moment not an enemy was to be seen; but as the boats began to shove off from the ships, five horsemen slowly rose above the ridge on the elevated ground, to the right of the strip of beach which separated the salt-water lake from the sea in front of us. Two of these men appeared to be officers. The others were irregular cavalry.

After awhile four of them retired to one of the tumuli inland opposite the French fleet. The other retained his position, and was soon the cynosure of all neighbouring eyes. The Russian was within about 1100 yards of us, and through a good telescope we could watch his every action. He rode slowly along by the edge of the cliff, apparently noting the number and disposition of the fleet, and taking notes with great calmness in a memorandum book. He wore a dark green frock-coat, with a little silver lace, a cap of the same colour, a sash round his waist, and long leather boots. His horse, a fine bay charger, was a strange contrast to the shaggy rough little steeds of his followers. There they were, "the Cossacks," at last!—stout, compact-looking fellows, with sheep-skin caps, uncouth clothing of indiscriminate cut, high saddles, and little fiery ponies, which carried them with wonderful ease and strength. Each of these Cossacks carried a thick lance of some fifteen feet in length, and a heavy-looking sabre. At times they took rapid turns by the edge of the cliff in front of us—now to the left, now to the rear, of their officer, and occasionally they dipped out of sight, over the hill, altogether. Then they came back, flourishing their lances, and pointed to the accumulating masses of the French on their right, not more than half a mile from them, on the shore, or scampered over the hill to report progress as to the lines of English boats advancing to the beach. Their officer behaved very well. He remained for an hour within range of a Minié rifle, and when the "Highflyer" stood in close to shore, while he was coolly making a sketch in his portfolio of our appearance, we all expected she was going to drop a shell over himself and his little party. We were glad our expectations were not realized, if it were only on the chance of the sketch being tolerably good, so that the Czar might really see what our armada was like.

Meantime, the English boats were nearing the shore, not in the order of the programme, but in irregular groups; a company of a regiment of the Light Division, the 7th Fusileers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Yea, I think, landed first on the beach to the left of the cliffs;* then came a company of the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence: a small boat from the "Britannia," commanded by Lieutenant Vesey, had, however, preceded the Fusileers, and disembarked some men on the beach, who went down into the hollow at the foot of the cliffs. The Russian continued his sketching. Suddenly a Cossack crouched down and pointed with his lance to the ascent of the cliff. The officer turned and looked in the direction. We looked too, and, lo! a cocked hat rose above the horizon. Another figure, with a similar head-dress, came also in view. The first was Sir George Brown, on foot; the second we made out to be the Assistant Quartermaster-general Airey. Sir George had landed immediately after the company of the Fusileers on their right, and having called Colonel Lysons' attention to the ground where he wished the Light Division to form, he walked on towards the cliff on rising ground on the right of the salt-water

* No. 1 company of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers now claims the honour, and Colonel Lysons, who was in the boat along with Lieutenant Drew, asserts that he was the first man to spring on shore.

lake. The scene was exciting. It was evident the Russian and the Cossack saw Sir George, but that he did not see them. A picket of Fusileers and Riflemen followed the General at a considerable interval. The Russian got on his horse, the Cossacks followed his example, and one of them cantered to the left to see that the French were not cutting off their retreat, while the others stooped down over their saddle-bows and rode stealthily, with lowered lances, towards the Englishmen.

Sir George was in danger, but he did not know it. Neither did the Russians see the picket advancing towards the brow of the hill, for our General was not alone, Sergeant Maunsell and two privates of the 23rd had followed him as he advanced towards the hill; and they had not gone very far when Sir George ordered one of them to go back, and tell the officer commanding the company to advance, and extend his men along the brow of the hill. Sir George was busy scanning the country, and pointing out various spots to the Quarter-master-general. Suddenly they turned and slowly descended the hill—the gold sash disappeared—the cocked hat was eclipsed—Cossacks and officers dismounted and stole along by the side of their horses. They, too, were hid from sight in a short time, and on the brow of the cliff appeared a string of native carts. General Airey had seen these arabas, and applied to Colonel Lysons to know if he could not intercept them. In about five minutes two or three tiny puffs of smoke rose over the cliff, and presently the faint cracks of a rifle were audible to the men in the nearest ships. In a few minutes more the Cossacks were visible, flying like the wind on the road towards Sebastopol, and crossing close to the left of the French lines of skirmishers.

When we landed, we heard that Sir George Brown, whose sight is very indifferent, had a near escape of being taken prisoner. He was the first to land, and pushed on without sending vedettes or men in front, though he took the precaution, very fortunately, to bring up a few soldiers with him. The Cossacks, who had been dodging him, made a dash when they were within less than a hundred yards. The General had to run, and was only saved from capture by the fire of the Fusileers. The Cossacks bolted. The first blood spilt in this campaign was that of a poor boy, an arabajee, who was wounded in the foot by the volley which dislodged them; and our first capture consisted of fourteen arabas, in which were found abundance of delicious fruit and stores of firewood. The Cossacks beat the drivers to hasten them in taking the bullocks out of the carts, nor did they desist in their attempts till one of them was badly hit, and our men were close at hand. The drivers at once came in to us when the Cossacks rode off. Meantime, swarms of boats were putting off from the various ships to carry the English troops to land.

The Light Division got on shore very speedily, and were all landed, with the exception of a few companies, in an hour. The First Division landed simultaneously with a portion of their friends of the leading division; the Duke of Cambridge and his staff being early on the beach with their men, and the Brigadiers Sir C. Campbell and Major-General Bentinck preceding their respective brigades. As the regiments landed, the brigades were formed in contiguous columns at

quarter distance. The Light Division was on the left, the First Division the next, and so on in order towards the right. The Second Division was under way ere the whole of the Light or of the First Division had landed. Sir De Lacy Evans got on shore with his staff about half-past ten. By eleven, the Rifles and Fusileers had been inspected, and were marching from the left of the line, along the front of the other regiments, towards the right. They ascended the slope of the hill over the cliffs, passing by the pickets and sentries who had been placed on outpost duty by Sir George Brown, and marching straight on over the plain I have described inland. It may be as well to describe our force.

The Light Division, Sir George Brown—2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 7th Fusileers, 19th Regiment, 23rd Fusileers, 33rd Regiment, 77th Regiment, 88th Regiment, Brigadier Major-General Codrington, and Brigadier-General Buller.

The First Division, under the Duke of Cambridge, included the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusileer Guards, under Major-General Bentinck, and the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders, under Brigadier Sir C. Campbell.

The Second Division, under Sir De Lacy Evans, consisted of the 30th, 55th, and 95th, under Brigadier-General Pennefather, and the 41st, 47th, and 49th, under Brigadier-General Adams.

The Third Division, under Sir R. England, was composed of the 1st Royals, 28th, 38th, 44th, 50th, and 68th Regiments—Brigadiers Sir John Campbell and Eyre. (4th Regiment only six companies.)

The Fourth Division, under Sir George Cathcart—the 20th Regiment, 21st Regiment, Rifle Brigade, 2nd Battalion, 63rd Regiment. (46th Regiment *en route;* 57th Regiment *en route.*)

The Cavalry Division (Lord Lucan) was made up of the 4th Light Dragoons, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers, forming a Light Cavalry Brigade, under Lord Cardigan; the Scots Greys (not yet arrived here), 4th Dragoon Guards, 5th Dragoon Guards, 6th Dragoons, making the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett.

Sir John Burgoyne may be presumed to have superintended the Engineers; but it was stated that he was not in any way to interfere with Brigadier-General Tylden.

By twelve o'clock in the day, that barren and desolate beach, inhabited but a short time before only by the seagull and wild-fowl, was swarming with life. From one extremity to the other, bayonets glistened, and red coats and brass-mounted shakoes gleamed in solid masses. The air was filled with our English speech, and the hum of voices mingled with loud notes of command, cries of comrades to each other, the familiar address of "Bill" to "Tom," or of "Pat" to "Sandy," and an occasional shout of laughter. Very amusing was it to watch the loading and unloading of the boats. A gig or cutter, pulled by eight or twelve sailors, with a paddle-box boat, flat, or Turkish pinnace in tow (the latter purchased for the service), would come up alongside a steamer or transport in which troops were ready for disembarkation. The officers of each company first descended, each man in full dress. Over his shoulder was slung his havresack,

containing what had been, ere it underwent the process of cooking, four pounds and a-half of salt meat, and a bulky mass of biscuit of the same weight. This was his ration for three days. Besides this, each officer carried his greatcoat, rolled up and fastened in a hoop round his body, a wooden canteen to hold water, a small ration of spirits, whatever change of under-clothing he could manage to stow away, his forage-cap, and, in most instances, a revolver. Each private carried his blanket and greatcoat strapped up into a kind of knapsack, inside which was a pair of boots, a pair of socks, a shirt, and, at the request of the men themselves, a forage-cap; he also carried his water canteen, and the same rations as the officer, a portion of the mess cooking apparatus, firelock and bayonet of course, cartouch box and fifty rounds of ball-cartridge for Minié, sixty rounds for smooth-bore arms.

As each man came creeping down the ladder, Jack helped him along tenderly from rung to rung till he was safe in the boat, took his firelock and stowed it away, removed his knapsack and packed it snugly under the seat, patted him on the back, and told him "not to be afeerd on the water;" treated "the sojer," in fact, in a very kind and tender way, as though he were a large but not very sagacious "pet," who was not to be frightened or lost sight of on any account, and did it all so quickly, that the large paddle-box boats, containing 100 men, were filled in five minutes. Then the latter took the paddle-box in tow, leaving her, however, in charge of a careful coxswain, and the same attention was paid to *getting* the "sojer" on shore that was evinced in getting him into the boat; the sailors (half or wholly naked in the surf) standing by at the bows, and handing each man and his accoutrement down the plank to the shingle, for fear "he'd fall off and hurt himself." Never did men work better than our blue-jackets; especially valuable were they with horses and artillery; and their delight at having a horse to hold and to pat all to themselves was excessive. When the gun-carriages stuck fast in the shingle, half a dozen herculean seamen rushed at the wheels, and, with a "Give way, my lads—all together," soon spoked it out with a run, and landed it on the hard sand. No praise can do justice to the willing labour of these fine fellows. They never relaxed their efforts as long as man or horse of the expedition remained to be landed, and many of them, officers as well as men, were twenty-four hours in their boats.

At one o'clock most of the regiments of the Light Division had moved off the beach over the hill, and across the country towards a village, to which the advanced parties of the French left had already approached. The Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade led the way, covering the advance with a cloud of skirmishers, and pushed on to the villages of Bagaili and Kamishli, four miles and three-quarters from the beach, and lying in the road between Tchobatar and the Alma; and the other regiments followed in order of their seniority, the artillery, under Captain Anderson, bringing up the rear. One wing of the Rifles, under Major Norcott, occupied Kamishli — the other, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, was installed in Bagaili, and they were supported and connected by a small party of Hussars. By this time the rain began to fall pretty heavily, and

the wind rose so as to send a little surf on the beach. The Duke of Cambridge led off his division next in order. The 2nd Division followed, and Sir de Lacy Evans and staff inspected them on the beach. Up to three o'clock we landed 14,200 men, and two batteries of artillery. Many of the staff-officers, who ought to have been mounted, marched on foot, as their horses were not yet landed. Generals might be seen sitting on powder barrels on the beach, awaiting the arrival of "divisional staff horses," or retiring gloomily within the folds of their macintosh. Disconsolate doctors, too, were there, groaning after hospital panniers—but too sorely needed, for more than one man died on the beach. During the voyage several cases of cholera occurred: 150 men were buried on the passage from Varna, and there were about 300 men on board not able to move when we landed. The beach was partitioned off by flagstaffs, with colours corresponding to that of each division, in compartments for the landing of each class of man and beast; but it was, of course, almost beyond the limits of possibility to observe these nice distinctions in conducting an operation which must have extended over many square miles of water. Shortly before two o'clock, Brigadier-General Rose, the Commissioner for the British Army, with Marshal St. Arnaud, rode over from the French quarters to inform Lord Raglan, by the authority of the Marshal, that "the whole of the French troops had landed." This was by no means the fact. The disembarkation was carried on long after sunset, and a part of the 3rd and 4th Divisions remained on the beach and on the hill near it for the night.

All the regiments were the better for the sea voyage. The 20th and 21st Regiments and the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade looked remarkably fresh and clean, but that was accounted for, without disparagement to their companions in arms, by the circumstance of their having so recently come out, and that the polish had not been taken off them by a Bulgarian summer. The Guards had much improved in health during their sojourn on shipboard, and were in good spirits and condition.

After a short time the country people began to come in, and we found they were decidedly well inclined towards us. Of course they were rather scared at first, but before the day was over they had begun to approach the beach, and to bring cattle, sheep, and vegetables for sale. Their carts, or rather arabas, were detained, but liberally paid for; and so well satisfied were the owners, that they went home, promising increased supplies to-morrow. The men were apparently of pure Tartar race, with small eyes very wide apart, the nose very much sunk, and a square substantial figure. They generally wore turbans of lambswool, and jackets of sheepskin with the wool inwards. They spoke indifferent Turkish, and were most ready with information respecting their Russian masters, by whom they had been most carefully disarmed. A deputation of them waited on Lord Raglan to beg for muskets and powder to fight the Muscovite.

They told us that the ground round Sebastopol had been mined for miles, but such rumours are always current about a fortress to be defended, and Russian mines not better constructed than those at

Silistria could not do much harm. They said, too, that the cholera, of which we had had such dreadful experience, had been most fatal at Sebastopol, that 20,000 of the troops and seamen were dead, and that the latter had been landed to man the forts. They estimated the force between us and Sebastopol at about 15,000 men, and the garrison at 40,000 more. They added, however, that there was an army south of Sebastopol, which had been sent to meet an expected attack on Kaffa. On the whole, the information we at first obtained was most encouraging, and the favourable disposition of the people, and their willingness to furnish supplies, were advantages which had not been expected.

While the troops were disembarking, one of the reconnoitring steamers returned with news of a Russian camp situated near the beach, about eight miles south of the place where we were landing. The "Sampson," the "Fury," and the "Vesuvius," in company with three French steamers, at once proceeded to the spot. They found a camp of about 6000 men formed at a mile's distance from the sea. The steamers opened fire with shell at 2500 yards. The French shells burst in the air, or fell short. The "Fury" and "Vesuvius" were little more successful; but the "Sampson" pitched shell after shell in among the tents, knocking them over right and left, and driving the soldiery in swarms out of the camp, which was broken up after less than an hour's firing. The squadron returned to the fleet, having effected this service, and were ordered to cruise off Sebastopol.

Few of those who were with the expedition will forget the night of the 14th of September. Seldom or never were 27,000 Englishmen more miserable. No tents had been sent on shore, partly because there had been no time to land them, partly because there was no certainty of our being able to find carriage for them in case of a move. Towards night the sky looked very black and lowering; the wind rose, and the rain fell in torrents. The showers increased in violence about midnight, and early in the morning fell in drenching sheets, which pierced through the blankets and great-coats of the houseless and tentless soldiers. It was their first bivouac—a hard trial enough, in all conscience, worse than all their experiences of Bulgaria or Gallipoli, for there they had their tents, and now they learned to value their canvas coverings at their true worth. Let the reader imagine some of these old generals* and young lords and gentlemen exposed hour after hour to the violence of pitiless storms, with no bed but the reeking puddle under the saturated blankets, or bits of useless waterproof wrappers, and the twenty-odd thousand poor fellows who could not get "dry bits" of ground, and had to sleep, or try to sleep, in little lochs and watercourses—no fire to cheer them, no hot grog, and the prospect of no breakfast;—let him imagine this, and add to it that the nice "change of linen" had become a wet abomination, which weighed the poor men's kits down, and he will admit that this "seasoning" was of rather a violent character—particularly as it came after all the luxuries of dry ship stowage. Sir

* Lord Raglan and staff, and several officers of rank, remained on board ship that night. His lordship did not take up his quarters on shore till the next day.

George Brown slept under a cart tilted over. The Duke of Cambridge, wrapped in a waterproof coat, spent most of the night riding about among his men. Sir de Lacy Evans was the only general whose staff had been careful enough to provide him with a tent. In one respect the rain was of service: it gave the men a temporary supply of water; but then it put a fire out of the question, even if enough wood could have been scraped together to make it. The country was, however, quite destitute of timber.

During the night it blew freshly from the west, a heavy sea tumbled into the bay, and sent a high surf upon the beach, which much interfered with the process of landing cavalry and artillery on the 15th. Early in the day signal was made to the steamers to get up steam for Eupatoria, and it was no doubt intended to land the cavalry and artillery there, in consequence of the facility afforded by a pier and harbour; but towards noon the wind went down, and the swell somewhat abated. Several valuable animals were drowned in an attempt to land some staff horses. Lord Raglan lost one charger, and another swam off seaward, and was only recovered two miles from the shore. Some boats were staved and rendered useless, and several others were injured by the roll of the surf on the beach; nor did the horse boats and flats escape uninjured. Operations went on slowly, and the smooth days we had wasted at sea were bitterly lamented.

The work was, however, to be done, and in the afternoon orders were given to land cavalry. For this purpose it was desirable to approach the beach as close as possible, and a signal to this effect was made to the cavalry steamers. The "Himalaya" in a few minutes ran in so far that she lay inside every ship in our fleet, with the exception of the little "Spitfire," and immediately commenced discharging her enormous cargo of 390 horses, and nearly 700 men. The attendance of cutters, launches, paddle-box boats, and horse-floats from the navy was prompt, and the seamen of the Royal and mercantile marine rivalled each other in their efforts. Never did men work so hard, so cheerfully, or so well. The horses, too, were so acclimated to ship life—they were so accustomed to an existence of unstable equilibrium in slings, and to rapid ascents and descents from the tight ropes, that they became comparatively docile. Besides this, they were very tired from standing for fourteen days in one narrow box, were rather thin and sickly, and were glad of change of air and position.

Before the disembarkation had concluded for the day, signal was made for all ships to "land tents." It need not be said that this order was most gratefully received. Subsequently the order was countermanded, and the tents which had been landed were sent back to the ships again. The miseries of the night before were indeed too great to be lightly incurred. Our French allies, deficient as they had been in means of accommodation and stowage and transport, had yet managed to land their little scraps of tents the day they disembarked. Whilst our poor fellows were soaked through and through, their blankets and great-coats saturated with wet, and without any change of raiment, the French close at hand, and the

Turks, whose tents were much more bulky than our own, were lying snugly under cover. The most serious result of the wetting was, however, a great increase in illness among the troops. Several cases of cholera occurred, and one officer of the 23rd died, after a few hours' illness. It was decided to garrison Eupatoria, and Captain Brock and 500 Marines were sent away for the purpose in conjunction with a small French force.

CHAPTER III.

Sad scenes—French foragers—Order for the advance—First view of the enemy—Skirmish at Bouljanak.

A most extraordinary and disgraceful scene took place on the 15th of September. Signal had been made from the "Emperor" for all ships to send their sick on board the "Kangaroo." In the course of the day, the last-named ship was surrounded by hundreds of boats laden with sick men, and the vessel was speedily crowded to suffocation. Before evening she had about 1500 invalids in all stages of suffering on board. The scene was described as appalling—in fact, too frightful for the details to be dwelt upon. When the time for sailing arrived, the "Kangaroo" hoisted, in reply to orders to proceed, this signal—"It is a dangerous experiment." The "Emperor" then signalled—"What do you mean?" The reply was—"The ship is unmanageable." All the day she was lying with the signal up—"Send boats to assistance;" and at last orders were given to transfer some of her melancholy freight to other vessels also proceeding to Constantinople. Many deaths occurred on board—many miserable scenes took place which it would be useless to describe. It was clear, however, that neither afloat nor on shore was the medical staff sufficient. More surgeons were required, both in the fleet and in the army. Often—too often—medical aid could not be obtained at all; and it frequently came too late.

Provisions were at first plentiful. Sixty arabas, laden with flour for Sebastopol, were seized on the 15th of September. More came in for sale or hire the next day; horses also were brought in, and men offered themselves as servants. A market was established for meat and vegetables, and the confidence of the country people in their new customers was confirmed by prompt payment and good treatment. A village near the head-quarters of the Light Division was sacked by some Zouaves, who deprived the inhabitants of everything they could lay their hands upon, in spite of the exertions of the Rifles who were stationed in the place. Lord Raglan gave strict orders that no French soldiers should be permitted to enter the village.

On the evening of Saturday, September 16th, a lengthened dark line was seen approaching along the sea coast. As it came nearer, it was resolved by the telescope into a train of Spahis, under the command of some cavalry officers, driving in immense flocks of sheep and cattle for the use of their troops in the camp situated on the extreme

right of our lines. First came a drove of some hundreds of sheep captured, natives, drivers, and all, guarded in the rear by some Spahis, flourishing their long lances in high delight. Close after them appeared a mighty herd of cattle, tossing their horns and bellowing, as the remorseless Spahis goaded them on over the hard shingle, and circled like drovers' dogs around them. Next came the French officers in command of the party. They were followed by a string of country carts driven by sad-looking Cimmerians, who seemed very anxious to be out of the hands of their Arab captors. Lastly appeared, with all the gravity of their race, a few camels, which the Spahis had laden heavily with grain. Such razzias caused an amount of evil quite disproportionate to any paltry gains made by plundering those poor people. They frightened them from our markets, and, though for the moment successful, threatened to deprive us of the vast supplies to be obtained from their goodwill. The much-abused Turks remained quietly in their well-ordered camp, living contentedly on the slender rations supplied from their fleet. Their appearance was very acceptable to the large Mussulman population, and they were very proud of serving on equal terms with their French and English allies.

On the 17th the disembarkation of stores continued and was completed, and the tents were carried up to the various divisions with great labour by large fatigue parties. The Cossacks came round our outposts, and the sky at night was reddened by the glare of their burnings. The Tartars brought further information, and said, the Russians had 15,000 men posted in an intrenched camp on the Alma river, about twelve miles distant, on the road to Sebastopol. The siege train still remained on board ship, and it was intended to land it at the mouth of the river Belbek, close to Sebastopol, as we could not stay to put it ashore at Old Fort. A troop of the 11th Hussars, who went out reconnoitring, were pursued by a regiment of Cossacks, but retired in order without any casualty. Captain Creswell, an officer of the regiment, who was a great favourite with his comrades, died of cholera in the little village in which his troop was quartered.

At twelve o'clock on the night of Monday, September 18th, orders were given by Lord Raglan that the troops should strike tents at daybreak, and that all tents should be sent on board the ships of the fleet. Our advance had been determined upon, and it was understood that the Russian light cavalry had been sweeping the country of all supplies within a short distance of our lines and outlying pickets. M. de Bazancourt asserts that the French Marshal was ready to march on the 17th, and that he all along hoped to do so, but that the English were not prepared, as they had an immense quantity of impedimenta. He further asserts that it was arranged between the Generals to defer the march till 11 a.m. on the 18th, but that we again delayed the movement when the time came, and that St. Arnaud wrote to Lord Raglan to say he would move without him if he was not ready the following morning. What the exact truth is I cannot ascertain; but I much doubt if the French were in such a state as to be ready on the 17th for an arduous movement, although they might have been the next morning.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 19th, the camp was roused by the reveil, and the 50,000 sleepers woke into active life. The boats from the ships lined the beach to receive the tents which were again returned to the ships. The English commissariat officers struggled in vain with the very deficient means at their disposal to meet the enormous requirements of an army of 26,000 men, for the transport of baggage, ammunition, and food; and a scene, which to an unpractised eye seemed one of utter confusion, began and continued for several hours, relieved only by the steadiness and order of the regiments as they paraded previous to marching.

The French, in advance on our right, were up betimes, and the camp fires of the allied armies, extending for miles along the horizon, and mingling with the lights of the ships, almost anticipated morning. Six thousand Turkish infantry, under Suleiman Pasha, moved along by the sea-side; next to them came the divisions of Generals Bosquet, Canrobert, Forey, and Prince Napoleon. Our order of march was about four miles to the left of their left wing, and as many behind them.

The right of the allied forces was covered by the fleet, which moved along with it in magnificent order, darkening the air with innumerable columns of smoke, ready to shell the enemy should they threaten to attack our right, and commanding the land for nearly two miles from the shore.

It was nine o'clock in the morning (September 19th) ere the whole of our army was ready for marching. The day was warm, and our advance was delayed by the wretched transport furnished for the baggage, an evil which even at that time threatened to be more severely felt in any protracted operations. Everything not absolutely indispensable was sent on board ship. At last the men fell in, and the march of the campaign began. On the extreme right and much in advance, next the sea, was the 1st Division of the French army, marching by battalion in columns *par peloton*, the artillery being in the centre. The 2nd Division, marching in column by division, protected the right flank, which, however, was in no need of such defence, as it was covered by the allied fleets. The 3rd Division was on the left flank of the French army. The 4th Division and the Turks formed the rear guard. The formation of our allies was of a lozenge shape, with the 1st Division at the salient angle, the 2nd and 3rd Divisions at the lateral angles, and the 4th Division at the other angle, the baggage being in the centre. Next to Prince Napoleon's Division was the 2nd British, under Sir de Lacy Evans, with Sir Richard England's (the 3rd) Division in his rear in support. On a parallel line with the 2nd Division marched the Light Division, under Sir George Brown, with the 1st Division under the Duke of Cambridge in support in his rear. The order of the English advance was by double columns of companies from the centre of divisions. The 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers moved on our left flank, to protect it, and the 13th Light Dragoons and 11th Hussars, in extended order, preceded the infantry, so as to cover our front. The commissariat and baggage followed behind the 3rd and 1st Divisions, and were covered by the 4th Division as a rear guard.

Part of the 4th Division and of the 4th Light Dragoons were left to protect and clear the beach of stores. They joined the army late on the evening of the 20th.

The country beyond the salt lake, near which we were encamped, was entirely destitute of tree or shrub, and consisted of wide plains, marked at intervals of two or three miles with hillocks and long irregular ridges of hills running down towards the sea at right angles to the beach. It was but little cultivated, except in the patches of land around the unfrequent villages built in the higher recesses of the valleys. Hares were started in abundance, and afforded great sport to the soldiers whenever they halted, and several were fairly hunted down among the lines. All oxen, horses, or cattle, had been driven off by the Cossacks. The soil was hard and elastic, and was in excellent order for artillery.

After a march of an hour a halt took place for fifty minutes, during which Lord Raglan, accompanied by a very large staff, Marshal St. Arnaud, Generals Bosquet, Forey, and a number of French officers, rode along the front of the columns. The men of their own accord got up from the ground, rushed forward, and column after column rent the air with three thundering English cheers. It was a good omen. As the Marshal passed the 55th Regiment, he exclaimed, "English, I hope you will fight well to-day!" "Hope!" exclaimed a voice from the ranks, "sure you know we will!" The troops presented a splendid appearance. The effect of these grand masses of soldiery descending the ridges of the hills, rank after rank, with the sun playing over forests of glittering steel, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Onward the torrent of war swept; wave after wave, huge stately billows of armed men, while the rumble of the artillery and tramp of cavalry accompanied their progress. At last, the smoke of burning villages and farm-houses announced that the enemy in front were aware of our march. It was melancholy to see the white walls of the houses blackened with smoke—the flames ascending through the roofs of peaceful homesteads—and the ruined outlines of deserted hamlets. Many sick men fell out, and were carried to the rear. It was a painful sight—a sad contrast to the magnificent appearance of the army in front, to behold litter after litter borne past to the carts, with the poor sufferers who had dropped from illness and fatigue. However, the march went on, grand and irresistible.

Presently, from the top of a hill, a wide plain was visible, beyond which rose a ridge darkened here and there by masses which the practised eye recognised as cavalry. It was our first view of the enemy, and we soon lost sight of them again. On the left of the plain, up in a recess formed by the inward sweep of the two ridges, lay a large village in flames; right before us was a neat white house unburnt, though the outhouses and farm-yard were burning. This was the Imperial Post-house of Bouljanak, just twenty miles from Sebastopol, and some of our officers and myself were soon busily engaged in exploring the place.

The house was deserted and gutted. Only a picture of a saint, bunches of herbs in the kitchen, and a few household utensils were left; and a solitary pea-hen stalked sadly about the threshold, which

soon fell a victim to a revolver. A small stream ran past us, which was an object of delight to our thirsty soldiers, who had marched more than eight miles from their late camp. After a short halt for men and horses by the stream, over which the post-road was carried by a bridge which the enemy had left unbroken for the passage of our artillery, the army pushed on again. The cavalry (about 500 men of the 8th Hussars, the 11th Hussars, and 13th Light Dragoons) pushed on in front, and on arriving about a mile beyond the post-house we clearly made out the Cossack Lancers on the hills in front. Lord Cardigan threw out skirmishers in line, who covered the front at intervals of ten or twelve yards from each other. The Cossacks advanced to meet us in like order, man for man, the steel of their long lances glittering in the sun. They were rough-looking fellows, mounted on sturdy little horses; but the regularity of their order and the celerity of their movements showed that they were regulars, and by no means despicable foes. As our skirmishers advanced, the Cossacks halted at the foot of the hill. Their reserves were not well in sight, but from time to time a clump of lances rose over the summit of the hill and disappeared.

Lord Cardigan was eager to try their strength, and permission was given to him to advance somewhat nearer; but as he did so, dark columns of cavalry appeared in sight in the recesses of the hills, and it became evident that if our men charged up such a steep ascent, their horses would be blown, and that they would run a risk of being surrounded and cut to pieces by a force of three times their number. Lord Lucan therefore ordered the cavalry to halt, gather in their skirmishers, and retire slowly. None of the infantry or artillery could be seen, as they had not yet topped the brow of the hill. When our skirmishers halted, the Cossacks commenced a fire of carabines from their line of vedettes, which was quite harmless. Few of the balls came near enough to let the whiz be heard. I was riding between the cavalry and the skirmishers, with Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, R.A., Captain Fellowes, 12th Lancers, Dr Elliott, R.A., and we were looking out anxiously for the arrival of Captain Maude's Horse Artillery, when suddenly the Russians, emboldened by our halt, came over the brow of the hill, and slowly descended the slope in three solid squares, the centre one of which advanced nearer than the others.

"Now," said Dickson, "we'll catch it. These fellows have guns, and mean mischief." I, in my ignorance, conceived that it would be a very pleasant thing to look at, whatever they meant. We had offered them battle, and they had lost their chance, for our cavalry now turned round and rode quietly towards the troops. Our skirmishers, who had replied smartly to the fire of the Cossacks, but without effect, retired and joined their squadrons. At every fifty paces our cavalry faced about to receive the Cossacks if they prepared to charge. Fellowes rode off to quicken the advance of the artillery. Suddenly one of the Russian cavalry squares opened—a spirt of white smoke rose out of the gap, and a round shot, which first pitched close to my horse and covered me with dirt, tore over the column of our cavalry behind, and rolled away between the ranks of the riflemen in the rear, just as they came in view of the cavalry. In another instant a second shot

bowled right through the 11th Hussars, and knocked over a horse, taking off his rider's leg above the ankle. Another and another followed, tearing through our ranks, and it was wonderful that so many of our cavalry escaped. Meantime, the C troop of Royal Horse Artillery (Captain Maude's), followed by the I troop of Horse Artillery, galloped over the hillock, but were halted by Lord Raglan's order at the base in rear of the cavalry on the left flank.

All this time our cavalry were drawn up as targets for the enemy's guns, and had they been of iron they could not have been more solid and immoveable. The Russian gunners fired admirably; they were rather slow, but their balls came bounding along, quite visible as they passed, in right lines from the centre of the cavalry columns. After some thirty rounds from the enemy, our artillery, having cleared their front, opened fire. Captain Brandling laid the first gun, No. 5, of his troop, and fired the shell with so true an aim that it was seen to burst right over a Russian gun, and apparently to shut it up. Our round shot ploughed up the columns of the cavalry, who speedily dispersed into broken lines, wheeling round and round with great adroitness to escape the six and nine-pound balls. All our shells were not so successful as the first, but one, better directed than the rest, burst right in the centre of a column of light infantry, which the Russians had advanced to support their cavalry. Our fire then became so hot, the service of the guns so quick, that the enemy retired in about fifteen minutes after we opened on them, and manœuvring on our left with their light cavalry, seemed to threaten us in that direction; but Captains Maude and Henry having shifted their guns so as to meet their front, the enemy finally withdrew over the hills, and seemed to fall back on the Alma.

While this affair was going on, the French had crept up on the right, and surprised a body of Russian cavalry with a round from a battery of nine-pounders, which scattered them in all directions. We could count six dead horses on the field near the line of fire. It is impossible to form an accurate notion of the effect of our fire, but it must have caused the Russians a greater loss than they inflicted upon us. There is reason to believe they lost about twelve men killed, thirty-five wounded, and thirty-two horses *hors de combat*. We lost six horses, and four men were wounded. Two men lost their legs. The others, up to yesterday, though injured severely, were not in danger. One of the wounded men, a sergeant in the 11th Hussars, rode coolly to the rear with his foot dangling by a piece of skin to the bone, and told the doctor he had just come to have his leg dressed. Another wounded trooper behaved with equal fortitude, and refused the use of a litter to carry him to the rear, though his leg was broken into splinters. It was strange, in visiting the scene where the horses lay dead, that the first feeling produced on the spectator, when the horror of seeing the poor animals ripped open by shells from chest to loin, as though it were done by a surgeon's knife, had subsided, was that Sir E. Landseer, in his picture of "War," must have seen one of the animals before us—the glaring eye-ball, the distended nostril, the gnashed teeth, being all true to life. When the Russians had retired beyond the heights, orders were given to halt and bivouac for the

night, and our tired men set to work to gather the weeds for fuel. So ended the affair of the Bouljanak. Lord Cardigan was, it is said, anxious to charge, but he received most positive orders from Lord Lucan not to do so, and it will be seen that had his Lordship charged he would have anticipated all the disastrous part of Balaklava, and none of its glory. Lord Raglan was most anxious not to bring on a general engagement or any serious affair in the position in which the army was placed, and the cavalry were ordered to retire towards the Bouljanak, their retreat being supported by the 1st Brigade Light Division, and part of the 2nd Division. As our skirmishers retired and formed, the Cossacks raised a derisive yell, but did not attempt to pursue or molest them. It is now known that this was a reconnaissance made by the General Kiriakoff with the 2nd Brigade of the 17th Division, No. 4 Light Field Battery, the 2nd Brigade of the 6th Division of Cavalry, consisting of the Saxe Weimar and another Regiment of Hussars, 900 Don Cossacks, and one Cossack battery. The infantry kept out of sight behind the ridge, and we were not aware of their presence in such force. When the enemy disappeared, the troops fell back and rested on the Bouljanak for the night, after one change of front towards the left in case of attack.

As soon as the rations of rum and meat had been served out, the casks were broken up, and the staves used to make fires for cooking, aided by nettles and long grass. At night the watch-fires of the Russians were visible on our left and front. It was cold and dreary, and if I could intrude the recital of the sorrows of a tentless, baggageless man wandering about in the dark from regiment to regiment in hope of finding his missing traps,* I might tell a tale amusing enough to read, the incidents of which were very distressing to the individual concerned. The night was damp, the watch-fires were mere flashes, which gave little heat, and barely sufficed to warm the rations; but the camp of British soldiers is ever animated by the very soul of hospitality; and the wanderer was lucky enough to get a lodging on the ground beside a kindly colonel (poor Lacy Yea, of the 7th Fusileers), who was fortunate enough to have a little field-tent with him, and a bit of bread and biscuit to spare after a march of ten miles and a fast of ten hours.

All night arabas continued to arrive, and soldiers who had fallen out or got astray, came up to the sentries to find their regiments. Sir George Brown, Sir de Lacy Evans, the Brigadier-Generals, and staff-officers, went about among their divisions and brigades ere the men lay down, giving directions for the following day, and soon after dusk the regiments were on the ground, wrapped up in great coats and blankets, to find the best repose they could after the day's exertions. It was much regretted that our cavalry force was so miserably deficient, for if we had been even two to three we could readily have disposed of the vapouring lancers on the hill, who had irritated the men very much by their derisive cries when our skirmishers retired. It was admitted

* They were thrown out of the commissariat araba, in which they had been placed by order of the Commissariat-General, and were abandoned to the Cossacks, so I never saw them again. It was found necessary to make room for some of the reserve ammunition which had been stowed in arabas that broke down on the march.

that, as a military spectacle, the advance of our troops, and the little affair of artillery, as well as the management of the cavalry, formed one of the most picturesque and beautiful that could be imagined. No pencil could do it justice, for the painter's skill fails to impart an idea of motion, and the writer has not yet been born who can describe with vividness and force, so as to bring the details before the reader, the events of even the slightest skirmish.

All night we could see the Russian position on the Alma clearly defined by the watch-fires, which illuminated the sky for four miles. A heavy dew fell, but the night was clear, and many a debate did we hold as to the strength of the enemy—of the ground they occupied—of their qualities as soldiers—ere we laid down to rest. It was by no means sure that the Russian cavalry might not beat up our quarters during the night, and the English cavalry were placed in advance, and the 1st Brigade Light Division supported them, lying down in their rear. There is every reason to be thankful that they gave us a quiet night, for an alarm on the part of an enemy who knew the ground might have greatly distressed us, at little risk to them. But their cavalry all through the war acted with more caution than valour. Lord Raglan and part of his staff occupied the rooms of the deserted post-house at Bouljanak, which were tolerably comfortable. In the evening, after halting, we heard that Colonel Lagondie, of the Head-quarters Staff, who had been sent by Lord Raglan to take a message to Prince Napoleon, to place his Division nearer to Sir de Lacy Evans, had been taken prisoner, owing to his having mistaken a party of Cossacks for English cavalry. When the armies halted the French had their right resting a good deal in advance towards the Alma, so that they were nearer to it than we were. The line of the armies was in an oblique position, the English on the left being thrown back on the Bouljanak, and the French on the right being a good deal in advance of it. A portion of the 4th Division was left behind, under Brigadier Torrens, to cover and protect articles left by us on the beach.

CHAPTER IV.

M. de Bazancourt's Strictures—The Advance—French Attack—A Delicate Question—Advance of the British—The Light Division—The Guards—The Victory—Russian Account—Humane Efforts—Advance from the Alma—Eskel.

With early morning on Tuesday, September 20th, the troops were up and stirring; but the march did not begin for some hours afterwards, and this circumstance has given rise to severe strictures by several French writers on the conduct of our generals on the occasion. At 5 o'clock on the evening of the 19th, says M. de Bazancourt, M. St. Arnaud convened the French Generals before his tent, and explained to them verbally his plan of battle, concerted with the English Commander-in-Chief. This plan was that the English army should execute "a turning movement" on the Russian right, whilst its attention was seriously drawn on its left by a French division, and

that the bulk of the army should make a powerful effort to force the Russian centre. General Bosquet, who had charge of the French right, consisting of the 2nd Division, supported by the Turks, was to turn the Russian left by the abrupt slopes, "judged (by the Russians) to be inaccessible," and therefore not defended by artillery. The 1st and 3rd Divisions were to assault the centre of the position—the 4th Division forming the reserve. The hour of starting was fixed as follows:—The French right wing at 5·30 a.m.; the left wing, formed by the English, at 6 a.m.; the centre at 7 a.m. Having given these explanations to his generals, M. St. Arnaud sent Colonel Trochu, with General Rose, across to Lord Raglan, to inform him of the plan, and the hours fixed for the march of the troops, which Lord Raglan "accepted entirely" in detail. On this statement it may be remarked, that if the plan had been "concerted" between the Generals, as the French writer declares, there was no necessity for Lord Raglan's acceptance of a proposition which he had conjointly with another previously agreed to. In order to obtain unity of action in the allied movements, Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert received orders to communicate with Lord Raglan and with Sir de Lacy Evans, who commanded the 2nd Division, immediately in proximity with the French.

The French writer proceeds:—"At 5·30 the 2nd Division quitted its bivouac, and descended into the plain towards the Alma, which it reached at 6·30, but no movement was visible among the English army. General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon, astonished at this immobility, so contrary to the instructions, went in all haste to Sir de Lacy Evans, whom they found in his tent, and expressed their astonishment at a delay which might gravely compromise the success of the day. 'I have not received the order,' replied Sir de Lacy Evans. They were at once obliged to arrest the march of Bosquet's division, and on informing the Marshal, who was already mounted, of what had passed, he sent over a staff officer, Major Renson, to order them to wait for the English troops, who were *en retard*, and despatched Colonel Trochu in all haste to Lord Raglan, whom he found on horseback, although the English troops were still in the encampment as he passed the lines, and not at all prepared for the march as agreed upon. It was half-past 7 o'clock when Colonel Trochu reached the head-quarters of our army; and when Lord Raglan had received the message which the Marshal sent, to the effect that he thought, after what his Lordship said to the Colonel the night before, that the English should push on in front at 6 o'clock, he said with that calm which distinguished him,—'I am giving orders at this moment, and we are just about to start. Part of my troops did not arrive at their bivouac till late at night. Tell the Marshal that at this moment the orders are being carried all along the line.'" It will be observed with surprise that General Evans, an officer of infinitely greater skill and experience than Lord Raglan, was not only not asked for his opinion in concerting the plan of attack, but that he was not even made acquainted with it. Lord Raglan never communicated the order of battle to the only general in his army who had ever commanded a division in the field, much less an army. This is the more inexpli-

cable, that General Evans' Division, from its position, would neces-sarily have to co-operate with the French. In fact, Lord Raglan appears to have allowed his strong political feelings and his very aristocratic prejudices to have influenced his judgment; and I believe that, with one exception at Scutari, Lord Raglan never invited Sir de Lacy Evans to his table till the evening after the Alma. As it is desirable that the point of order as to this march should be fully illustrated, I think it best to let Sir de Lacy Evans speak for himself.

"Shortly after daybreak on the morning of this battle his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert did me the honour to come into my tent, to confer on the co-operation of my division with that of the prince in the ensuing conflict. They informed me that this co-operation had been agreed to the previous evening between the two commanders-in-chief, expressed surprise that I had not been made acquainted with it, and showed me a well-executed plan by the French staff of the Russian position, and of the proposed lines of movement of the allied columns of attack.

"According to this plan, General Bosquet's troops and the Turks, supported by the powerful fire of the shipping, were to turn the enemy's left. The second British division, that of the Prince, and two other French divisions were to attack their centre. The whole of the remainder of the British army was to turn the enemy's right.

"I expressed the very great pleasure I should have in fulfilling my share of these operations, and with this view sent forthwith to Lord Raglan for permission—which was given—to place at once my right, as proposed, in contact with the left of the Prince, which was promptly done.

"About three hours, however, elapsed before the armies (excepting the corps of General Bosquet) received orders to advance. To the unavoidable want of unity in command this delay was probably attributable.

"But before moving off both head-quarter staffs passed along the front. On reaching my division, Lord Raglan expressed to me a dissent from part of the plan alluded to, not necessary to observe on here; mentioning also, in the course of his remarks, a disposition he supposed to exist on the part of the Marshal or the French chiefs to appropriate me and my division altogether, which he could not allow; that he had no objection to my communicating and co-operating with and regulating my advance by that of the Prince's division, but could not consent to my receiving orders through any one but himself.

"On hearing this, I requested him to send to acquaint the Marshal that such was his lordship's desire, as I believed a different expectation was entertained, which, if not removed, might lead during the action to misunderstanding. This his lordship immediately did. And it was arranged that Major Claremont, one of the British commissioners with the French army, was to be the medium of any communications to me which the French chiefs might find it desirable to make.

"The armies advanced. After about three miles a halt for a short interval took place by order of the commander of the forces. On the arrival of the Second Division in front of the village of Bourliouk, which, having been prepared for conflagration by the Russians, became sud-

denly for some hundred yards an impenetrable blaze, Major Claremont came to me in great haste, to say from the Marshal that a part of the French army, having ascended the heights on the south of the river, became threatened by large bodies of Russians, and might be compromised, unless the attention of the enemy were immediately drawn away by pressing them in our front.

"I made instant dispositions to conform to this wish,—sending at the same time, as was my duty, an officer of my staff (Colonel the Hon. P. Herbert) to Lord Raglan, who was then a short distance in our rear, for his lordship's approval—which was instantly granted."

"It was," says M. de Bazancourt, in the next paragraph, "10·30 before Colonel Trochu announced that the English were ready to march, and the result was that it was impossible to execute the original plan of battle," for the enemy had full time to counteract the dispositions of the army, and Menschikoff, seeing that Bosquet's attack was of secondary importance, weakened his left wing to reinforce his centre and his right. At 11 o'clock Bosquet received the order to march, which was countermanded soon afterwards, as he was still too far in advance, and whilst the halt took place, that active and able general made a reconnaissance, the first of the day, of the enemy's position, and discovered two passes to the heights in front—one a mere path on the mountain side, close to the sea; the second about two-thirds of a mile to the left of that path, running from the burning village of Almatamak, and ascending the heights by a very narrow ravine. It was plain that infantry could get up, but it seemed very doubtful if guns could be brought up the second of these passes to the heights, and the first was utterly impracticable for artillery. One of the Russian officers, speaking of this battle, says that the French, in making this reconnaissance, brought up a large white stone and fixed it on the north bank of the river; but I think it much more likely that it was the white cart belonging to Colonel Desaint, the topographical officer attached to the French army, for it is not likely that our allies would have taken such trouble as to move down an enormous stone for no possible object.

It appears somewhat strange that no reconnaisance was made of the Russian position by the generals. They did not reconnoitre the Alma, nor did they procure any information respecting the strength of the enemy or of the ground they occupied. They even concerted their plan before they had seen the enemy at all, relying on the bravery of the troops not only to force the Russians from their lines, but, if necessary, to swim, or to ford a stream of unknown depth, with steep rotten banks, the bridges across which might, for all they knew, and certainly ought, according to the practice of war, to have been effectually destroyed by the enemy, so as to make the passage of guns all but impossible. We shall first follow the French attack. On returning to his troops, Bosquet, with the brigade of d'Autemarre, followed by its artillery, moved on the village, whilst the brigade of General Bouat was directed to march to the very mouth of the river, and to ascend by the first of the paths indicated, after having crossed the shallow bar, in single file, up to their waists on a sort of narrow rib of hard sand which had been dis-

covered by the officers of the "Roland." The artillery of the brigade being unable to pass, was sent back to join that of d'Autemarre's brigade; and the soldiers of Bouat's brigade, having crossed the river, commenced to climb up the steep paths to the top of the opposite height without meeting any obstruction from the enemy, who had, indeed, been driven away from the sea-side by the heavy guns of the steamers.

The brigade of d'Autemarre, which passed the Alma without any difficulty, by the bridge close to the burnt village of Almatamak, moving forward at the same time with great celerity, swarmed up the very steep cliffs on the opposite side, and gaining the heights in a few minutes, after immense exertions, crowned the summit, and dispersed a feeble troop of Cossacks who were posted there. It will be seen that the French right had thus been permitted to ascend the very difficult heights in front of them without opposition from the enemy; and although the cliffs were so precipitous as to create considerable difficulties to even the most active, hardy, and intelligent troops in scaling their rugged face, yet it would seem very bad generalship on the part of Prince Menschikoff to have permitted them to establish themselves on the plateau, if we did not know, by the angry controversy which has taken place between him, General Kiriakoff, and Prince Gortschakoff I., that it was part of his plan to allow a certain number of battalions to gain the edge of the cliffs, and then, relying on the bayonet, to send heavy masses of infantry against them and hurl them down into the Alma, and the ravines which run towards its banks. General Bosquet, when he observed this success, at once spurred up the steep road, of which mention has already been made; and Major Barral, who commanded the artillery, having satisfied himself that the guns could just be brought up by the most tremendous exertions, orders were given for their advance, and they were, by prodigious efforts of horses and infantry soldiers, urged up the incline, and placed on the plateau at right angles to the line of the cliffs, so as to enfilade the Russians, on whom, protected by the 3rd Zouaves, who lay down in a small ravine about a hundred yards in front, they at once opened fire.

Prince Menschikoff, surprised by the extraordinary rapidity of this advance, and apprized of its success by the roar of the French guns, ordered up three batteries of eight pieces each to silence the French fire, and to cover an advance of his infantry against the two brigades which were forming on his left; and finding that the French maintained themselves against this superior fire, in a rage despatched two field batteries to crush them utterly. These guns were badly managed, and opened in line at the distance of 900 yards, and the fire, for nearly an hour, was confined to a duel of artillery, in which the French, though suffering severely, kept their ground with great intrepidity and courage. All at once the Russians ordered some cavalry and a field battery to menace the right of the line of French guns; but Bouat's brigade having pushed on to meet them, and a few well-directed shells having burst among the horsemen, they turned round and retired with disgraceful alacrity. According to the

concerted plan, the Division Canrobert and the Division Napoleon were not to attack till the Division Bosquet had gained the heights, and were engaged with the enemy. The directions given by the Marshal to the Generals ere they advanced, were simply, "Keep straight before you, and follow your own inspiration for your manœuvres. We must gain these heights. I have no other instructions to give to men on whom I rely." On hearing the first guns of Bosquet's artillery, the French, in the centre and in the left, deployed and advanced, covered by a number of riflemen. The 1st Zouaves, under Colonel Bourbaki, at once rushed to the front, driving before them a line of Russian riflemen and skirmishers placed among the orchard trees and rivers which skirted the deep banks of the Alma, and availing themselves of the branches of these trees to swing themselves across the narrow stream into which others plunged up to the waist. The Russian regiment of Moscow came down the opposite slopes to support their skirmishers, but were driven back with loss by the sudden fire of the batteries of the First Division, that had just come into action. Having thus cleared the way, the 1st and 9th battalions of Chasseurs, the 7th of the line, and the 1st Zouaves advanced amid a storm of grape, round shot, and musketry up the high banks before them, at the other side of which were deployed masses of the enemy, concealed from view in the ravines and by the inequalities of the ground.

At the same time, the Prince's division advancing towards Bourliouk, which was in flames, was met by a very serious fire of riflemen and skirmishing parties of infantry from the vineyards and rugged ground on the other side of the stream, and by a plunging fire of artillery, which was answered by the batteries of his division; but, after a short pause, the first line, consisting of Cler's Zouaves and the infantry of marine, supported by the second line under General Thomas, passed the Alma and drove back the enemy, who, however, opened a masked battery upon them, which occasioned considerable loss. Canrobert's division, meantime, was compelled to attack without the aid of its artillery; for the river in their front was not practicable for guns, and they were obliged to be carried round to the right to follow the road by which Bosquet's batteries had already reached the summit; but the column pushed on energetically, and forming on the crest of the plateau by battalions, in double columns on two lines, ready to form square under the fire of the enemy's artillery, which had been engaged with that of the French second division, drove back the Russian regiments in front, which, on retiring, formed in square in front of their right flank. It was then that the officers perceived a white stone tower, about 800 yards on their left, behind which was formed a dense mass of the enemy's infantry. These with great precision advanced, at the same time pouring in a tremendous fire, at the distance of 200 yards, upon Canrobert's division, which was, as we have seen, left without its artillery. The general, perceiving his danger, sent off a staff-officer to Bosquet's division, and a battery, commanded by Captain Fievet, coming up to his assistance in all haste, opened fire with grape on the ponderous mass of the enemy, checked their fire, cleft it through bloody lanes to the very heart

whilst Bosquet, by a flank movement, threatened to take its battalions in the rear.

The third division, with equal success and greater losses, attacking a mamelon occupied in force by the enemy, drove them back with great intrepidity; but it was evident by the movements of the Russians that they were about to make a great effort to save their centre, and M. St. Arnaud sent off orders to General Forey, who commanded the reserve, to move one of his brigades (de Lourmel's) to General Canrobert's support, and to proceed with the other (d'Aurelle's) to the extreme right of the battle. This was a happy inspiration: d'Aurelle's brigade, with great speed, crossed the river, and arrived to the support of Canrobert's division at a most critical moment. The Russians seemed to consider the Telegraph-tower as the key of the centre of their position. Sharpshooters, within the low wall outside the work, and batteries on its flanks, directed a steady fire on the French, who were checked for a moment by its severity; but the two batteries of the reserve came up and drew off some of the enemy's fire. The Russians, however, still continued a serious fusillade, and directed volleys of grape against the French, who were lying down in the ravine till the decisive moment should arrive for them to charge the enemy. The losses of our allies were sensible; it was evident that the Russian cavalry, says M. de Bazancourt,* were preparing for a rush in upon them from the flank of the Russian square, which, partially covered by the Telegraph-tower, kept up an incessant fire from two faces upon the French. Colonel Cler, at this critical moment, perceiving that the 1st and 2nd Zouaves, the Chasseurs, and the 39th Regiment had arrived, calling to his men to charge, dashed at the tower, which, after a short but sanguinary combat, they carried at the point of the bayonet, driving out the Russians in confusion, and at the very moment General Canrobert, with his division, advanced at the double to support the movement. Struck down for a moment by a fragment of a shell which wounded him on the chest and shoulder, the gallant officer insisted upon leading on his men to complete the success obtained against the Russian left and left-centre; and Generals Bosquet and Canrobert, wheeling round their divisions from left to right, drove back the enemy towards the rear of the troops, which were still contending with the English, or forced them to seek for safety in flight. It was at this moment that M. St. Arnaud, riding up to the Generals, congratulated them on the day, and directed them to proceed to the aid of the English. Thanks be to the valour of our soldiers—thanks be to Heaven—we required no French aid that day. We received none, except that which was rendered by one battery of French artillery of the reserve, under M. de la Boussiniere, which fired a few rounds on some broken Russian columns from a spot close to the two English guns, of which I shall have to speak hereafter. Such is the part, according to their account, which the French had in the victory of the Alma. Their masses crossed the river and crowded the plateau ere they were seriously engaged, and their activity and courage, aided by the feeble generalship of the commander of the Russian left,

* He must mean a few sotnias of Cossacks. The cavalry were on the right flank.

and by many happy chances, enabled them to carry the position with comparatively little loss.

Having thus far given the French version of the action, let us return to our countrymen and see what was their share in this great battle, which was not decisive, so far as the fate of Sebastopol was concerned, merely because we lacked either the means or the military genius to make it so. There is one question which has often been asked in our army and in the tents of our allies, which is supposed to decide the controversy respecting the military merits of St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan: "Would Napoleon have allowed the Russians three days' respite after such a battle?" The only reply that could be made if Napoleon commanded the victorious army, and was not hampered with a colleague of equal power, was, and is, that the notion is preposterous. "But," say the French, "the English were not ready to move next day." "Ay, it is true," reply the English, "because we were far from the sea; but still we offered to assist you to pursue the very night of the battle." "Then," rejoin the French, "we were too much exhausted, and it would have been foolish to have attempted such a movement, and to have divided our army." Posterity, which cares but little for ephemeral political cliquerie, family connexion, or personal amiability, will pass a verdict in this cause which none of us can hope to influence or evade.

The reason of the extraordinary delay in executing our plan of attack has never yet been explained. Lord Raglan's excuse, as given by M. de Bazancourt, is not worth any notice but this—it is not true. The Staff-officer says that "the army was under arms soon after 6 A.M., and on the move." Where?—a mile or two too much inland? What were we doing for five hours? For this same authority further on says, "It was 11 A.M. before we came in sight of the Alma." Now, the distance between the Bouljanak and the Alma is barely six miles. Were we five hours marching six miles? This is indeed a feeble statement; but it is not quite so weak as that which follows, namely, that it was not till *after* 11 o'clock "the plan of attack was finally settled." This statement is made to cover Lord Raglan, and to prevent there being any suspicion that a plan had been arranged the night before, for the disregard and non-performance of which the Staff-officer's uncle was responsible. That Lord Raglan was brave as a hero of antiquity, that he was kind to his friends and to his staff, that he was unmoved under fire, and unaffected by personal danger, that he was noble in manner, gracious in demeanour, of dignified bearing, and of simple and natural habits, I am, and ever have been, ready not only to admit, but to state with pleasure; that he had many and great difficulties to contend with, *domi militiæque*, I believe; but that this brave, high-spirited, and gallant nobleman had been so long subservient to the power of a superior mind—that he had lost, if he ever possessed, the ability to conceive and execute large military plans—and that he had lost, if he ever possessed, the faculty of handling great bodies of men, I am firmly persuaded. He was a fine English gentleman—a splendid soldier—perhaps an unexceptionable lieutenant under a great chief; but that he was a great chief, or even a moderately able general, I have every reason to doubt, and I look

in vain for any proof of it whilst he commanded the English army in the Crimea.

It was about 10 o'clock ere the British line moved towards the Alma. A gentle rise in the plain enabled us to see their position for some time after we moved, but the distance was too great for details with the best glasses, and we soon got into a long low bottom between the ridge and another elevation in front of us.

The order in which our army advanced was in columns of brigades in deploying distance, our left protected by a line of skirmishers, of cavalry, and of horse artillery. The advantage of the formation was, that our army, in case of a strong attack from cavalry and infantry on the left or rear, could assume the form of a hollow square, with the baggage in the centre.

Our line of march was in contact with the French left, under Prince Napoleon, it being understood that Sir De Lacy Evans's division on the extreme right should act in concert with that of the Prince, which was of course furthest from the sea. At the distance of two miles we halted to obtain a little time to gather up our rear, and then the troops steadily advanced in grand lines, like the waves of the ocean, with our left frittered away as it were into a foam of skirmishers of the Rifle Brigade, 2nd Battalion, under Colonel Lawrence and Major Norcott, covered by squadrons of the 11th and 8th Hussars, and portions of the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers. This was a sight of inexpressible grandeur, and for the first time one was struck with the splendid appearance of our infantry in line as seen from the point. The bright scarlet and red, with the white slashings of the breast of the coat and the cross belts, though rendering a man conspicuous enough, give him an appearance of size which other uniforms do not produce. The dark French columns on our right looked very small compared to our battalions, though we knew they were quite as strong; but the marching of our allies, laden as they were with all their packs, &c., was wonderful—the pace at which they went was really "killing." It was observable, too, that our staff was showy and more numerous than that of the French. Nothing in the shape of head dress strikes the eye so much as a cocked hat and bunch of white cock's feathers, and several of our best officers very wisely doffed the latter adornment, thinking that they were quite conspicuous enough by their advanced position on horseback, and by the number of their staff around them. At this time I was riding in front, and when the regiments halted I went through the Light Division, part of the 2nd Division, the Guards, and the Highlanders. I found all my friends, save one or two, in high spirits. Some had received letters from wives and children by the mail, delivered at Old Fort, which made them look grave and think seriously on the struggle to come. Others were joking and laughing in the best possible spirits. Many a laugh did I hear from lips which in two hours more were closed for ever. The officers and men made the most of this delay, and ate whatever they had with them; but there was a great want of water, and the salt pork made them so thirsty that in the subsequent passage of the Alma, under the heaviest fire, the men stopped to drink and to fill their water canteens.

The plan of attack has been already described, as well as the circumstances of our early march. As we advanced, we could see the enemy very distinctly—their grey-coated masses resembling patches of wood on the hill sides. The ravines hid them occasionally, but still we could see that from within a mile of the sea coast, up to the left of the Tartar village, towards which we were advancing, a strong force of infantry was posted, and now and then, as the Russian made his last disposition to meet our advance, the sun's rays flashed brightly in diamond-like points from bright steel. The line of the river below the heights they occupied was indicated by patches of the richest verdure, and by belts of fine fruit trees and vineyards. The Alma is a tortuous little stream, which has worked its way down through a red clay soil, deepening its course as it proceeds seawards, and which drains the steppe-like lands on its right bank, making at times pools and eddies too deep to be forded, though it can generally be crossed by waders who do not fear to wet their knees. The high banks formed by the action of the stream in cutting through the rich soil, vary from the right side to the left, according to the course of the stream—the corresponding bank on the opposite side being generally of a slope, more or less abrupt as the bank is high. The drop from the edge to the water varies also from two to six or eight feet. Along the right or north bank of the Alma there is a number of Tartar houses, at times numerous and close enough to form a cluster of habitations deserving the name of a hamlet, at times scattered wide apart amid little vineyards, surrounded by walls of mud and stone of three feet in height. The bridge over which the post road passes from Boul-janak to Sebastopol runs close to one of these hamlets—a village, in fact, of some fifty houses. This village is approached from the north by a road winding through a plain nearly level till it comes near to the village, where the ground dips, so that at the distance of three hundred yards a man on horseback can hardly see the tops of the nearer and more elevated houses, and can only ascertain the position of the stream by the willows and verdure along its banks. At the left or south side of the Alma the ground assumes a very different character—it rises at once from the water in steep banks up to plateaux at the top of varying height and extent. The general surface is pierced here and there by the course of the winter's torrents, which have formed small ravines, commanded by the heights above. A remarkable ridge of tumuli and hillocks, varying in height from 100 to 400 feet, runs along the course of the Alma on the left side, assuming the form of cliffs when close to the sea, and rising in a gentle slope a little to the left of the village I have mentioned, which is called by the Tartar, and marked on the maps as Burliuk. At its commencement on the left this ridge recedes from the course of the river for several hundred yards, the ground sloping gradually from the bank up to the knolls and tumuli into which the ridge is broken. It then strikes downwards at a sharp angle to its former course, till it sinks into the high ground over the river below the village. There is then a sort of Δ formed, of which the base is the river, and the sides the elevated terrace of the ridge. This terrace, or the succession of terraces, is commanded by higher ground in the rear,

but is separated from the position on its proper left by a ravine. It is marked all along its course by deep gullies, which run towards the river at various angles, and serve to carry off the floods produced by the rains and the melting of the winter snows on the hills and table-lands above. If the reader will place himself on the top of Richmond-hill, dwarf the Thames in imagination to the size of a Hampshire rivulet, and imagine the lovely hill itself to be deprived of all vegetation, and protracted for about four miles along the stream, he may form some notion of the position occupied by the Russians, while the plains on the north or left bank of the Thames will bear no inapt similitude to the land over which the British and French armies advanced, barring only the verdure and freshness. On the slope of the rising ground, to their right of the bridge, the Russians had erected two earthwork semicircular epaulements, mounted with 16-pounder brass guns, supported by numerous field-pieces and howitzers. These guns enfiladed the tops of the slopes parallel to them, or swept them to the base. The principal battery consisted of a semicircular earthwork, in which were embrasures for 13 guns, of which several were 24-pounder brass howitzers. On the right of this battery, and further in the rear, the enemy had thrown up another breastwork to defend the gunners who were to work 9 guns which played on their right of the bridge and swept the glacis leading up to it. To the left, on a low ridge in front of the village, they had placed two and a half field batteries, which threw, as I saw very often, beyond the houses of the village to the distance of 1000 and 1200 yards. The first battery was constructed on the side of a gentle hill about 300 yards distant from the river, but the hill rose behind it for another 50 feet before it dipped away towards the road. The second was turned more towards their right, and behind it again were three or four guns very near the top of the high ground in the rear. Such was the position, as far as we could see it, but we were at the time ignorant of the formation of the artillery, or of the site of the terrible batteries opposed to us. When we were about three miles from the village, the steamers ran in as close as they could to the bluff of the shore at the south side of the Alma, and about 12·15 commenced shelling the heights with such effect that the enemy were obliged to retire their infantry, and one battery of guns; and as the ships kept up their fire for an hour and a half, they covered the advance of the French right completely, and never permitted the Russians to molest them till they were in force on the plateau. A powder tumbril was blown up by a French shell; another shell fell by accident into an ambuscade which the Russians had prepared for the advancing French, and at last they drew off from the sea-side, and confined their efforts to the defence of the gullies and heights beyond the fire of the heavy guns of the steamers. At one o'clock we saw the French columns struggling up the hills, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, whose fire seemed most deadly. They swarmed like bees to the face of the cliffs, the tiny puffs of smoke rising from every tree, and every shrub and stone on its surface. On the right we could see them forming their masses without opposition. Once, at sight of a threatening mass of Russian

infantry, who advanced slowly, pouring in all the time a tremendous rolling fire, the French, who were forming in the centre, seemed to pause, but it was only to collect their skirmishers, for as soon as they had formed, they ran up the hill at the *pas de charge*, and broke up the Russians at once, who fled in disorder, with loss, up the hill. We could see men dropping on both sides, and the wounded rolling down the steep. However, our attention was soon drawn to our own immediate share in the battle. As I had slept at the head-quarters camp, I joined the general staff, and for some time rode with them; but when they halted, just before going into action, Major Burke, who was serving on the staff as Aide-de-camp to Sir John Burgoyne, advised me to retire, "as," said he, "I declare I will make Sir John himself speak to you if you do not." There was at the time very little to be seen from the ground which the staff occupied, and there were so many officers along with Lord Raglan that it was difficult to see in front at all; and so, observing Sir de Lacy Evans somewhat in advance on the right of Lord Raglan, on higher ground about a quarter of a mile away, I turned my horse to join him, and in an instant afterwards a round shot rushed over the heads of the staff, being fired at the Rifles in advance of them. As it turned out, Sir de Lacy's small staff suffered much more severely than Lord Raglan's large one, although the Staff-officer seems firmly persuaded that the enemy's artillery was partially directed against the body to which he belonged. One could scarcely have been in a safer place on the field, considering out of so large a body only two were wounded, whereas five of General Evans' small staff were badly hit or contused. By the time I had reached Sir de Lacy Evans, who was engaged in giving orders to Brigadier Adams, the round shot were rolling through the columns, and the men halted and lay down by order of Lord Raglan. Sir de Lacy said, "Well, if you want to see a great battle, you're in a fair way of having your wish gratified." At this moment the whole of the village in our front burst into flames—the hay-ricks and wooden sheds about it causing the fire to run rapidly, fanned by a gentle breeze, which carried the smoke and sparks towards our line. Sir de Lacy rode towards the left to get rid of this annoyance, and to get to his men, and as he did so, the round shot came bounding among the men lying down just before us. From the groans and stifled cries, it was too plain they left dead and dying in their course. The Rifles in advance of our left were sharply engaged with the enemy in the vineyard, and, anxious to see what was going on, I rode over in that direction, and arrived at the place where were stationed the staff of the Light Division. Sir George Brown was just at the time giving some orders to one of his Aides, relative to the "Russian cavalry on our left front." I looked across the stream, and saw, indeed, some cavalry and guns slowly moving down towards the stream from the elevated ground over its banks; but my eye at the same time caught a most formidable-looking mass of burnished helmets, tipped with brass, just above the top of the hill on our left, at the other side of the river. One could see plainly through the glass that they were Russian infantry, but I believe the gallant old General thought at the time that they were cavalry, and that a similar error

led to the serious mistake, later in the day, which deprived the Light Division of part of its regimental strength, and wasted it on "preparing to receive" an imaginary "cavalry." Sir George looked full of light, clean shaven, neat and compact; I could not help thinking, however, there was a little pleasant malice in his salutation to me. As he rode past, he said, in a very jaunty, Hyde Park manner, "It's a very fine day, Mr. Russell." At this moment the whole of our right was almost obscured by the clouds of black smoke from the burning village on our right, and the front of the Russian line above us had burst into a volcano of flame and white smoke—the roar of the artillery became terrible—we could hear the heavy rush of the shot, those terrible dumps into the ground, and the crash of the trees, through which it tore with resistless fury and force; splinter and masses of stone flew out of the walls. It was rather provoking to be told so coolly it was a very fine day amid such circumstances; but at that very moment the men near us were ordered to advance, and they did so in quick time in open line towards the walls which bounded the vineyards before us. As I had no desire to lead my old friends of the Light Division into action, I rode towards the right to rejoin Sir de Lacy Evans, if possible; and as I got on the road, I saw Lord Raglan's staff riding towards the river, and the shot came flinging close to me, one, indeed, killing one of two bandsmen who were carrying a litter close to my side, after passing over the head of my horse. It knocked away the side of his face, and he fell dead—a horrible sight. The G and B batteries of the Second Division were unlimbered in front, and were firing with great steadiness on the Russians; and now and then a rocket, with a fiery tail and a huge waving mane of white smoke, rushed with a shrill shout against the enemy's massive batteries. Before me all was smoke—our men were lying down still; but the Rifles, led by Major Norcott, conspicuous on a black horse, were driving back the enemy's sharpshooters with signal gallantry, and clearing the orchards and vineyards in our front by a searching fire. When I reached the spot where I had last seen Sir de Lacy Evans, he was nowhere to be found, for he had, as I afterwards heard, ridden with his staff close to the river by the burning village. My position was becoming awkward. Far away in the rear was the baggage, from which one could see nothing; but where I was placed was very much exposed. A shell burst over my head, and one of the fragments tore past my face with an angry whir-r-r, and knocked up the earth at my poor pony's feet. Close at hand, and before me, was a tolerably good stone-house, one story high, with a large court-yard, in which were several stacks of hay that had not as yet caught fire. I rode into this yard, fastened up my pony to the rope binding one of the ricks, and entered the house, which was filled with fragments of furniture, torn paper, and books, and feathers, and cushion linings, and established myself at the window, from which I could see the Russian artillerymen serving their guns; their figures, now distinctly revealed against the hill side, and again lost in a spurting whirl of smoke. I was thinking what a terrible sort of field-day this was, and combating an uneasy longing to get to the front, when a tremendous crash, as though a thunderclap had

burst over my head, took place right above me, and in the same instant I was struck and covered with pieces of broken tiles, mortar, and stones, the window out of which I was looking flew into pieces, parts of the roof fell down, and the room was filled with smoke.

There was no mistaking this warning to quit. A shell had burst in the ceiling. As I ran out into the yard I found my pony had broken loose, but I easily caught him, and scarcely had I mounted when I heard a tremendous roll of musketry on my left front, and looking in the direction, I saw the lines of our red jackets in the stream, and swarming over the wooden bridge. A mass of Russians were at the other side of the stream, firing down on them from the high banks, but the advance of the men across the bridge forced these battalions to retire; and I saw, with feelings which I cannot express, the Light Division scrambling, rushing, foaming like a bloody surge up the ascent, and in a storm of fire, bright steel, and whirling smoke, charge towards the deadly epaulement, from which came roar and flash incessantly. I could distinctly see Sir George Brown and the several mounted officers above the heads of the men, and could detect the dark uniforms of the Rifles scattered here and there in front of the waving mass. On the right of this body, the 30th, 55th, and 95th were slowly winning their way towards the battery, exposed to a tremendous fire, which swallowed them up in the fiery grey mantle of battle. The rush of shot was appalling, and I recollect that I was particularly annoyed by the birds, which were flying about distractedly in the smoke, as I thought they were fragments of shell. Already the wounded were passing by me. One man of the 30th was the first; he limped along with his foot dangling from the ankle, supporting himself on his firelock. "Thank you kindly, sir," said he, as I gave him a little brandy, the only drop I had left. "Glory be to God, I killed and wounded some of the Roosians before they crippled me, any way." He halted off towards the rear. In another moment two officers approached—one leaning on the other—and both wounded, as I feared, severely. They belonged to the 30th. They went into the enclosure I had left, and having assured them I would bring them help, I rode off towards the rear, and returned with the surgeon of the Cavalry Division, who examined their wounds. All this time the roar of the battle was increasing. I went back to my old spot; in doing so I had to ride gently, for wounded men came along in all directions. One was cut in two by a round shot as he approached. Many of them lay down under the shelter of a wall, which was, however, enfiladed by the enemy. Just at this moment I saw the Guards advancing in the most majestic and stately order up the hill; while through the intervals and at their flanks poured the broken masses of the Light Division, which their officers were busy in re-forming. The Highlanders who were beyond them, I could not see; but I never will forget the awful fury, the powerful detonation of the tremendous volleys which Guards and Highlanders poured in upon the Russian battalions, which in vain tried to defend their batteries and to check the onward march of that tide of victory. All of a sudden the round shot ceased to fly along the lane; then there was a sharp roll of musketry and a heavy fire of artillery which lasted for some

moments. Then one, two, three round shot pitched into the line, ricochetting away to the rear. As I looked round to see what mischief they did, I saw a British regiment rapidly advancing towards the river. I at once rode towards them; they were the 50th. "Colonel," said I, "the cannon shot come right down this way, and you'll suffer frightfully if you go on." As I spoke, a shell knocked up the dust about twenty yards to our right, and the Colonel (Waddy), who was burning to take a part in the honours of the day, pushing on the left, led his men across the river. But the battle was won. As the shot again ceased, I rode towards the bridge. Alas! the road wall was lined by wounded men—officers and soldiers. Poor young Burgoyne, of the Guards, passed me on a litter. "Oh! it's nothing," said he, cheerfully; "it's only my foot." Captain Fitzgerald, with his back against the wall, was surveying his wounded legs with wonderful equanimity. He had a ball through both of them. "I wish they had left me one, at all events," said he, as we tried to stop the bleeding. It was a painful and sad duty to ride through such scenes. As I passed the bridge there was only a spattering of musketry, but two or three balls splashed into the water—the timbers were cut by balls, and shot, and shell, in all directions. The cannon were still busy on our right, and some light field guns were firing on the retreating Russians, one of whose masses I could just see over the brow of the hill. I was among the dead and the dying; a few paces brought me to the bloody slopes where friend and foe lay in pain, or in peace for ever. Then there was a thundering cheer, loud as the roar of battle, and one cannon boomed amid its uproar. This was the victory. This was what I saw of it as well as I can remember, but with many little episodes and details. Having said so much, I will return to the plan of the fight, and to the narrative of the action in a military sense.

When the columns were deploying into line, Major Norcott's wing of the 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade moved from the left flank and advanced to the front of the Light and First Divisions—their right resting on the burning village, and their front being regulated by the ground, till they came to a long low stone wall. Here they waited for a time till the line came up to them. The instant they did so, the two front companies, which were in extended order, leaped over the wall and rushed into the vineyards, whilst the two companies in support, moving down a road to their left, came on a ford, by which they crossed the stream. The skirmishers rushed over the Alma right in front of them, and the Rifles were thus first across the river. They were under the cover of a high bank which bounded the sloping plateau on which the Russians were placed, and hid them from the fire which rushed incessantly over their heads at our advancing columns. This ridge or bank rose from a small strip of level ground between the bank of the river and the higher level of the Russian position. It was a second terrace, so to speak; for just at this place the ground was conformed like a series of three giant steps,—the first being that from the river to the top of the bank; the second, from the plateau at the top of the bank to the plateau on which the enemy were in position; and the third being from that position to the highest

ground of all, on which they had their reserves. No sooner had the Rifles lined this lower ridge, than the enemy pushed a column of infantry, headed by some few Cossacks, down the road which led to the ford, and threatened to take them in rear and flank and destroy them, for these gallant fellows were without support. Major Norcott, however, was not dismayed, but at once made the most skilful disposition to meet this overwhelming column of the enemy. Retiring from the ridge, he placed one of the four companies under him on the road by which they were advancing, two others he posted along the bank of a vineyard on the right of this road, and with the fourth he occupied the farm-house in the centre of the vineyard: thus availing himself of the resources of the ground with much skill and judgment. At this moment there were no supports in sight—nothing to rest or form upon in the rear—the Rifles were quite alone. The Russians advanced leisurely; but to the astonishment of our officers, just as the men were about to open fire on them, the Cossacks and the column halted, and then wheeling to the right-about retired up the road and disappeared over the brow of the hill. On looking round, however, the phenomenon was soon explained,—Codrington's Brigade was rushing across the river under a tremendous fire, and at the same time the Russians advanced heavy columns of infantry towards the ridge over the stream. The Rifles moved towards their right to join the Light Division, and at the same time poured in a close and deadly fire upon the dense formation of the enemy, which must have caused them great loss. Having effected their junction, the Rifles moved up with the Light Division, and bringing up their left shoulders threw themselves on the flank of the battery, bravely led by Major Norcott, till they were forced to retire with their supports. One company, under Captain Colville, was separated from the left wing, and did not participate as fully as the other companies in the fight; and the right wing, under Colonel Lawrence, was kept back by a variety of impediments, and had no opportunity of playing the same distinguished part as the left.

As soon as the line of the Light Division came up to the Rifles, the latter were ordered to retire, and re-form in rear of the brigades; but some few of the men could not obey the order, and were consequently in front along with the advance—some with the Guards, others with the men of Codrington's brigade. Captain the Hon. W. Colville and Lieutenant Nixon both claim, or claimed, the credit of having led up their men skirmishing in front of the advance of the red soldiers; and the question is one which I cannot decide. Both those gallant officers arrogated to themselves the honour of having performed the same action; and I believe each thought that he had, when one of the colonels of the Guards was dismounted, brought a horse to the officer and enabled him to resume his place with his men.

The approach of the Light Division—why should I not dwell fondly on every act of that gallant body, the first "put at" everything, the first in suffering, in daring, in endurance throughout the campaign?—their approach, then, was in double columns of brigades; the Second Division being on their right, and the second battalion

of the Rifle Brigade, divided into two wings, one under Major Norcott, the other under Colonel Lawrence, being in advance in skirmishing order. When, as I have above related, the Light Division got within extreme long range, or a little before it, they deployed; then the delay took place; the men lay down. Again they advanced; once more they were halted, and ordered to lie down, and this time the shot pitched among them as they lay; the same thing was repeated again ere they reached the river, and many men were wounded before they got up to the vineyards by its bank. Here, indeed, they got some shelter from the walls and fences of these grounds, and from the orchards in their front; but when the order was suddenly given to advance, the men were thrown into disorder, not so much by the heavy fire which struck through their ranks, as by the obstacles opposed by their cover to anything like regular formation. They were obstructed by hedges, stone walls, vines, and trees. These famously well-drilled regiments were thus for a time deprived of all the fruits of many a day's hard marching and suffering at Gallipoli, Aladyn, and Devna; but the 1st Brigade being in rather better ground and more in hand than the 2nd Brigade, moved through the obstacles with *elan* and an anxious desire for action, and carried off with them the 19th Regiment, belonging to poor Brigadier Buller, who was lost in a hollow, and afterwards moved off, or, as Lord Raglan euphemistically expressed it, manœuvred judiciously on the left. Colonel Saunders resolved to advance without the other two regiments of Buller's Brigade, and along with the colonels of the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd, led his men at a run right to the river, to which they were gallantly conducted by Codrington. Their course was marked by killed and wounded, for the Russians poured on them a most destructive fire; but darting across the river, the four regiments were quickly under the shelter of the high bank at the south side, but in such a state of confusion from the temporary commingling of the men in their quick and sanguinary rush, that it was necessary to re-form them. Whilst they were about being formed by their officers, the enemy, too late to support their skirmishers, sought to overwhelm them in the stream, and three battalions of grey-coated infantry came down at the double almost to the top of the bank, and poured down a heavy vertical fire on our straggling lines. They were straggling, but not weak; the whole Brigade, and the 19th, at a word from their officers, made a simultaneous rush up the bank, and as they crowned it, met their enemies with a furious and close fire of their deadly rifles. The dense battalions, undeployed and only firing from the face, were smitten deeply, and as the Light Division advanced to meet them, they rapidly fell back to the left, and cleared the ground for the renewed fire of their batteries, leaving, however, many dead and wounded men close to the river's banks. After a momentary delay, these gallant regiments, led by Brigadier Codrington and Sir George Brown, advanced up the slope which was swept by the guns of the entrenched battery; grape, canister, round and shell tore through their ranks, and the infantry on the flanks of the battery advancing at an angle to it, poured in a steady fire upon them from point-blank distance. It must be confessed that this advance was very disorderly—

instead of the men being two deep and showing an extended front of fire, they were five, six, and seven deep, in ragged columns, with scarcely any front, and not half so extended as they should have been. Thus their fire was not as powerful or their advance as imposing as it ought to have been. The General and Brigadier made some attempts to restore order, but they were unsuccessful. The men had not only got into confusion in the river from stopping to drink as I have related, but had disordered their ranks by attacks on the grapes in the vineyards on their way. Behind the work, on rising ground, a Russian regiment kept up a most destructive file fire on our advance; the field-pieces on the flank also played incessantly upon them. Every foot they advanced was marked by lines of slain or wounded men. The 7th Fusileers, smitten by a storm of grape, reeling to and fro like some brave ship battling with a tempest, whose sails are gone, whose masts are toppling, and whose bulwarks are broken to pieces, but which still holds on its desperate way, impelled by unquenchable fire, within a few seconds lost a third of its men. Led by "Old Yea," it still went on—a colour lost for the time, their officers down, their files falling fast—they closed up, and still with eye which never left the foe, pressed on to meet him. The 23rd Regiment was, however, exposed more, if that were possible, to that lethal hail. In less than two minutes from the time they crowned the bank till they neared the battery, the storm had smitten down twelve of their officers, of whom eight never rose again. Diminished by one-half, the gallant companies sought, with unabated heart, to reach their terrible enemies. The 19th marched right up towards the mouths of the roaring cannon which opened incessantly and swept down their ranks; the 33rd, which had moved up with the greatest audacity over broken ground towards the flank of the epaulement, where it was exposed to a tremendous fire and heavy losses from guns and musketry from the hill above, was for the moment checked by the pitiless pelting of this iron rain. Their general at this terrible crisis seemed to have but one idea—right or wrong, it was to lead them slap at the battery, into the very teeth of its hot and fiery jaws. As he rode in front, shouting and cheering on his men, his horse fell, and down he went in a cloud of dust. He was soon up, and called out "I'm all right. Twenty-third, be sure I'll remember this day." It was indeed a day for any one to remember. General Codrington in the most gallant manner rode in advance of his brigade, and rode his horse right over and into the work, as if to show his men there was nothing to fear; for by this time the enemy, intimidated by the rapid, though tumultuous advance of the brigade, were falling away from the flanks of the battery, and were perceptibly wavering in their centre. The infantry behind the breastwork were retreating up the hill. The Russians were in great dismay and confusion. They limbered up their guns, which were endangered by the retirement of their infantry from the flanks of the epaulement, and retired towards their reserves, which were posted on high ground in the rear. In this retrograde movement their artillery got among the columns of the infantry, and increased the irregular nature of their retreat; but they still continued to fire, and were at least three

times as numerous as the men of the Light Division who were assailing them. When Sir George Brown went down, a rifleman, named Hugh Hannan, assisted him on his horse again, and with the greatest coolness, as they stood under a murderous fire, saluted the General as he got once more into his seat, and said, "Are your stirrups the right length, sir?" Major Norcott, on his brave old charger, which, riddled with balls, carried his master throughout the day, and lay down and died when his work was over, got up to the redoubt, which was also entered by General Brown and Brigadier Codrington. In broken groups, without order or formation, the 23rd, with whom were mingled men of the 19th, 7th, and 33rd Regiments, rushed at the earthwork, leaped across it, bayonetted a few of the Russians who offered resistance, and for an instant were masters of the position. At that instant Captain Bell, of the 23rd, observed that one Russian driver was in vain urging, by whip and spur, two black horses to carry off one of the brass sixteen-pounder guns which had done us so much execution. (The reserve artillery horses had succeeded in drawing away all the other guns except one, which was still in position, and on this gun, when the first rush was made, an officer of the 33rd, named Donovan, scratched his name.) Bell ran up to the driver, and seizing the reins, held a revolver to his head. He at once dismounted and ran off to the rear, and Captain Bell, with the assistance of a soldier of the 7th, named Pyle, having led the horses round the shoulder of the parapet to the rear of our line to the slope in front, where it remained after the Light Division was obliged to retire, reported the capture to Sir George Brown. The horses were put into our "black battery." This was but an episode in the drama of the day. The colours of the 23rd had been planted on the centre of the parapet when the regiment got up. Both the colour-officers, Butler and Anstruther, were killed. The colours were hit in seventy-five places, and the pole of one was shot in two, so that it had to be spliced with cords. Meantime the Russians, seeing what a handful of men they had to deal with, gained heart again. Already the broken brigade and the 19th had held the entrenchment and battery for nearly ten minutes, keeping the massive columns above them in check by their desperate but scattered fire. Where were the supports? they were not to be seen, although they ought to have been much nearer. In fact, the advance of the Guards, though very magnificent, was somewhat too slow. At this moment two of the threatening dark-grey masses, which were bristling with steel on our right front, began to move down towards the battery. The men by instinct fired upon them, but some staff-officer or officers labouring under the hallucination that these men were our allies, called out that we were firing upon the French. A bugler sounded the "Cease firing." The Russians immediately advanced in great force, and our men were compelled to fall back. Some of the enemy advancing from the epaulement with levelled bayonets, proceeded at a run towards the river in pursuit, but they were speedily checked by the apparition of the Guards, who were now advancing in support. As the Guards now appear on the field of action in a manner worthy of their name, I must go back for a moment to narrate the circumstances connected with their earlier advance.

The Duke of Cambridge, who commanded the First Division, had never seen a shot fired in anger. Of his Brigadiers, only Sir Colin Campbell—a soldier trained in many a stubborn fight, and nursed in the field—was acquainted with actual warfare; but it is nevertheless the case that the deciding move of the day on our left was made by his Royal Highness, and that the Duke, who was only considered to be a cavalry officer, showed then, as on a subsequent tremendous day, that he had the qualities of a brave and energetic leader. When the last halt took place, the Guards and Highlanders lay down a good deal to the rear of the Light Division, which they were to support; and in the advance, immediately afterwards, the Brigade of Guards, being on the left behind Codrington's Brigade, lost several men ere they reached the river, by the fire directed on those regiments. Between them and the river the ground was much broken, and intersected by walls and the hedges of vineyards; but on their left, opposite the Highlanders, the ground was more favourable. The men, wearing their bearskins—more ponderous and more heavily weighted than the men of the line—suffered much from thirst and the heat of the day, and they displayed an evident inclination to glean in the vineyards after the soldiers of the Light Division; but the Duke led them on with such rapidity that they could not leave their ranks, and the officers and sergeants kept them in most admirable order till they came to the wall, in leaping over which they were of course a little disorganized. On crossing it they were exposed to a heavier fire, and by the time they reached the river the Light Division were advancing up the slope against the enemy's guns. The bank of the stream in front was deep and rugged, but the Duke and his staff crossed it gallantly; and placing himself in front of the Guards on the left—Sir Colin Campbell being near him at the head of his Brigade, and General Bentinck being on his right—his Royal Highness led his division into action. On reaching the other side of the river the Guards got into another large vineyard, the same in which the Rifles had been stationed for a time, and it became very difficult to get them into line again, for they had, of course, been disordered in passing through the river. The Guards threw out their sergeants in front, as if on parade, and dressed up in line, protected in some degree from fire as they did so by the ridge in front of them, and Sir Colin Campbell formed up his Highlanders on their left, as if they were "ruled" by machinery. It was time they were ready for action, for at this moment the Light Division was observed to be falling back towards them in disorder, and the Russians, encouraged by the partial success, but taught by their short experience that it would be rather dangerous to come too near them, were slowly advancing after them, and endeavouring to get positions for the guns; in fact, it was probable that in a few minutes more they would run them into the epaulement once more. In front of the 42nd Highlanders was the 88th Regiment halted, and doing nothing; and Colonel Cameron, who was astonished to find them in such a position, was obliged to move out of his course a little in order to pass them. As we thus come on this gallant regiment, it may be as well to say how they came here.

As the 88th were about to advance from the river, having their

right on the 19th and their left on the 77th, an Aide-de-camp—I believe the Hon. Mr. Clifford—came down in haste from Sir George Brown, with the words "Cavalry! form square, form square!" and the right, accordingly, in some haste corresponding with the order, which was almost at the moment reiterated by Brigadier Buller, prepared to execute the movement, but the whole of the companies did not join in it, which increased the irregularity of the formation, and the men who were excluded, and an officer and some few of the Rifles struggled to obtain admission into the square, which was for some moments in a very ineffective state, and scarcely ready to receive with vigour any determined charge of cavalry. The apprehensions, however, which were entertained by a few short-sighted people for the time were unfounded. The enemy had made no demonstration with the cavalry, and the notion that they were about to execute a charge was a chimera. They had indeed advanced a demi-battery of artillery towards the left flank of the 2nd Brigade, and supported the advance with a body of infantry in spiked helmets. Sir George Brown, whose sight was not good though he would not wear spectacles, and General Buller, whose vision was not good although he did wear spectacles, were deceived by the appearance of this force, and sent orders to the regiments threatened by a hypothetical demonstration, to form square. It was very fortunate that the Russian guns did not fire from point-blank range upon the 88th; as it was, just as they unlimbered, Codrington's Brigade began to advance on the right, and the Rifles, part of the 88th, and the 77th, who, as they crossed the river, and endeavoured to re-form under the bank, were menaced by a column of Russians, firing with steadiness on the gunners, forced them to retire with loss to a position higher up the hill. Had the artillery held their ground, they could have inflicted great loss upon us, and seriously interfered with our advance on the right by an enfilading fire; but fortunately on this, as on other occasions, the Russians were too nervous for the fate of their guns, and withdrew them as soon as they perceived the movement on their left, instead of supporting their infantry against it. In this general onward movement the 77th and 88th Regiments, for some reason as yet unexplained, did not participate. They were halted almost where they stood; but whether by judicious Brigadier Buller or not, I am unable to say. The 19th Regiment, belonging to the Brigade of that officer, was, however, gallantly led on by its Colonel, and joined the first Brigade in its attack on the work in front. There was not in the whole army a more gallant or better disciplined regiment than the 77th. Colonel Egerton was not only one of the bravest but one of the most intelligent, skilled, and thorough soldiers and officers in the whole service. In the trenches—at Inkermann—throughout the siege, the regiment showed of what noble materials it was composed. As to the 88th, it would be superfluous to say they had a glorious fighting reputation, which they well vindicated at Inkermann, at the Quarries, and in many encounters with the enemy. It is astonishing, therefore, that the Light Division should have been in a vital moment deprived of the co-operation of these splendid soldiers, and should have been hurled

in confused masses against the enemy's bayonets and artillery, reduced by the suicidal incapacity of some one or other to four regiments. That there was no notion of keeping these regiments in reserve—a foolish one had it been entertained—is shown by the fact that they were never advanced in support, or used as a reserve when their comrades were involved in a most perilous and unequal struggle.

The First Division advancing, and passing this portion of the Light Division, at once became exposed to fire, and received the shot which passed through the fragments of Codrington's Brigade; but as it was imperatively necessary that they should not be marched up in rear of regiments in a state of disorder, the Duke, by the advice of Sir Colin Campbell, ordered General Bentinck to move a little to his left, but ere the movement could be effected, portions of the Light Division came in contact with the centre of the line, and passing through its files to re-form in the rear, carried disorder into the centre battalion. It may be observed that this is a casualty to which extended line formations in support must always be liable, when the attacking lines in advance of them are obliged to fall back to re-form. Formations in column are of course less likely to be subjected to this inconvenience, and the broken troops can pour through the intervals between column and column with greater facility than they can pass round the flanks of lengthy and extended lines. The Coldstreams and the Grenadiers never for an instant lost their beautiful regularity and order, although they now fell fast under the enemy's fire, and several of the mounted officers lost their horses. Among these Major Macdonald was included, his horse was killed by a round shot, and he received a severe fall, but never for a moment lost his coolness and equanimity.

As the Light Division retreated behind the Guards to re-form, the Russian battalions on the flanks and behind the work, fired on them continuously, and at the same moment the guns which had been drawn out of the work to the high ground over it, opened heavily. The Guards were struck in the centre by this iron shower. The fragments of Codrington's Brigade poured through them. In their front was a steel-bound wall of Russian infantry. Our own men were fast falling back, firing as they retired. After them came a glistening line of Russian bayonets, as if to clear the field. For a few seconds the Scots Fusileers wavered and lost order; they were marching over dead and dying men. The Russians were within a few yards of them, but the officers rallied the men, and, conspicuous in their efforts, suffered heavily. The colour-bearers, Lieutenant Lindsay and Lieutenant Thistlethwayte, with signal gallantry extricated themselves from a perilous position, in which for the instant their men had left them—order was restored in the centre, and on the flanks the Grenadiers, under Colonel Hood, and Coldstreams were as steady and in as perfect order as though they were on parade. For a moment, it is said, the Duke thought of halting to dress his line, but Sir Colin Campbell, who was near at hand with his Highlanders, begged his Highness not to hesitate, but to push on at once at the enemy. The Russian artillery on the slopes above sent repeated volleys of grape, canister, round, and shell through their ranks, but at this moment threatened

on the flank by the French batteries, actually enfiladed by a 9-pound gun and 24-pound howitzer of Turner's battery, which Lord Raglan had ordered up to a knoll on the opposite side of the river, on the slope between our attack and that of the French, the Russian guns were limbered up, and ceased their fire.

Meantime General Sir de Lacy Evans, leading the Second Division, had, in the most skilful and gallant manner, executed his instructions, and had forced the Russian centre and the right centre with Pennefather's Brigade. The Second Division had advanced on the same alignement with Prince Napoleon's Division till they came up to the burning village of Bourliouk. Just as the action began, Sir de Lacy Evans detached the 41st and the 49th Regiments, of Adams's Brigade, and Turner's battery of 6 guns, round by the right of the burning village, which the flames rendered impenetrable, and ordered them to force the passage in front of them. The ford in their front was very deep, and the banks were bad and high, so that the passage, defended by a heavy fire, was by no means easy, and the regiments lost upwards of 40 men in the stream and on its banks. The moment that the General gave this order to divide his force, he placed himself at the head of the remaining regiments of his Division, and led them by the left of the village towards the river; but, experienced in the art of war, familiar with hard-fought fields, and skilled in the means by which victories are won, Sir de Lacy Evans did not neglect the use of his artillery, or send his men to certain death without cover or supports. On the contrary, he availed himself, with energy and professional knowledge, of all the means in his power to carry the enemy's position with the smallest loss to his own men. Sir de Lacy Evans covered the advance of his troops by the fire of no less than 18 pieces of artillery the very moment of the advance. Pennefather's Brigade, which consisted of the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments, was accompanied by Fitzmayer's battery; but the General, finding Dacre's battery and Wodehouse's battery, which properly belonged to the First and Light Divisions, stationed near the point at which they came under the enemy's fire, availed himself of the services volunteered by the officers in command of them to cover the advance of his men. Brigadier Pennefather, with conspicuous gallantry, led his men right to the stream. The 95th Regiment, being on the extreme left of the Brigade, came upon the bridge of Bourliouk; the 55th Regiment, in the centre, had in front of them a deep ford and high banks; and the 30th Regiment were inconvenienced in their advance by the walls of the village, and by the cooking places cut in the high banks on the opposite side of the stream. On the right of the 30th Regiment came the 47th Regiment, and in the interval between these two regiments rode Sir de Lacy Evans throughout the day. As soon as this Division emerged from the cover of the smoke and the houses of the village, the enemy directed on them an extremely severe fire,—"such," says Sir de Lacy Evans, "as few, perhaps, of the most experienced soldiers have ever witnessed," and forced them to advance gradually till they came to the stream, which they passed under a storm of missiles which lashed the waters into bloody foam. The 95th, led very gallantly by Colonel Webber Smith, debouched from the bridge

and narrow ford just as the 7th, of the Light Division, under Colonel Yea, formed on the other side. They were exposed to the same tremendous fire; but they advanced gallantly, with their colours flying, towards the left of the Russian epaulement, which Codrington was assailing, and they, I believe, claim the credit of having been the temporary captors of a gun on the left of the works ere they were forced to retire. The 55th and 30th, on their right, exposed to the full play of two field batteries and of six battalions of Russian infantry disposed on the sides of the ravines and of the slopes above them, and led by Colonel Warren and Colonel Hoey, behaved with conspicuous gallantry, but they could make no impression on the solid masses of the enemy who covered the ground, and, four times their numbers, supported the artillery by a murderous file-fire. In a short time the 95th lost 6 officers killed on the spot, the Colonel and Major and 9 officers wounded, and upwards of 170 men put *hors de combat.* The 55th had 128 casualties, 8 of which occurred to officers, and 3 of which were fatal; and the 30th Regiment lost 150 officers and men.

But the fire of our guns had by this time begun to produce its effect, and the steadiness of our infantry and the destructive effect of their musketry were shaking the confidence of the enemy, who had now been completely broken and turned on their left by the French. They still continued their resistance on the right, and the Light Division had been obliged to relinquish its hold of the work it had taken with such courage and such loss. But the Guards were advancing to their support—the Highlanders were moving up to outflank them on the left—and the fortune of the day was every moment inclining more and more to the allies. The French had sent to Lord Raglan for assistance, some say twice—certainly once, before we advanced. Here was another *mal-entendu*—whose I cannot say. It is probable from the plan of attack that the fault was that of the French, because our attack was not to begin till they had turned the left, and it is likely that M. St. Arnaud arranged to send information of that fact to Lord Raglan. But our Commander-in-chief did not, it is averred, receive any such intelligence. On the contrary, he was annoyed, uneasy, and disappointed at the delay which occurred on his right. He sent Colonel Vico to ascertain the state of affairs, to communicate, if possible, with the French Generals. Meantime, the French Generals are, if we credit authorities of value, annoyed, uneasy, and disappointed by the slowness of the English. Prince Napoleon sends to Lord Raglan. French staff-officers come to Lord Raglan with the piteous appeal—*Milord, je vous prie! pour l'amour de Dieu! Venez aux Français! Nous sommes massacrés!* And at last Lord Raglan, weary of inaction, gives orders to advance, although he has not heard of the success of the French attack on which the advance was to depend. When the 1st and 3rd Divisions had deployed into line, and were moving towards the Alma, Lord Raglan and his staff, which hitherto had escaped intact, although exposed, in the belief of the Staff-officer, to the special fire of a portion of the Russian artillery, advanced, his lordship at their head, towards the front, and skirting the village of Bourliouk to the right, passed down a narrow lane which led to the

ford, by which part of Adams's Brigade had crossed to the other side. They proceeded from the rear, round the right of Adams's Brigade, immediately between the French and Evans's extreme right, and *en route*, his lordship saw the position of Turner's battery, and passed close to the 41st and 49th on the other side of the river, for whose disposition he gave some orders to Brigadier Adams. In crossing the ford the staff were exposed to a fire from their left, for the bend of the river exposed them to the Russian guns on the high grounds opposite Bourliouk, and to the infantry in support of them. Two of the staff-officers were hit—Lieutenant Leslie, Royal Horse Guards, who was acting as orderly officer to the Commander-in-chief, and Captain Weare, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General, but their wounds, although severe, were not dangerous. Lord Raglan, seeing the direction of the fire, gave orders for Turner's battery to come up, in order that he might enfilade the enemy's guns. Strangely enough, the spot to which fate had conducted his lordship and his staff was not occupied or defended by the enemy. The lane, which formed at the other side of the ford the continuation of that road by which the Commander-in-chief had passed round Bourliouk to the river, ran at the bottom of a sheltered ravine, which almost divided the Russian position, and formed a boundary between the English and the French attacks. The enemy had been driven out of this ravine by the French, and the lane was unoccupied, but here and there in its windings it was swept by a few guns. The ravine as it ascended the high ground opened out and became shallower, and on the right it wound below a small table-land, or rather a flattened knoll, of which there were several at the edge of the general level of the plateau. On ascending this knoll, Lord Raglan saw, as he anticipated, that the Russian guns commanding the ford, and playing on the approaches from Bourliouk from an elevated ridge to the proper left of the great epaulement, were on his left, in such a position that they could be easily enfiladed, and indeed, in some cases, taken in reverse. He therefore despatched repeated orders to Turner; but owing to the steepness of the lane, and to the loss of a gun horse in the river, there was great difficulty and considerable delay in getting the guns up, and when they did arrive, the Guards and Highlanders were already advancing up the hill, and closing on the Russian columns. The guns* which came up were, I believe, a 24-pounder howitzer and a 9-pounder, and as the tumbril attached to the former had not arrived, it was served with 9-pounder ammunition, and round shot. The artillery officers, with General Strangways, were obliged to dismount and work the guns, as the men attached to them had not yet come up; but in a short time Lieutenant Walsham arrived with the rest of the battery, and the six guns opened at long range—on what? The Staff-officer says on the

* As an instance of the difficulty of obtaining accurate information respecting the incidents of a general action, I may state that Captain Henry, an officer promoted from the ranks for his distinguished bravery, and who has received the Order of Victoria, told me that the guns were taken over a bridge, and not over a ford—that he was with the first gun, that no wheeler was killed, and that he fired *only* on Russian *infantry*, and never directed a *round* against the Russian *guns*. In most of these statements it is probable the gallant officer was mistaken, although actually present.

"artillery" of the Russians,—that two shots forced a whole line of Russian guns to retire, and that the Russian General, "seeing he was taken in flank," limbered up. But surely he could have turned round some of his numerous guns, and could have fought Turner's two with heavier metal! In fact, it was something else besides this fire of two shots (one of which hit a tumbril) which determined the retreat of the Russian artillery. It was the advance of the First and Second Divisions. The Guards, indeed, were halfway up the hill when these two guns opened, and just as the Russians limbered up, when the broken Light Division in the first advance got near the epaulement, so did they when they saw that they were turned on their left, and threatened by an irresistible torrent of matchless soldiery on their right. Indeed, the Russian artillery officer, after he retired a short way, directed the fire of some of his guns against Turner's battery, and some riflemen were sent to cripple it, one of whom shot Lieutenant Walsham as he was in the act of loading a gun. However this may be, it is evident Lord Raglan saw the day was won by the Light Division, the Second Division, the Guards, and Highlanders; for, from the distance seeing the advance of the latter, he exclaimed, "Let us join the Guards!" and rode into the ravine to his left in their direction.

But the enemy had not yet abandoned their position. An enormous division of infantry, consisting of several battalions divided into three columns, came in sight from the rear of the hill, and marched straight upon the Brigade of Guards, which it exceeded in numbers by three to one. The Guards were dressed up, and advanced to meet them in perfect order. Some round shot struck the rear of the Russian columns, and immediately they began to melt away from the rear, and wavered for an instant; still they came on slowly, and began file-firing from their fronts instead of charging, as their officers evidently intended them to do. One column moved down towards the left flank of the Guards, facing round as if to meet the Highlanders, who were moving with great rapidity up from the hollow in which they had been sheltered from the enemy's fire, and rushing against the guns on the extreme right. The two other columns faced the Guards. The distance between them was rapidly diminishing, when suddenly the whole Brigade poured in on their dense masses a fire so destructive that it annihilated the whole of their front ranks in an instant, and left a ridge of killed and wounded men on the ground. The Highlanders almost at the same moment delivered a volley at a shorter distance, sharp, deadly, and decisive. Pennefather's Brigade of the Second Division, on the right of the Guards, supported by Adams, appeared on the side of the slope, and the enemy, after a vain attempt to shake off the panic and disorder occasioned by that rain of death, renewed their fire very feebly for a few seconds, and then without waiting for a repetition of our reply, turned as our men advanced with bayonets at the charge, retreated over the brow of the hill, and marched off to join the mass of the Russian army, who, divided into two bodies, were retreating with all possible speed. Our cavalry rode up to the crest of the hill and looked after the enemy. They even took a few prisoners, but they were ordered

to let them go again. Lord Raglan had expressed his intention of keeping his cavalry "in a bandbox," and he was apprehensive of getting into any serious difficulty with the enemy at the close of such a day. It was near five o'clock; the men had been eleven hours under arms and had fought a great battle, and the enemy were to be—"let alone." The Russians fired one gun at us as they retreated, and made some show of covering their rear with their cavalry. The Battle of the Alma was won. The men halted on the battle-field, and as the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir de Lacy Evans, and the other popular generals rode in front of the line, the soldiers shouted, and when Lord Raglan was in front of the Guards, the whole army burst into a tremendous cheer, which made one's heart leap—the effect of that cheer can never be forgotten by those who heard it.

Upon the military conduct of the Battle of the Alma there has been much foreign criticism, and in general the results and deductions have been very unfavourable to the Russian General, who permitted his left to be turned without any serious resistance, although he ought to have calculated on the effect of the operations by sea on that flank. In apparent opposition to this judgment, there has been at the same time great praise awarded to the French, for the gallantry with which they attacked that portion of the position. They deserve every laudation for their extraordinary activity, rapidity, and the bravery with which they established themselves on the centre, and left-centre, but on the extreme left they had no hard fighting. The English seem to have been awarded the meed of solidity and unshaken courage, but at the same time hints are thrown out that they did not move quite quickly enough, and that, therefore, their losses were very great, and their work after all not so hazardous and difficult as that of the French, inasmuch as the English attack took place only when the Russian left was turned. In effect, however, the right of the enemy presented the least physical difficulties to the establishment of a hostile force on the flank, and it was there that the greatest number of artificial obstacles in the shape of guns, cavalry, and men was accumulated. But was the plan of battle good? Knowing nothing of such matters myself, I can only use the light of common sense, and the language of the professional knowledge of others in discussing that question. In the first place, we attacked the enemy in the position of his own selection, without the least attempt to manœuvre or to turn him. It might have been difficult, situated as we were, without cavalry and with immense masses of baggage, to have attempted any complex manœuvres; but it has been asserted that, by an able flank march, the commencement, indeed, of that which we afterwards undertook, we could have, by a temporary abandonment of our seaboard, placed the enemy in a most precarious position between two fires, and have destroyed his army in case of defeat. For example, it has been suggested that early on the morning of the 20th, the allies should have moved obliquely from the bivouac on the Bouljanak, and, crossing the Alma to the east of the enemy's position, have obliged his left to make a harassing march, to get up and occupy new ground in a fresh alignement, have deprived him of his natural advantages of position,

and have endangered his retreat to Bakshi Serai or Simpheropol, if he refused battle, and that in event of his defeat, which would have been pretty certain, considering how much weaker his new line would have been, he would have been drawn towards the shore, exposed to the fire of our ships, so that more than half his force would have been obliged to lay down their arms. Menschikoff's army utterly ruined, Sebastopol would have at once surrendered, disposed as it was in the case, which actually occurred, to have done so with very little compression. Criticism is, it is said, easy after the circumstances or conduct of which you judge have had their effect; but to this it may be remarked, that criticism cannot by its very nature be prospective. Even civilians are as good judges as military men of the grand operations of war, although they may be ignorant of details, and of the modes by which those operations have been effected. The reputation of all great military men, after all, is created by civilian, and not by professional opinion. Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Hannibal, may have had many club colonels of their day, who thought they made "fatal moves," as we know that even in our own time there were many military men who "had no great opinion" of either General Wellesley or General Bonaparte; but the results and the course of events justify and carry with them the weight of an irreversible verdict, which is accepted by posterity long after the cliques and jealousies and animosities of the hour have passed away for ever. Now, without being a member of a clique, having no possible jealousies, and being free from the smallest animosities, I may inquire, was there any generalship shown by any of the allied generals at the Alma? We have Lord Raglan painted by one of his staff and one of his relations, just as he was that memorable day, as brave, as calm, as noble, as any gentleman who ever owned England as his mother-land,—trotting in front of his army, amid a shower of balls, "just as if he were riding down Rotten-row," with a kind nod for every one, and leaving his generals and men to fight it out as best they could, riding across the stream through the French riflemen, not knowing where he was going to, or where the enemy were, till fate led him to a little knoll, from which he saw some of the Russian guns on his flank, whereupon he sent an order to Turner's battery for guns, and seemed surprised that they could not be dragged across a stream, and up a hill which presented some difficulties to an unencumbered horseman—then, cantering over to join the Guards just ere they made their charge, and finding it all over while he was in a hollow of the ground. Marshal St. Arnaud did not expose his person either so bravely or so rashly, but he exercised a far greater influence over the order of the battle, and sent several orders to his generals of division which materially conduced to the result of the day. He was indeed but carrying out his own plan of attack, which gave to the French the first and the most facile step in the operations. As to the mode in which the attack was carried on by us, there was immense gallantry, devotion, and courage, and, according to military men present, no small amount of disorder. The Light Division was strangely handled. Sir George Brown, whose sight was so indifferent that he had to get one of his officers to lead his horse

across the river, seemed not to know where his Division was, and actually permitted one Brigadier Buller to march off up some out-of-the-way road with two regiments of his Brigade, leaving the third to join Codrington's Brigade in the advance. The men got huddled together on the other side of the river under the ridge beyond the bank, and lay there seven or eight instead of two deep, so that when they rose and delivered fire, their front was small, and the effect of their fire proportionably diminished. Then they were led straight up at the guns in a confused mass, and when they had got into the battery they were left there without supports, so that the advancing masses of the enemy forced them to relinquish their hold, and the enemy were enabled to recover the work. The Light Division had, it is true, drawn the teeth of the battery, and had forced the enemy to draw away their guns, but still they were able to fire over the heads of their advancing columns from the hill above, so as to cause the Guards great loss. If the conduct of a campaign be a succession of errors, the Crimean expedition was certainly carried on *secundum artem*. However, the Alma was won. Menschikoff was in retreat, and the world was all before us on the evening of the 20th of September. Whether our generals had any foresight of what that world was to be—what were to be the fruits of victory, or the chances of disaster—let the history of the war on some future day communicate to the world.

The Russians are much dissatisfied with the result of this battle. They have put forth the rawness of the troops, their inferiority in numbers, and many other matters; they have criticised severely the conduct of their generals during the action, and the disposition of the troops on the ground; but, after all, they must feel that their position ought to have been impregnable, if defended by determined infantry; and that the English and French, and above all the English, proved in every way on that memorable day the superiors of the Muscovite in brilliant courage, in audacity, steadiness, discipline, and endurance of fire.

The force under the orders of Prince Menschikoff was composed as follows:—

	Battalions.	Guns.
The 1st Brigade of the 14th Division of the 5th Army Corps, consisting of regiment No. 27 Volhynia, and regiment No. 28 Minsk, with No. 3 battery of position, and No. 3 light battery	8	16
The 16th Division 6th Army Corps, consisting of the regiments 31st Vladimir, 32nd Sudalski, 31st (Light) Uglilski, 32nd (Light) Kazan, with the 16th Brigade of Artillery, No. 1 and No. 2 Light Batteries, and No. 2 battery of position	16	36
The 2nd Brigade of the 17th Division with the regiment of Moscow, the 17th Brigade of Artillery, No. 4 and No. 5 light batteries, and No. 3 battery of position	12	24
4 Reserve battalions of the 13th	4	0
The rifle and sapper battalions of the 6th Corps	2	0
2 battalions of sailors, with 4 guns	2	4
	44	80

CAVALRY.

	Squadrons.	Guns.
2nd Brigade of 6th Cavalry Division, 2 regiments, each of 8 squadrons	16	0
16 sotnias of Cossacks, or regiments of 4 squadrons	8	0.
No. 12 light battery of horse artillery	0	8
No. 4 Don Cossack battery	0	8
Total—Infantry, between 33,000 and 34,000 Cavalry, about 3500.	24	16

The Russians have given the following account of their own position and of some incidents of the action:—

The centre of their position lay on the high slopes of the left bank of the river, opposite the village of Bourliouk; the left on the still higher and less accessible hills, with perpendicularly scarped sides which rise from the river near the sea, the right wing on the gentle ascents into which this rising ground subsides about half a mile eastward of the village.

The reserves which were posted behind the centre consisted of the regiments of Volhynia, Minsk, and Moscow, the two former of which subsequently took an active part in the siege, and were the principal workmen and combatants in constructing and occupying the famous "white works" on the right of our position before Sebastopol. On their right flank were two regiments of hussars and two field batteries; in the rear of the right wing was stationed a regiment of Riflemen. Oddly enough, the Russian General sent off a battalion of the Moscow regiment to occupy the village of Ulukul akles, several miles in the rear of his left wing, as if to prevent a descent behind him from the sea.

The disposition of this force will be seen on reference to the plan which accompanies the description of the battle of the Alma. The right was commanded by Lieutenant-General Knetsinsky, of the 16th Division; the centre by Prince Gortschakoff I.; the left by Lieutenant-General Kiriakoff, Commander of the 17th Division; and Prince Menschikoff took the control of the whole, being generally on the left of the centre, near the telegraph station. When the allies came in sight, the Rifle battalion, about 650 strong, crossed to the right bank of the river, and occupied the village of Bourliouk and the vineyards near it, and the regiments in front advanced their skirmishers to the left bank, and Menschikoff rode along the front from the right to the left of the line to animate the men, most of whom had been present at a mass to the Virgin early in the morning, when prayers were offered for her aid against the enemy. Our advance seemed to the Russians rather slow; but at last, at about 12·30, the allies came within range, and a sharp fusillade commenced between the skirmishers and riflemen. About 12·20 the steamers outside began to fire on the Russian left, and forced the regiments of Minsk and Moscow to retire with loss, and killed some horses and men of the light battery stationed on their flank. Their shells struck down four officers of Menschikoff's staff later in the day, and did most effectual service in shaking the confidence of the enemy, and in searching out their battalions so as to prevent their advance towards the seaboard. As

the allies advanced, the Cossacks, according to orders, set fire to the hay-stacks in the Tartar village, which soon caught, and poured out a mass of black smoke, mingled with showers of sparks. The guns of the allies, from the right of the village, now began to play on the enemy, and caused so much loss in the four reserve battalions, under General Oslonovich, that they, being young soldiers, began to retire of their own accord. At the same time, the French gained the heights, driving back and destroying the 2nd battalion of the Moscow regiment, and holding their ground against the Minsk regiment, the 1st, 3rd, and 4th battalions of the Moscow regiment, and a numerous artillery, which arrived too late to wrest the heights from their grasp till the demonstration in the centre rendered their position certain and secure. General Kiriakoff, who commanded the left wing, seems to have been utterly bewildered, and to have acted with great imbecility, and want of decision and judgment. The Russians with whom I have conversed, have assured me that he gave no orders, left every officer to do as he liked, and retired from the field, or at least disappeared from their view, very early in the fight. As the reserve battalions retired, the battalion of the Taioutine regiment, which was placed in a ravine in front of the river, withdrew as soon as it got under fire, and left a very important part of the position undefended. The Kazan and Ouglitsky regiments, defending the epaulement in which the guns were placed, suffered severely from the fire of the English riflemen, and the two battalions of the Borodino regiment, which advanced towards the river, to fire on our men as they crossed the ford, were driven back with great slaughter by the continuous flight of Minié bullets. As Pennefather's brigade advanced, two battalions of the Vladimir regiment, deploying into columns of battalions, charged them with the bayonet, but were checked by our murderous fire, and only a few men were killed and wounded in the encounter between the foremost ranks, which were much broken and confused for a few moments. The advance of the French obliquely from the right, and the success of the English on the left, threatening to envelope the whole of the enemy, they began to retreat in tolerable order; but the English and French guns soon began to open a cross fire on them, and their march became less regular. A Russian officer, who has written an account of the action, relates that Prince Menschikoff, as he rode past his regiment then marching off the ground as fast as it could under our fire, said, "It's a disgrace for a Russian soldier to retreat;" whereupon one of the officers exclaimed, "If you had ordered us, we would have stood our ground." It would appear that, on arriving at the heights of the Katcha, part of the Russian army halted for a short time, and took up their position in order of battle, in case the allies followed. As to the propriety of such a movement on our part by a portion of our army, under the circumstances, there may be some difference of opinion. As to the pursuit of the enemy on the spot by all the allied forces there can be no diversity of sentiment; but as to the proposition which Lord Raglan's friends declare he made, to continue the pursuit with our 1100 cavalry, some artillery, and no infantry, it seems scarcely possible that it was made in seriousness. The enemy, defeated though they were, mustered nearly 30,000

men, of whom 3500 were cavalry, and they had with them 94 guns. In their rear there was a most formidable position, protected by a river of greater depth and with deeper banks than the Alma. It was getting dark—no one knew the country—the troops were exhausted by a day's marching and manœuvring under a hot sun—and yet it is said that, under these circumstances, Lord Raglan proposed a pursuit by the portion of the French who had not been engaged by the Turkish division, and by part of our cavalry, and a hypothetical two or three batteries. Most military men will, if that assertion be substantiated, probably think less of his lordship's military capacity than ever they did before. The grounds on which M. St. Arnaud is stated to have declined acceding to the wishes of Lord Raglan are these,—that he could send no infantry, and that his artillery had exhausted their ammunition. Now, unquestionably St. Arnaud was quite as anxious as any one could be to complete his victory, and continue the pursuit of the enemy; and in his three despatches respecting the battle, he laments repeatedly his inability, from want of cavalry, to turn the retreat of the Russians into a rout. It is also true that the artillery of the French had exhausted their ammunition; but let us calmly examine the means at the disposal of the two generals to effect an operation of a most difficult and serious kind, which is said to have been suggested by the one, and rejected by the other. The English army present at the Alma, in round numbers as stated in the official returns, consisted of 27,000 men; the French, of 25,000; the Turks, of 6,000 men. Of the English were engaged with such loss as would incapacitate the regiments from action—the Guards, the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 30th, 33rd, 47th, 55th, 95th, one wing of 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. There remained in just as good order for marching as any of the French regiments—1st Battalion of the Royals, 4th, 79th, 44th, 21st, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, 50th, 49th, 77th, 88th, 20th, 28th, 38th, 42nd—14 Battalions,—and the cavalry; and according to the French accounts, all their divisions were more or less engaged, with the exception of part of Forey's. The Staff-officer who offers such extraordinary military dicta, admits we had 7000 men who had not taken a part in the action; but then he adds, that these 7000 men were "not in fact more than sufficient for the immediate necessities of the camp." Now, as the French force was nearly equal to ours, the necessities of their camp would be nearly equal to ours also. He avers, they had "12,000 men who had never been engaged." Be it so. —But deduct 7000 men required for "the immediate necessities of the camp," and you will have a disposable force of 5000 men, who, with a force of Turks (supposed to have no camp at all, and therefore to have none of the English or French necessities for eating or drinking or camping), were, according to Lord Raglan—according to his Staff-officer—to start off at four o'clock on a September evening to chase an army of 30,000 cavalry and infantry, and 94 guns! That is really the most preposterous attempt to show Lord Raglan's judgment and generalship that has ever been given to the world. It would have been much better to have kept such gossip for private circles, and the Staff-officer's admiring friends at home. His lordship very wisely never says a word in his published despatches to corroborate

those confidential communications, and it is to be hoped that they illustrate some of "the many opinions and motives ascribed to Lord Raglan which the Field-Marshal never entertained," to which the writer refers. It does so happen, however, that next day St. Arnaud wished to advance and follow the enemy, but Lord Raglan would not listen to it, as he had 3000 wounded English and Russians to move. That is, if the 10,000 Turks and French, and a few field batteries, had come up with and beaten the Russians, Lord Raglan would have permitted them to pursue their career of victory without support, and to do as they pleased; and if they were beaten and allowed to fall back, he would leave their wounded in the hands of the enemy, or spend still more time in burying them. But the worst of all is this—that, after losing two days, the English wounded were nearly all on board ship by the afternoon of the 21st—in spite of the Marshal's protest, we were obliged to leave upwards of 700 wounded Russians on the ground, with one surgeon and one servant to wait upon them, to dress their wounds, to feed them! The enemy halted at the Katcha till after midnight, crossing it at Aranchi, and fell back towards Sebastopol, on the north side of which a portion of the troops arrived by 4 o'clock on the following afternoon. Their loss was, as stated in the official accounts, 1762 killed, 2315 wounded, 405 contused. Two generals prisoners. Generals Kvitzinsky, Schelkanoff, Goginoff, Kourtianoff, wounded.

Every one of the enemy had a loaf of black bread, and a linen roll containing coarse broken biscuit or hard bread like oil cake. Though some of the troops had been at the Alma for a couple of days, no meat bones were found about the ground, and the only sign of preparation of food was two or three small ovens built in the hill side. The ground about the position was in a most horrible and filthy state.

The Russian dead were all buried together in pits, and were carried down to their graves as they lay. Our parties on the 21st and 22nd buried 1200 men. The British soldiers who fell were buried in pits in the same way. Their firelocks, and the useful portions of their military equipment, were alone preserved. It was a sad sight to see the litters borne in from all quarters hour after hour—to watch the working parties as they wandered about the plain turning down the blankets which had been stretched over the wounded, to behold if they were yet alive, or were food for the worms, and then adding many a habitant to the yawning pits which lay with insatiable mouths gaping on the hill side—or covering up the poor sufferers destined to pass another night of indescribable agony. The thirst of the wounded seemed intolerable, and our men—all honour to the noble fellows!—went about relieving the wants of the miserable creatures as far as they could.

The quantity of firelocks, of great coats, of bearskin caps, of shakos, of Russian helmets and flat forage caps, of knapsacks (English and Russian), of cross and sling belts, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, cartridges, swords, lying all over the hills, exceeded all computation; and round shot, fragments of shell smeared with blood and hair, grape-shot, Minié balls and bullets, were under the foot and eye at every step. Our

men broke all the enemies' firelocks and rifles which lay on the ground. As many of them were loaded, the concussion set them off, and balls were singing through the air in all directions on the night of the 20th, the 21st, and 22nd, so that dropping shot never ceased for about forty hours. The men were also busy cleaning out the firelocks which got choked or would not go off during the fight, and kept up a constant discharge all over the country. The Russian musket was a good weapon to look at, but must be rather a bad one to use. The barrel, which was longer than ours, and was kept polished, was made of iron, and was secured to the stock by brass straps, like the French. The lock was, however, tolerably good. The stock was of the old narrow Oriental pattern, and the wood of which it was made—white-grained and something like sycamore, broke easily. From the form of the heel of the stock, the "kick" of the musket must have been sharp with a good charge. Many firelocks were of an old pattern, and had been originally flint-locked, but were changed to detonators by screwing in nipples and plugging up the touch-holes with steel screws. The cartridges were beautifully made and finished, the balls being strongly gummed in at the end, but the powder was coarse and unglazed, and looked like millet-seed; it was, however, clean in the hand, and burnt very smartly. The rifles we found were a better description of arm; they were two-grooved, and projected a large conical ball with two raised grooves in it. The ball was flat at the base, and had neither hollow cup nor pin; its weight must exceed that of our Minié ball. These rifles were all made by J. P. Malherbe, of Liège. The bayonets were soft, and bent easily. Some good swords belonging to officers were picked up, and very effective weapons, probably belonging to drummers or bandsmen, exactly like the old Roman sword, very sharp and heavy, were also left on the field. Some six or seven drums were left behind, but nearly all of them were broken—several by the shot which killed their owners. No ensign, eagle, standard, or colour of any kind was displayed by the enemy or found on the field. Our regiments marched with their colours, as a matter of course, and the enemy made the latter a special mark for the rifles. Thus it was so many ensigns, lieutenants, and sergeants fell.

The sad duty of burying the dead was completed on the 22nd. The wounded were collected and sent on board ship in arabas and litters, and the surgeons with humane barbarity were employed night and day in saving life. In the Light Division there were nearly 1000 cases for surgical attendance and operations, at which Drs. Alexander and Tice were busily employed. Dr. Gordon was active in the Second Division in the same work.

There was more than an acre of Russian wounded when they were brought and disposed on the ground. Some of the prisoners told us they belonged to the army of Moldavia, and had only arrived in the Crimea twelve or fourteen days before the battle. If that were so, the expedition might have achieved enormous results at little cost, had it arrived three weeks earlier. All the Russian firelocks, knapsacks, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, &c., were collected together, near Lord Raglan's tent, and formed heaps about twenty yards long by ten yards broad. Our men were sent to the sea, three miles distant, on jolting

arabas or tedious litters. The French had well-appointed covered hospital vans, to hold ten or twelve men, drawn by mules, and their wounded were sent in much greater comfort than our poor fellows. The beach was lined with boats carrying off the wounded. Commander Powell, of the "Vesuvius," as beachmaster, was indefatigable in his exertions. Some poor fellows died on their way to the sea. Not only the wounded but the sick were sent on board the fleet. As a sanatorium alone, the value of the floating batteries of our dear friends the sailors was beyond all price. The Russian officers who were wounded, and all prisoners of rank, were likewise sent on board. We had 1000 sick on board, in addition to our wounded. The French return of 1400 killed and wounded was understood to include those who died of cholera during the passage from Varna and the march to the Alma.

We might have expected more efficient assistance in our duty of burying the dead, and collecting and carrying the wounded on board, from the Admiral in command of the fleet. Had a couple of thousand seamen and marines been landed, they could have done all that was required, have released us from two days' fearful duty, enabled us to follow the footsteps of our flying enemy, and to have completed his signal discomfiture, and have in all probability contributed materially to the issue of the campaign. Admiral Dundas, however, seemed to be in continual apprehension of the Russian fleet sallying out to attack us.

Brigadier-General Tylden died in his tent early on the morning of the 23rd, of cholera. He was buried in the valley under the heights of Alma. He was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Alexander, R.E., who was not, however, promoted to the rank of Brigadier. Many men died of cholera in the night. My sleep was disturbed by the groans of the dying, and on getting up in the morning I found that the corpse of a Russian lay outside the tent in which I had been permitted to rest. He was not there when we retired to rest, so that the wretched creature, who had probably been wandering about without food upon the hills ever since the battle, must have crawled down towards our fires and there expired in the attempt to reach them: several men died in a similar way close to the tent. Late at night on the 22nd, orders were sent round the divisions to be prepared for marching after daybreak, and early on the 23rd we left the blood-stained heights of the Alma—a name that will be ever memorable in history. Soon after dawn the French assembled all their drums and trumpets on the top of the highest of the hills they carried, and a wild flourish and roll, repeated again and again, and broken by peals of rejoicing from the bugles of the infantry, celebrated their victory ere they departed in search of the enemy. It was spirit-stirring and thrilling music, and its effect, as it swelled through the darkness of early morning down over the valley, can never be forgotten.

Our watch-fires were still burning languidly, as the sleepers roused themselves, all wet with dew, and prepared to leave the scene of their triumphs. The fogs of the night crept slowly up the hill sides, and hung in uncertain folds around their summits, revealing here and there the gathering columns of our regiments in dark patches on the

declivities, or showing the deep black-looking squares of the French battalions, already in motion towards the south. Dimly seen in the distance, the fleet was moving along slowly by the line of the coast, the long lines of smoke trailing back on their wake. But what was that grey mass on the plain, which seemed settled down upon it almost without life or motion? Now and then, indeed, an arm might be seen waved aloft, or a man raised himself for a moment, looked around, and then fell down again. Alas! that plain was covered with the wounded Russians. Nearly sixty long hours they passed in agony upon the ground, and with but little hope of help or succour more, we were compelled to leave them. All this nameless inconceivable misery—this cureless pain—to be caused by the caprice of one man! Seven hundred and fifty wounded men were upon the ground, and we could do nothing for them. Their wounds had been bound and dressed—we had done all we could do for them—and were obliged to depart.

Ere our troops marched, however, General Estcourt, by order of Lord Raglan, sent into the Tartar village up the valley, into which the inhabitants were just returning, and having procured the attendance of the head men, he proceeded to explain to them that the wounded Russians would be confided to their charge, and that they were to feed and maintain them, and when they were well they were to be let go their ways. In order to look after their wounds, an English surgeon was left behind with these 750 men. This most painful and desolate duty devolved on Dr. Thomson, of the 44th regiment. He was told his mission would be his protection in case the Cossacks came, and that he was to hoist a flag of truce should the enemy appear in sight, and then, provided with some rum, biscuit, and salt meat, he was left alone with his charge, attended only by a single servant. Ere the army went, however, one of the Russian officers addressed the wounded, and explained the position in which they were placed, and they promised to obey Dr. Thomson's orders, to protect him as far as they could, and to acquaint any Russian force which might arrive with the peculiar circumstances under which he was among them.

It was nearly eight o'clock ere the tents of head-quarters were struck, and the march began. We heard from the fleet that the enemy had not only left the Katcha, but that they had even retired across the Belbek. Our course was directed upon the former stream, almost in continuation of our march of the 20th, before the battle. As we moved along, the unfinished stone building, intended by the Russians for a telegraph station, came into view. The French had cut upon the entablature the simple inscription—*La Bataille d'Alma, 20 Septembre*, 1854. A similar building was visible further on towards Sebastopol; and on reaching the top of one of the hills on our way, we could see the white lighthouse of Chersonesus at the end of the promontory which juts out into the sea. The country through which we marched was hilly and barren. Amidst steep hillocks covered with thistles, and separated from each other at times by small patches of steppe, or by more undulating and less hillocky ground, wound the road to Sebastopol—a mere beaten track, marked

with cart-wheels, hoofs, and the nails of gun-carriage wheels. We advanced uninterruptedly at an average rate of two and a quarter miles an hour, halting occasionally to rest the troops, and allow the baggage-waggons to come up.

At three o'clock the beautiful valley of the Katcha came in sight, its opposite side formed by a ridge of hills clad with verdure and with small forests of shrubs, through which here and there shone the white walls of villas and snug cottages. The country over which we marched slid down, as it were, gradually to the level of the river, whose course was marked all along the base of the hills to the stream by lines of trees, and by the most luxuriant vegetation, forming a strong contrast to the barren and bleak-looking tract on which our troops advanced. Lord Raglan and his staff rode on considerably in advance of the troops, to the great astonishment and indignation of a Prussian officer (Lieut. Wagmann), who loudly declared such conduct was quite opposed to the rules of war. Fluellen himself could not have been more angry at such disregard of martial etiquette than the gallant gentleman in question, and certainly we did show marked contempt for the enemy, and the most superb disdain of his famed Cossacks. The fact was, that 200 cavalry of the smallest enterprise might have cut off my Lord Raglan, his aides, his generals of artillery and engineers and their staff, his quartermaster-general and his staff, his adjutant-general and his staff, Sir John Burgoyne and his staff, and all the staff doctors, at any time for hours during the day, and they all actually came within a few hundred yards of the shrubberies and plantations at the river, a mile in advance of even the cavalry, and were riding on towards it in the same *poco curante* fashion, till Captain Chetwode and his troop of the 8th Hussars pushed on in the front to reconnoitre. However, there was not a trace of the enemy, except that which we found soon afterwards in the houses.

The Katcha is a small and rapid rivulet, with banks like those of the Alma. We found its whole course was marked by neat white cottages, and that it watered the most delicious vineyards and gardens, amid which habitations were placed, but no inhabitants were visible. Wheeling over the bridge, we turned eastward towards the little village of Eskel, on the left bank. The first building on the road was the Imperial Post-house, with its sign-post of the double-headed eagle, and an illegible inscription. The usual wooden direction-post, with a black and red riband painted round it diagonally on a white ground, informed us we were on our way to Sebastopol, distant about ten miles. The place was abandoned, and the house destitute of the smallest particle of furniture. The road now assumed the character of an English by-way in Devonshire or Hampshire. Low walls at either side were surmounted by fruit trees laden with apples, pears, peaches, and apricots, all ripe and fit for use, and at their foot clustered grapes of the most delicate flavour. The first villa we came to was the residence of a physician or country surgeon. It had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Cossacks. A verandah, laden with clematis, roses, and honeysuckle in front, was filled with broken music-stools, work-tables, and lounging chairs. All the glasses of the

windows were smashed. Everything around betokened the hasty flight of the inmates. Two or three side-saddles were lying on the grass outside the hall-door; a parasol lay near them, close to a Tartar saddle and a huge whip. The wine casks were broken and the contents spilt; the barley and corn of the granary were thrown about all over the ground; broken china and glass of fine manufacture were scattered over the pavement outside the kitchen;—and amid all the desolation and ruin of the place, a cat sat blandly at the threshold, winking her eyes in the sunshine at the new comers.

No pen can describe the scene within. Mirrors in fragments were lying on the floor; the beds had been ripped open, and the feathers littered the rooms a foot deep; chairs, sofas, fauteuils, bedsteads, book-cases, picture-frames, images of saints, women's needlework, chests of drawers, shoes, boots, books, bottles, physic jars, all smashed or torn in pieces, lay in heaps in every room. Even the walls and doors were hacked with swords. The very genius of destruction had been at work, and had revelled in mischief. The physician's account-book lay open on a broken table: he had been stopped in the very act of debiting a dose to some neighbour, and his entry remained unfinished. Beside his account-book lay a volume of "Madame de Sévigné's Letters" in French, and a Pharmacopœia in Russian. A little bottle of prussic acid lay so invitingly near a box of bonbons, that I knew it would be irresistible to the first hungry private who had a taste for almonds, and I accordingly poured out the contents to prevent the possible catastrophe. Our men and horses were soon revelling in grapes and corn; and we pushed on to Eskel, and established ourselves in a house which had belonged to a Russian officer of rank—at least, many traces of the presence of one were visible.

Every house and villa in the place was a similar scene to that which I have in vain tried to describe. The better the class of the residence, the more complete and pitiable the destruction. Grand pianos, and handsome pieces of furniture covered with silk and damasked velvet, rent to pieces with brutal violence, were found in more than one house; but one of the instruments retained enough of its vital organs to breathe out "God save the Queen" from its lacerated brass ribs, and it was made to do so accordingly—ay, under the very eye of a rigid portrait of his Imperial Majesty the Czar, which hung on the wall above! These portraits of the autocrat were not uncommon in the houses—nearly as common as pictures of saints with gilt and silver glories around their heads. The houses, large and small, consisted of one story only, and magnitude was gained by lateral extension. Each house stood apart, with a large patch of vineyard around it, and a garden of fruit trees, and was fenced in from the road by a stone wall, and a line of poplars or elms. A porch, covered with vines, protected the entrance. The rooms were clean and scrupulously whitewashed. Large outhouses, with wine-presses, stables, &c., complete the farmer's establishment.

On our march a deserter came in, and was taken before Lord Raglan. He was, however, only a Tartar, but he gave such information respecting the feelings of the inhabitants towards us, that steps were at once taken to inform those who were hiding, that if they

returned to their homes, their lives and property would be protected. Some hour or so after we had arrived at Eskel, a number of bullet-headed personages, with sheepskin caps, and loose long coats and trousers, made their appearance, stealthily creeping into the houses, and eyeing the new occupants with shy curiosity. From the people who thus returned, we heard that the Russians had arrived at the Katcha in rather a fatigued and dispirited condition the night of the battle of Alma, and had taken up their position in the villages and in the neighbouring houses. At twelve o'clock the same night they continued their march. A part of the army went towards Bakschiserai. They were said to consist of about 20,000, and to be under the command of Menschikoff in person. The rest proceeded direct to Sebastopol, and entered the city in some disorder. The evidences of their march were found along the road, in cartridges, shakos, caps, and articles of worn-out clothing. In the house which we occupied were abundant traces of the recent visit of a military man of rank: books on strategy, in Russian, lay on the floor, and a pair of handsome epaulets were found in the passage.

Lord Raglan occupied a very pretty villa for the night, but most of the furniture had been destroyed by the Cossacks. Orders were given to prevent the soldiers destroying the vineyards or eating the fruit, but of course it was quite impossible to guard so extensive and tempting a region as the valley of the Katcha from thirsty and hungry men. There our soldiers fared on the richest of grapes and the choicest pears and apples, but they did not waste and spoil as the French did at Mamaschai, lower down the river.

CHAPTER V.

Move from the Katcha—The Belbek—The Flank March—What might have been done—A Surprise—Skirmish with the Russians—Plunder—Balaklava—Mr. Upton made Prisoner—Sebastopol—Its Fortifications—Preparations for the Siege—The Cherson Light-house—Death of Marshal St. Arnaud—French and English Positions.

THE head-quarters did not move from the Katcha till nearly noon on the 24th. The day was very hot, and the troops, standing under arms or lying down under the sun while this long delay took place, were very much dissatisfied. In effect, however, we were detained by the welcome arrival of reinforcements. The French received between 7000 and 8000 men, who were landed on the night of the 23rd and the morning of the 24th at the mouth of the Katcha. The Scots Greys were also landed from the "Himalaya," and the 57th Regiment, which had been all but disembarked at the mouth of the Alma, came round to the Katcha and joined the army on the 23rd, when it was discovered that the enemy had sunk a line of vessels across the harbour in deep water, so as to form a submarine barrier against us. The ships thus sunk were the "Tre Sviatitel" ("Three Bishops"), three-decker, "Safail," "Urail," two-deckers, the frigates "Varna" and

"Med," and the old two-decker "Bachmont." This resolute and sagacious measure was advised by Korniloff, and adopted by Menschikoff.

The country towards the Belbek is hilly and barren for a couple of miles after leaving the Katcha river. Then it becomes somewhat fresher and more level, and at length the river is approached by a gentle descent of meadow and greensward from the hills. The distance between the Katcha and the Belbek is about six miles. The valley of the Belbek is commanded by high hills on the left bank, but instead of being bare, like the summits of the hills over the Katcha and the Alma, they are covered with trees and brushwood.

As it had been ascertained by *reconnaissance* that the enemy had posted strong batteries along the north-west of the harbour of Sebastopol, in conjunction with the Star Fort and Fort Constantine, which would cause us loss and delay in an attempt to invest the town on that face, it occurred to Sir John Burgoyne that, by a flank movement performed with energy and decision on Balaklava, we should turn and neutralize the effect of these batteries, secure a new base of operations (of which we were in want, having abandoned that of the Katcha), and completely distract the enemy, who would find the weakest part of Sebastopol exposed to the fire of our batteries, and our attacks directed against a point where they had least reason to expect it, and which they might have imagined free from all assault. The whole army accordingly marched towards the south-east, on the Black River, and as they were obliged to pass through a thickly-wooded country, intersected by narrow lanes winding up and down the hills, the troops were necessarily in some disorder, and had the enemy possessed the smallest enterprise they might have inflicted severe loss upon us and caused great annoyance by a spirited attack on our flank, whilst we were rounding the head of the harbour. This operation they at one time contemplated, but they dreaded the result of a second defeat.

At times, from the top of the hills, the town, with its white houses shining in the sun, could be plainly seen. All the afternoon the steamers effected a diversion by shelling the Star Fort and Fort Constantine, but at such a long range they could do but little execution; however, the fire had the effect of engaging the attention of the Russians. They did not make the smallest attempt to interrupt our progress. In the course of our march the baggage was sent too far to the left, and became involved in the line of the French and Turkish troops, who were marching on our flanks. Lord Raglan and his staff rode on (as is their wont) well in advance, and reconnoitred Sebastopol. They were close to the north-east Fort; but no shot was fired at them, notwithstanding that they were well within range.

The works which commanded the mouth of the Belbek were really at that time very inconsiderable, and could easily have been silenced by the fleet. An eyewitness, who served in the Russian army, states that all the troops as they arrived in at the south side on the 20th and 21st, crossed to the south-west, except the Taioutine regiment. Such a movement would make it appear that the Russians expected a descent upon the south side, or were prepared to hold that side against the north, in case the allies seized

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upon the Sievernaya and the northern forts. The only preparation made for the defence of the Sievernaya on the 22nd, was as follows:—The Taioutine regiment, four battalions; the four depôt battalions of the 13th Division, and one battalion of sailors; in all about 6000 men were placed to garrison the work, which was in a very bad state and badly armed. They received orders to retire by a subterranean passage 4000 feet long to the sea-side, in case the enemy should attack with vigour. On the 23rd, finding they were not pressed or pursued, the Russians pushed twelve battalions, two field batteries, and a regiment of cavalry, to the Belbek, and at one time seemed to have contemplated a demonstration against our flank. This, however, they abandoned; and on the 24th they turned their attention to the defence of the bridge across the Tchernaya, at Inkermann, on which they brought to bear four field and four siege guns, and the troops which had been on the Belbek, and the 16th Division, the cavalry part of the 14th Division, &c., moved across the Tchernaya by the Traktir bridge, and ascended to Mackenzie's farm, whence on the morning of the 25th, they descended to Otoukoi, on the Belbek, and marched to Bakschiserai to await the course of events, being joined there by Prince Gortschakoff, with the rest of the Russian army of the Alma. The troops left in Sebastopol, exclusive of the equipages of the fleet, were four battalions of the reserve of the 13th Division, which had suffered severely at the Alma, four depôt battalions of the 13th Division, and the third battalion of the Taioutine regiment, in all nine weak battalions.

All the Russian officers with whom I have conversed—all the testimony I have heard or read, coincide on these two points—first, that if on the 25th we had moved to Bakschiserai in pursuit of the Russians, we should have found their army in a state of the most complete demoralisation, and might have forced the great majority of them to surrender as prisoners of war in a sort of *cul de sac*, from which but few could have escaped. Secondly, that had we advanced directly against Sebastopol, the town would have surrendered after some slight show of resistance to save the honour of the officers. The deduction from these propositions is, that the flank march was the certain precursor of a long siege, of bloody battles and great losses; was an evidence of diffidence, and at the same time of boldness which, though favoured by fortune in its execution, was scarcely justifiable in a military sense, and was an abandonment of the original character of the expedition.

And here I may be permitted to remark, that the statement in the letters (of a Staff-officer) "from Head-quarters," page 224, to the effect that Lord Lyons could not have disapproved of the flank march because he was not present when Sir John Burgoyne proposed it, and that his manner when he received Lord Raglan at Balaklava, "proved he highly admired" that movement, is calculated to lead to very erroneous impressions in the minds of those who attach any weight to [illegible] of that Staff-officer. Lord Lyons when he heard of the flank march, expressed his disapprobation of it, and when he met Lord Raglan he (as I heard from his own lips) told his lordship that he conceived the flank march to be a departure from the spirit in which the expedition was undertaken,

and said, "This is strategy, but we are in no condition for strategical operations. We came here for a coup-de-main, but this is strategy!" The effects of that march are now matters beyond argument, and we can only weigh probable results against events—a very difficult equation. Whatever may be the opinions of civilians or military men respecting the flank march, it is certain that to Sir John Burgoyne belongs the credit of originating the idea at the conference which took place between the generals on the Belbek.

On the day of our march from the Katcha, I was, after a long struggle, struck down by fever, fell from my pony into the stream where he was drinking, and was placed by one of the staff surgeons in a jolting araba carrying a part of the baggage of the Light Division, with poor Hughes of the 23rd Regiment, one of the finest men in the British army, who died worn out by hardships in the course of the winter. I saw but little that day except the march of men, and the fine country around and before us. The armies marched close together; the sun was exceedingly powerful, and when from the top of a wooded hill we saw the delicious valley of the Belbek studded with little snow-white cottages, with stately villas, with cosy snug-looking hamlets buried in trees, and fringed with a continuous line of the most gloriously green vineyards, and the noblest orchards of fruit-trees, there was an exclamation, a murmur of delight throughout the whole army, which, precipitating itself like a torrent down the steep slopes of the hill-sides, soon swarmed in every garden, and clustered in destructive swarms around every bush. Their halt was, however, a short one.

The word was given to push over the stream, and its bright waters were soon defiled by the tramp of many feet. Just as the araba in which I lay was passing by a beautiful little chateau, said to belong to a Russian general, I saw a stream of soldiers issue from it, laden with the most incongruous, but at the same time the richest, spoils which a man of taste and wealth could abandon to an enemy; others were engaged inside in smashing the house to atoms, breaking the glasses, throwing mirrors, pictures, and furniture out of the open frames. Shocked by such wanton outrage I inquired the cause, and learned from an officer who was standing by, that the soldiers had not done the smallest mischief till they saw an English staff officer of rank take a bronze statuette out of the house and ride away with it, whereupon the cry arose, "Let us plunder too if our officer sets the example." I could not help thinking what would have been the fate of that officer if he had served under our great Duke.

At the other side of the narrow valley of the Belbek, the hill-sides are exceedingly steep, and were covered with dwarf wood and undergrowth of bushes. It was with difficulty the men crept up to the summit, and the wagons were urged up the rugged and narrow paths. Lord Raglan occupied one of the plundered villas, near the only bridge the Russians left across the stream. Marshal St. Arnaud encamped on the southern ridge. There was very great confusion in getting the men into their places on this wooded and [illegible] ridge of hills intersected with ravines, and it was long after sunset ere the men finally settled down at their bivouac fires. They had not eaten their scrambling

and very heterogeneous suppers, and lain down to rest more than a few hours, when (about 1·30 in the morning) the report of a gun on the hills towards our right woke up the whole of the allied armies. The bugles at once sounded all along our lines, and the men stood to their arms, but there were only a few reports one after the other, and then all was silent. It appeared that the French vedettes saw some Cossacks in their front, and fell back on a picket who were bivouacing by a large fire, when the enemy opened upon them at a long range, either from some of the earthworks of the north side or from field-pieces. The shot whizzed high over head, and one of them passed over the English head-quarters, but as the vedettes reported all quiet in front soon afterwards, the troops piled arms and lay down to sleep again. Cholera was much on the increase, and many fell sick or died during the night.

On Monday morning, the 25th, our troops were under arms at 5·30 a.m., and at seven Lord Raglan, Sir John Burgoyne, and other staff officers proceeded to the French head-quarters, to decide on the course to be pursued in the forthcoming attack on Sebastopol. Marshal St. Arnaud was very unwell, but if M. de Bazancourt is to be credited, he was able to write very unjust entries in his journal, and to speak in a tone of egotistical confidence which his situation rendered painful, and which but for that would have been ridiculous. He says, under the head of the 25th, "The English ought to start first, and do not move till nine o'clock." He must have known that till after nine o'clock it was not decided what course the troops were to take. Again, he speaks of himself as the sole leader, at a time when he had all but resigned the command. "Je les battrai," &c., on the very day when he was obliged to be carried from his tent in Prince Menschikoff's carriage. At the conferences, the French proposed to force the Inkermann bridge across the Tchernaya, and to make a push at the town. Sir John Burgoyne proposed that we should cross the stream by the bridge, at a place called Traktir, or "Restaurant," near Tchorguna, and by his representations carried the majority of those present with him, as he adduced strong reasons for seizing Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Kazatch, which were as much appreciated by our allies as by the English. It was therefore decided that the armies should continue their march on the ridge between the Belbek and the Tchernaya.

Our march was continuous, but by different routes, the artillery proceeding by a difficult road, which allowed only one horseman to ride by the side of each gun. The Duke of Cambridge's baggage was actually within gunshot of Sebastopol for a quarter of an hour. As Lord Raglan was riding on in front of his staff he found himself, on emerging from a wooded road on the open space in front, in the immediate presence of a body of Russian infantry; which turned out to be the baggage guard of a large detachment of the Russian army marching from Sebastopol to Bakschiserai. They were not more than a few hundred yards distant. Lord Raglan simply turned his horse, and accelerating his pace, he and his staff quietly cantered back to the rear of the first division of Artillery. The cavalry, consisting of a portion of the 11th and 8th Hussars, were quickly got in front—the

guns were unlimbered and opened on the retreating mass of Russians; the 2nd battalion of Rifles in skirmishing order threw in a volley of Minié balls, the cavalry executed a charge, and the result was, that after a few rounds the Russians broke and fled along the road in great haste without an attempt at resistance, leaving behind them an enormous quantity of baggage of every description for two miles strewed over the ground in the direction of their flight.

This was fair and legitimate plunder, and the troops were halted and allowed to take what they liked, and what they could carry. They broke open all the carts and tumbled out the contents on the road, but the pillage was conducted with regularity, and the officers presided over it to see that there was no squabbling, and that no man took more than his share. Immense quantities of wearing apparel, of boots, shirts, coats, dressing cases, valuable ornaments, and some jewellery were found in the baggage carts, as well as a military chest containing some money (there are people who say it held 3000*l*.). A Russian artillery officer was found in one of the carriages, in a very jovial mood, and had evidently been making rather free with the bottle. Plenty of Champagne was discovered among the baggage, and served to cheer the captors during their cold bivouac that night. A great number of very handsome hussar jackets, richly laced with silver, and made of fine light-blue cloth, which had never yet been worn, were also taken, and sold by the soldiers for sums varying from 20*s*. to 30*s*. a-piece. Fine large winter cloaks of cloth, lined with rich furs, were found in abundance. The enemy were pursued two or three miles on the road to Bakschiserai, but they fled so precipitately the cavalry could not come up with them.

This plunder put the soldiers in great good humour, and they marched on the whole day, in excellent spirits, leaving Sebastopol on their right, till they arrived at the little hamlet of Traktir, on the Tchernaya or Black River, just before sunset, and halted for the night. As the baggage was separated from the bulk of the army by the distance of some miles, Lord Raglan was fain to put up in a miserable little lodge for the night, while the bulk of his staff slept on the ground in a ditch outside it. Not the smallest attempt was made by the enemy to interrupt or annoy us during this very remarkable march, which could at any time have been greatly harassed by the least activity on the part of the Russians. Our march was through woods, along bad and often precipitous roads, and a few trees felled at intervals would have sufficed to stop the army for hours. Continuing our advance early next morning, we crossed the Tchernaya, and proceeded across the plains to Balaklava.

He was a bold mariner who first ventured in here, and keen-eyed too. I never was more astonished in my life than when on the morning of Tuesday Sept. 26th, I halted on the top of one of the numerous hills of which this portion of the Crimea is composed, and looking down saw under my feet a little pond, closely compressed by the sides of high rocky mountains; on it floated some six or seven English ships, for which exit seemed quite hopeless. The bay is like a highland tarn, and it is long ere the eye admits that it is some half mile in length from the sea, and varies from 250 to 120 yards in breadth.

The shores are so steep and precipitous that they shut out as it were the expanse of the harbour, and make it appear much smaller than it really is. Towards the sea the cliffs close up and completely overlap the narrow channel which leads to the haven, so that it is quite invisible. On the south-east of the poor village, which struggles for existence between the base of the rocky hills and the margin of the sea, are the extensive ruins of a Genoese fort, built some 200 feet above the level of the sea. It must have once been a large and important position, and its curtains, bastions, towers, and walls, all destroyed and crumbling in decay though they are, evince the spirit and enterprise of the hardy seamen who penetrated these classic recesses so long ago. There may be doubts whether the Genoese built it, but there can be none that it is very old, and superior in workmanship to the edifices of the Turks or Tartars.

The staff advanced first on the town, and were proceeding to enter it, when, to their surprise, from the old forts above came four spirts of smoke in rapid succession, and down came four shells into the ground close to them. The dose of shell was repeated, but by this time the "Agamemnon," outside the rocks, was heard busily sending her shot against the fort. The Rifles and some of the Light Division opened fire, and the fort hung out a flag of truce. The Colonel or Commandant had only sixty men under him, and they were all made prisoners. On being asked why he fired from a position which he must have known to be untenable, he replied that he did so in order that he might be summoned, and that he felt bound to fire till required to surrender.

Lord Raglan entered about twelve o'clock in the day. As he approached the principal street the inhabitants came out to meet him, bearing trays laden with fruit and flowers. Some of them bore loaves of bread cut up in pieces and placed on dishes covered with salt, in token of good will and submission. The fleet and army were thus once more united, and Lord Raglan had secured his base of operations. Towards evening the "Agamemnon" glided in between the rocks in the narrow harbour, and anchored opposite the house of the General, whom Sir E. Lyons speedily visited.

Our cavalry in the afternoon took Mr. Upton, son of the English engineer who constructed so many useful works at Sebastopol. He was captured on his farm, and was taken before Lord Raglan, but at first he refused in the most decisive way to give any information respecting the Russians, as he said he could not reconcile it to his notions of honour to injure a Government in whose military service he had been, and it was only on the representations made to him of the penalties incurred by an English subject in refusing to aid his countrymen in war, that he was induced to give some particulars respecting the town, it being also understood that he would receive compensation for any losses he might incur at the hands of the enemy.

The town is a poor fishing village, inhabited by a Greek colony. There were, however, at the period of our arrival, one or two good houses of the usual character in the neighbourhood, and we found very seasonable stores of hay in the farm-yards. All the hills around

were barren rock; towards the land they became more fertile, and for a mile towards Sebastopol and Simpheropol were studded with pleasant-looking white villas and farm-houses, principally inhabited by Russian officials from Sebastopol.

The "Australian," "Sidney," and "Gertrude," with the heavy artillery and siege train, came in on the 27th, and at once proceeded to disembark their heavy guns at a pier which was repaired by the 3rd company of the Sappers. The 4th and 2nd Divisions were pushed on towards the south-west side of Sebastopol, and encamped on ridges about two miles from the city, separated from each other by a ravine, which commences near Balaklava and runs nearly to the head of the creek of Sebastopol. The city was quite visible below us. Across the north of the harbour, near the most easterly of the creeks, was placed a two-decker, painted so as to look like a three-decker, with springs on her cable, and her broadside turned towards our position. On the northern side a large circular work, with three tiers of guns—Fort Constantine—was visible, and more inland there was another large fortification, called the Star Fort. On the near side was a very large fortification, with curtains, running inland, a semi-circular bastion, and some rudimentary earthworks—all outside the town. Lord Raglan and staff rode out and made a reconnaissance. A frigate anchored inside the two-decker, near the end of the creek, amused herself by firing round shot and shell at the staff, and at our men, but did no damage. The French landed their guns at Kamiesch and Khagatel.

The cholera, which has never left us, made many victims. Colonel Beckwith (1st battalion Rifles), Captain Cox (Grenadier Guards), Colonel Hoey (30th Regiment), Dr. Mackay, Lieutenant Grant (79th), the Rev. Mr. Mockler, and others, were among the number.

The light-house of Cape Cherson fell into our hands, and was lighted up by English sailors. The Russians had left it in darkness, but a party of blue-jackets dashed at it on the 26th of September, and compelled the Russian lighthouse-keeper to illuminate it. Jack was in great delight at this little feat. The "Firebrand" and "Sanspareil" landed 1000 sailors from the fleet on the 1st of October. They were placed under canvas at the head of the Bay of Balaklava. One thousand marines garrisoned the heights above the town, and the First Division, liberated by their presence, moved on in advance, and supported the Fourth Division. The Turks encamped at the rear and to the right of our Third Division.

On Friday, September 29, Marshal St. Arnaud, who had been obliged to resign his command to General Canrobert on the march, was carried from his quarters in Balaklava on board the "Berthollet" in a dying state, and expired at sea ere she reached the Bosphorus.

On the 30th, all our heavy guns were parked. On the 1st of October there was a general rest throughout the army. The enemy the whole of that day amused themselves firing shot and shell over the heads of our artillery, and General Cathcart was obliged to move his quarters, as the Russians found out his range and made beautiful practice at them. However, he left his flagstaff, which seemed of much attraction to them, in the same place, and they continued to hammer away

at it as usual. The Second Division moved up on the left of our position on the 8th of October, and the Light Division took ground on the extreme right.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson obtained the command of Captain Patton's battery of artillery, vacated by the decease of the latter-named officer by cholera.

During the first three weeks of our stay in the Crimea we lost as many of cholera as perished on the Alma. We heard strange things from the deserters who now began to join us. They said that thirty Russian ladies went out of Sebastopol to see the battle of the Alma, as though they were going to a play or a picnic. They were quite assured of the success of the Russian troops, and great was their alarm and dismay when they found themselves obliged to leave the telegraph house on the hill, and to fly for their lives in their carriages. There is no doubt but that our enemies were perfectly confident of victory.

Forty pieces of heavy artillery were sent up on the 4th of October to the park, and twelve tons of gunpowder were safely deposited in the mill on the road towards Sebastopol. As the French had very little ground left on which to operate on our left, the 2nd Division moved from its position, crossed the ravine on its right, and took up ground near the 4th Division. The French immediately afterwards sent up a portion of their troops to occupy the vacant ground.

Dr. Thomson, of the 44th, and Mr. Reade, Assistant Surgeon-Staff, died of cholera on the 5th of October, in the town of Balaklava. The town was in a filthy, revolting state. Lord Raglan ordered it to be cleansed, but there was no one to obey the order, and consequently no one attended to it.

BOOK III.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE — THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT — ITS FAILURE — THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA — CAVALRY CHARGE — THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN — ITS CONSEQUENCES.

CHAPTER I.

English Head-Quarters—Investment of Sebastopol—Russian Batteries open fire—The Greeks expelled from Balaklava—First Sortie—Plan of the Works—The Turks—Review of the Campaign—Impediments—"Right" and "Left" Attacks—Officers in Command—Opening of the Siege—First Bombardment—Its Results—The "Valley of Death"—Hard Pounding—Privations—Russian Movements—Conflagrations—A Stratagem—Returns of Killed and Wounded—Diminution of our Numbers—Russian Tactics.

Lord Raglan and Staff moved from the town of Balaklava, and established head-quarters in a snug farm-house, surrounded by vineyards and extensive out-offices, about four and a half miles from Balaklava, on the 5th of October. From the rising ground, about a mile and a half distant from head-quarters, in front, the town of Sebastopol was plainly visible. The Russians were occupied throwing up works and fortifying the exposed portions of the town with the greatest energy.

The investment of the place on the south side was, as far as possible, during the night of the 7th, completed. Our lines were to be pushed on the right and closed in towards the north, so as to prevent supplies or reinforcements passing out or in on this side of the Black River. This measure was absolutely necessary to enable our engineers to draw the lines or measure the ground.

The Russians continued to work all the week at the White Fort, and cast up strong earthworks in front of it, and also on the extreme left, facing the French. They fired shell and shot, at intervals of ten minutes, into the camps of the Second and Light Divisions. Sir George Brown had to move his quarters more to the rear.

The silence and gloom of our camp, as compared with the activity and bustle of that of the French, were very striking. No drum, no bugle-call, no music of any kind, was ever heard within our precincts, while our neighbours close by kept up incessant rolls, fanfaronnades, and flourishes, relieved every evening by the fine performances of their military bands. The fact was many of our instruments had been placed in store, and the regimental bands were broken up and disorganized, the men being devoted to the performance of the duties for which the ambulance corps was formed. I think, judging from one's own feelings, and from the expressions of those around, that the want

of music in camp was productive of graver consequences than appeared likely to occur at first blush from such a cause. Every military man knows how regiments, when fatigued on the march, cheer up at the strains of their band, and dress up, keep step, and walk on with animation and vigour when it is playing. At camp, I always observed with pleasure the attentive auditory who gathered every evening at the first taps of the drum to listen to the music. At Aladyn and Devno the men used to wander off to the lines of the 77th, because it had the best band in the division; and when the bands were silenced because of the prevalence of cholera, out of a humane regard for the feelings of the sick, the soldiers were wont to get up singing parties in their tents in lieu of their ordinary entertainment. It seemed to be an error to deprive them of a cheering and wholesome influence at the very time they needed it most. The military band was not meant alone for the delectation of garrison towns, or for the pleasure of the officers in quarters, and the men were fairly entitled to its inspiration during the long and weary march in the enemy's country, and in the monotony of a standing camp ere the beginning of a siege.

Soon after daybreak on the morning of the 10th the Russian batteries opened a heavy fire on the right of our position, but the distance was too great for accuracy of range or precision of flight. On the same day four battalions of French numbering 2400 men, broke ground at nine o'clock P.M., and before daybreak they had finished a ditch, parapet, and banquette, 1200 metres long, at a distance of 900 metres from the enemy's line; and so little did the Russians suspect the operation, that they never fired a gun to disturb them. Each man worked and kept guard at one of the covering parties in turn till daybreak, and by that time each man had finished his half metre of work, so that the 1200 metres were completed. From this position a considerable portion of the enemy's defences on their right was quite under control, and the French could command the heaviest fort on that side. From the top of the ditch seventy-six guns could be counted in the embrasures of this work, which was called the Bastion du Mât. The French had got forty-six guns ready to mount when the embrasures should be made and faced with gabions and fascines, and the platforms were ready. Their present line was from 200 to 300 yards nearer to the enemy's lines than ours; but the superior weight of our siege guns more than compensated for the difference of distance.

On the night of Tuesday, October 10th, after dark, the British, who had already thrown up some detached batteries, broke ground before Sebastopol on the left of our position. Soon after dark, 800 men were marched out silently on our left front, and commenced making the first British trenches before Sebastopol. They were under the charge and direction of Captain Chapman, R.E., who has the construction of the works and engineering department of the left attack under his control. About 1200 yards of trench were made, though the greatest difficulty was experienced in working, owing to the rocky nature of the ground. The cover was tolerably good. The Russians never ceased firing, but attempted nothing more,

and those who were hoping for a sortie were disappointed. As an earthwork for a battery had been thrown up the previous day, within fire of the enemy's guns, their attention was particularly directed to our movements, and throughout the day they kept up a most tremendous fire on the high grounds in front of the Light and Second Divisions. Shells, 68-pound shot, and even some of 84 pounds, were thrown every quarter of a minute from the Russian batteries, flew over the earthwork in which were Captain Colville and his company of Rifles, bounding and bursting on the hills behind. The Russians, who usually ceased firing at sunset, were on the alert all night, and continued their fire against the whole line of our approaches almost uninterruptedly. Every instant the darkness was broken by a flash which had all the effect of summer lightning—then came darkness again, and in a few seconds a fainter flash denoted the bursting of a shell. Our amusement was to sit with stop watches, and count till the report came bursting upon us, followed by the roaring sound of the shot, the peculiar noise which the Scotch would call the "soughing" of the shell, and the explosion of the bomb; and then to estimate the distance of the gun and the range of the ball. The silence in the English camp afforded a strange contrast to the constant roar of the Russian batteries, to the music and trumpet calls and lively noises of the encampment of our allies. After nightfall the batteries on the Russian centre opened so fiercely that it was expected they were covering a sortie, and the camp was on the alert in consequence. Lord Raglan, accompanied by our active Quartermaster-General, Colonel Airey, and several officers of his staff, started at ten o'clock, and rode along the lines, minutely inspecting the state and position of the regiments and works. They returned at half-past one o'clock in the morning. The only casualties we had during this heavy fire on the night of the 10th were, one man, 68th, died of wounds, legs taken off; one man, 57th, killed by cannon-shot; another man, 57th, arm shot off; Lieutenant Rotherham, 20th, slightly wounded in the leg by a stone, which had been "started" by a cannon-shot.

Colonel Waddy, Captain Gray, and Lieutenant Mangles, 50th, were wounded by a shell on the evening of the 11th, but contrary to their usual custom, the Russian batteries were silent during the night. This was so ominous that we expected a sortie, and it was also rumoured that they would attack Balaklava, while the Greeks were to aid them by setting fire to the town. The information on this point was so positive, that the authorities resorted to the extreme measure of ordering the Greeks, men, women, and children, to leave the town, and the order was rigidly carried into effect before evening. An exception was made in favour of the Tartar families, who were all permitted to remain. The Greeks were consoled in their flight by a good deal of plunder in the shape of clothes which had been left with them to wash.

Capt. Gordon, R.E., commenced the formation of our right attack soon after dark. Four hundred men were furnished from the Second and Light Divisions on the works, and strong covering parties were sent out in front and in rear to protect them. The working party was divided into four companies of 100 men each, and they worked

on during the night with such good will, that before morning No. 1 party had completed 160 yards; No. 2, 78 yards; No. 3, 95 yards; No. 4, 30 yards—in all 363 yards of trench ready for conversion into batteries. These trenches were covered very perfectly. It was intended that a party of similar strength should be employed on the left and centre, but, owing to one of those accidents which unavoidably occur in night work, the sappers and miners missed their way, and got in advance towards the lines of the enemy. They were perceived by an advanced post, which opened fire on them at short distance, and, wonderful to relate, missed them all. The flashes, however, showed our men that strong battalions of Russian infantry were moving silently towards our works, and the alarm was given to the division in the rear. At twenty-five minutes past one a furious cannonade was opened by the enemy on our lines, as they had then ascertained that we had discovered their approach. The Second and Light Divisions turned out, and our field guns attached to them opened fire on the enemy, who were advancing under the fire of their batteries. Owing to some misunderstanding, the covering parties received orders to retire, and fell back on their lines—all but one company of riflemen, under the command of Lieutenant Godfrey, who maintained the ground with tenacity, and fired into the columns of the enemy with effect. The Russians pushed on field-pieces to support their assault. The batteries behind them were livid with incessant flashes, and the roar of shot and shell filled the air, mingled with the constant "ping-pinging" of rifle and musket-balls. All the camps "roused out." The French on our left got under arms, and the rattle of drums and the shrill blast of trumpets were heard amid the roar of cannon and small arms. For nearly half-an-hour this din lasted, till all of a sudden a ringing cheer was audible on our right, rising through the turmoil. It was the cheer of the 88th, as they were ordered to charge down the hill on their unseen enemy. It had its effect, for the Russians, already pounded by our guns and shaken by the fire of our infantry, as well as by the aspect of the whole hill-side lined with our battalions, turned and fled under the shelter of their guns. Their loss was not known; ours was very trifling. The sortie was completely foiled, and not an inch of our lines was injured, while the four-gun battery (the main object of their attack) was never closely approached at all. The alarm over, every one returned quietly to tent or bivouac. In order to understand this description of the works, it will be necessary to refer to the plan which accompanies this number. It affords a good idea of the appearance presented by the lines and works on the eve of the first bombardment.

At the distance of about 700 sagenes (a sagene is seven feet), from the south extremity of the Careening Bay, was placed a round tower, around which the Russians had thrown up extensive entrenchments, armed with heavy guns. There was a standing camp of cavalry and infantry on a rising ground, on the summit of which this tower was placed, and probably 10,000 or 12,000 men were encamped there. This round tower was provided with guns, which, equally with those in the earthworks below, threw shot and shell right over our advanced posts and working parties, and

sometimes pitched them over the hills in our front into the camps below. At the distance of 1200 yards from this round tower, in a direction nearly due south south-east, our first batteries were to be formed, and the earthworks had been thrown up there, inclining with the slope of the hill towards the end of the Dockyard Creek, from which they were distant 930 yards. The guns of this work were intended to command the Dockyard Creek, the ships placed in it, and the part of the town and its defences on the west and south of the creek.

Our left attack extended up towards the slope of the ravine which divided the French from the British attacks, and which ran south-east from the end of the Dockyard Creek up to our head-quarters at Khutor. Dominating both of these entrenchments, for most of their course, was a heavy battery of eight Lancaster and ten-inch naval guns, placed at a distance of 2500 yards from the enemy's lines. The extreme of the French right was about two and a half miles from the extreme of the British left attack. South of the Cemetery, and inclining up towards Quarantine Bay and the fresh-water wells, were the French lines, which were beautifully made and covered. The fire of the Russian batteries thrown up from the circular position at the end of the western wall towards the barracks near the end of the Dockyard Harbour, was incessantly directed on them, and shells sometimes burst in the lines, but as a general rule they struck the hill in front, bounded over, and burst in the rear. Our left attack crept round towards Inkermann, and commanded the place from the influx of the Tchernaya into the head of the bay or harbour of Sebastopol, to the hills near the round tower already threatened by our right attack. The French commanded the place from the sea to the ravine at the end of the Dockyard Harbour, and when their guns were mounted, it was hoped that all the forts, intrenchments, buildings, earthworks, barracks, batteries, and shipping would be destroyed.

The front of both armies united, and the line of offensive operations covered by them, extended from the sea to the Tchernaya for seven and a half or eight miles. From our extreme right front to Balaklava our lines extended for about the same distance, and the position of the army had been made so strong on the eastern, south-eastern, flank and rear, as to set all the efforts of the Russians to drive us from it utterly at defiance. In the first place, the road from Kadikoi to Kamara, and the western passes of the mountains, had been scarped in three places so effectually that it would have been difficult for infantry, and therefore impossible for artillery, to get along it to attack us. A heavy gun had, however, been placed in position on the heights to command this road, and to sweep the three scarps effectually. On the heights over the east side of Balaklava, were pitched the tents of about 1000 marines from the various ships of the fleet, and several 24 pound and 32 pound howitzers had been dragged up into position on the same elevation. At Kadikoi, towards the north-west, was situated a sailors' camp of about 800 men, with heavy guns in support, and with a temporary park for artillery and ship-guns below them. From Kadikoi towards Traktir the ground was mountainous, or rather it was exceedingly hilly, the heights having a tumular appearance, and the ridges being intersected by wide valleys, through

a series of which passed on one side Prince Woronzoff's road, the road to Inkermann, and thence to Sebastopol, by a long *détour* over the Bakschiserai road, and that to Traktir.

On five of these tumular ridges overlooking the road to Balaklava, a party of 2000 Turks were busily engaged casting up earthworks for redoubts, under the direction of Captain Wagman, a Prussian engineer officer, who was under the orders of Sir John Burgoyne. In each of these forts were placed two heavy guns and 250 Turks. These poor fellows worked most willingly and indefatigably, though they had been exposed to the greatest privations. For some mysterious reason or other the Turkish government sent instead of the veterans who fought under Omar Pasha, a body of soldiers of only two years' service, the latest levies of the Porte, many belonging to the non-belligerent class of barbers, tailors, and small shopkeepers. Still they were patient, hardy, and strong—how patient I am ashamed to say. I was told, on the best authority, that these men were landed without the smallest care for their sustenance, except that some Marseilles biscuits were sent on shore for their use. These were soon exhausted—the men had nothing else. From the Alma up to the 10th of October, the whole force had only two biscuits each! The rest of their food they had to get by the roadside as best they might, and in an inhospitable and desolated country they could not get their only solace, tobacco; still they marched and worked day after day, picking up their subsistence by the way as best they might, and these proud Osmanli were actually seen walking about our camps, looking for fragments of rejected biscuit. But their sorrows were turned to joy, for the British people fed them, and such diet they never had before since Mahomet enrolled his first army of the faithful. They delighted in their coffee, sugar, rice, and biscuits, but many of the True Believers were much perturbed in spirit by the aspect of our salt beef, which they believed might be pork in disguise, and they subjected it to strange tests ere it was incorporated with Ottoman flesh and blood.

Eighteen days had elapsed since our army by a brilliant and daring forced march on Balaklava obtained its magnificent position on the heights which envelope Sebastopol on the south side from the sea to the Tchernaya; the delay was probably unavoidable. Any officer who has been present at great operations of this nature will understand what it is for an army to land in narrow and widely separated creeks all its munitions of war—its shells, its cannon shot, its heavy guns, mortars, its powder, its gun carriages, its platforms, its fascines, gabions, sandbags, its trenching tools, and all the various *matériel* requisite for the siege of extensive and formidable lines of fortifications and batteries. But few ships could come in at a time to Balaklava or Kamiesch; in the former there was only one small ordnance wharf, and yet it was there that every British cannon had to be landed. The nature of our descent on the Crimea rendered it quite impossible for us to carry our siege train along with us, as is the wont of armies invading a neighbouring country only separated from their own by some imaginary line. We had to send all our *matériel* round by sea, and then land it as best we could. But when once it was landed the difficulties of getting it up to places where it was required

seemed really to commence. All these enormous masses of metal had to be dragged by men, aided by such inadequate horse-power as was at our disposal, over a steep and hilly country, on wretched broken roads, to a distance of eight miles, and one must have witnessed the toil and labour of hauling up a Lancaster or ten-inch gun under such circumstances to form a notion of the length of time requisite to bring it to its station. It will, however, serve to give some idea of the severity of this work to state one fact—that on the 10th no less than thirty-three ammunition horses were found dead, or in such a condition as to render it necessary to kill them, after the duty of the day before. It follows from all these considerations that a great siege operation cannot be commenced in a few days when an army is compelled to bring up its guns.

Again, the nature of the ground around Sebastopol offered great impediments to the performance of the necessary work of trenching, throwing up parapets, and forming earthworks. The surface of the soil was stony and hard, and after it had been removed the labourer came to strata of rock and petrous masses of volcanic formation, which defied the best tools to make any impression on them, and our tools were far from being the best. The result was that the earth for gabions and for sand-bags had to be carried from a distance in baskets, and in some instances enough of it could not be scraped together for the most trifling parapets. This impediment was experienced to a greater extent by the British than by the French. The latter had better ground to work upon, and they found fine beds of clay beneath the first coating of stones and earth, which were of essential service to them in forming their works. Our siege-train was divided into two "attacks"—the "right" and the "left" attack.

The officers commanding the batteries on the right attack, were Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, Captain D'Aguilar, and Captain Strange. The officers commanding the batteries of the left attack, were Major Young, Major Freese, and Major Irving. The whole of the siege-train was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier.

On the night of the 16th of October, it was determined that our fire should be opened on the Russian lines the following morning, as it was evident the enemy was intrenching himself with much activity, and greatly strengthening his position. In spite of the efforts of our engineers, our works were not quite completed, and most of the mortars could not be mounted in the batteries. Our left attack consisted of four batteries and 36 guns; our right attack, of 20 guns, in battery. There were also two Lancaster batteries and a four-gun battery of 68-pounders on our right. The French had about 46 guns. In all we were supposed to have 117 guns to silence about 130 guns of the Russians. The night was one of great anxiety, and early in the morning we all turned out to see the firing. It commenced, however, from the French and English batteries by signal at 6 30 a.m. on the 17th, but for thirty minutes previous the Russians fired furiously on all the batteries. The cannonade on both sides was most violent for nearly two hours.

At eight o'clock it was apparent that the French batteries in their

extreme right attack, overpowered by the fire and enfiladed by the guns of the Russians, were very much weakened; their fire slackened minute after minute.

At 8 30 the fire slackened on both sides for a few minutes, but recommenced with immense energy, the whole town and the line of works being enveloped in smoke.

At 8 40 the French magazine in the extreme right battery of twelve guns blew up with a tremendous explosion, killing and wounding 100 men. The Russians, cheered, fired with renewed vigour, and crushed the French fire completely, so that they were not able to fire more than a gun at intervals, and at ten o'clock they were nearly silenced on that side.

At 10 30 the fire slackened on both sides, but the Allies and Russians re-opened vigorously at 10 45. Our practice was splendid, but our works were cut up by the fire from the Redan and from the works round a circular martello tower on our extreme right.

At 12 45 the French line-of-battle ships ran up in most magnificent style and engaged the batteries on the sea side. The scene was indescribable, the Russians replying vigorously to the attacks by sea and land, though suffering greatly.

At 1 25 another magazine in the French batteries blew up. The cannonade was tremendous. Our guns demolished the Round Tower but could not silence the works around it.

At 1 40 a great explosion took place in the centre of Sebastopol amid much cheering from our men, but the fire was not abated. The Lancaster guns made bad practice, and one of them burst. At 2 55 a terrific explosion of a powder magazine took place in the Russian Redan Fort. The Russians, however, returned to their guns, and still fired from the re-entering angle of their works. The cannonade was continuous from the ships and from our batteries, but the smoke did not permit us to discern whether the British fleet was engaged.

At 3 30 a loose powder store inside our naval battery was blown up by a Russian shell, but did no damage. The enemy's earthworks were much injured by our fire, the Redan nearly silenced, and the fire of the Round Tower entrenchments diminished, though the inner works were still vigorous.

At 3 35 the magazine inside the works of the Round Fort was blown up by our shot.

At four the ships outside were ripping up the forts and stoneworks and town by tremendous broadsides. Only the French flag was visible, the English fleet being on the opposite side of the harbour. Orders were given to spare the town and buildings as much as possible.

From four to 5 30 the cannonade from our batteries was very warm, the Russians replying, though our fire had evidently established its superiority over theirs, the ships pouring in broadside after broadside on Forts Nicholas and Constantine at close ranges. Towards dusk the fire slackened greatly, and at night it ceased altogether, the Russians for the first time being silent.

The French lost about 200 men, principally by the explosions; our loss was very small—not exceeding 100 killed and wounded from the commencement of the siege.

The fire was resumed on the morning of the 18th, soon after daybreak. The French on that occasion were unable to support us, their batteries being silenced.

During the night the Russians remounted their guns and brought up fresh ones, and established a great superiority of fire and weight of metal.

At 10 a.m. the alarm was given that the Russians were marching to attack our rear on the Balaklava road. Lord Raglan and staff, with large bodies of French troops, at once moved there, and found the Russian cavalry and two battalions of infantry, with one gun, endeavouring to creep up in a fog to the outposts. The Turks opened a fire from the redoubts, and the Russians retired.

The enemy scarcely fired a shot during the night of the 18th. Our batteries were equally silent. The French on their side opened a few guns on their right attack, at which they worked all night to get them into position; but they did not succeed in firing many rounds before the great preponderance of the enemy's metal made itself felt, and their works were damaged seriously; in fact, their lines, though nearer to the enemy's batteries than our own in some instances, were not sufficiently close for the light brass guns with which they were armed. At daybreak on the 19th the firing continued as usual from both sides. The Russians, having spent the night in repairing the batteries, were nearly in the same position as ourselves, and, unaided or at least unassisted to the full extent we had reason to expect by the French, we were just able to hold our own during the day. Some smart affairs of skirmishers and sharpshooters took place in front. Our riflemen annoyed the Russian gunners greatly, and prevented the tirailleurs from showing near our batteries. On one occasion the Russian riflemen and our own men came close upon each other in a quarry before the town. Our men had exhausted all their ammunition; but as soon as they saw the Russians, they seized the blocks of stone which were lying about, and opened a vigorous volley on the enemy. The latter either had empty pouches, or were so much surprised that they forgot to load, for they resorted to the same missiles. A short fight ensued, which ended in our favour, and the Russians retreated, pelted vigorously as long as the men could pursue them. The coolness of a young artillery officer, named Maxwell, who took some ammunition to the batteries through a tremendous fire along a road so exposed to the enemy's fire that it has been called "The Valley of Death," was highly spoken of on all sides. The blue-jackets were delighted with Captain Peel, who animated the men by the exhibition of the best qualities of an officer, though his courage was sometimes marked by an excess that bordered on rashness. When the Union Jack in the sailors' battery was shot away, he seized the broken staff, and leaping up on the earthworks, waved the old bit of bunting again and again amid a storm of shot, which fortunately left him untouched.

Our ammunition began to run short, but supplies were expected every moment. Either from a want of cartridges, or from the difficulty of getting powder down to the works, our 12-gun battery was silent for some time. *The* Admiral (Sir E. Lyons), on his little grey pony, was to be seen hovering about our lines indefatigably.

The French fire slackened very much towards one o'clock, the enemy pitching shells right into their lines and enfilading part of their new works. Hour after hour one continuous boom of cannon was alone audible, and the smoke screened all else from view. At a quarter past three there was an explosion of powder in the tower opposite to our right attack. The Flagstaff Fort seemed much knocked about by the French. The Redan and Round Tower earthworks fired nearly as well as ever. As it was very desirable to destroy the ships anchored in the harbour below us, and to fire the dockyard buildings, our rockets were brought into play, and, though rather erratic in their flight, they did some mischief, but not so much as was expected. Wherever they fell the people could be seen flying up the streets when the smoke cleared. At three o'clock p.m. the town was on fire; but after the smoke had excited our hopes for some time, it thinned away and went out altogether. They kept smartly at work from three guns in the Round Tower works, and from some four or five in the Redan, on our batteries. The Lancasters came out in force. The men began to understand them, and the true value of the arm was becoming apparent.

Two 68-pounders were mounted during the night of the 19th in our batteries, and the firing, which nearly ceased after dark, was renewed by daybreak. We were all getting tired of this continual "pound-pounding," which made a great deal of noise, wasted much powder, and did very little damage. Our amateurs were quite disappointed and tired out. Rome was not built in a day, nor could Sebastopol be taken in a week. In fact, we had run away with the notion that it was a kind of pasteboard city, which would tumble down at the sound of our cannon as the walls of Jericho fell at the blast of Joshua's trumpet. The news that Sebastopol had fallen, which we received *viâ* England, excited great indignation and ludicrous astonishment here. The whole army was enraged about it, as they felt the verity, whenever it might be realized, must fall short of the effect of that splendid figment. They thought, too, that the laurels of the Alma would be withered in the blaze of popular delight at the imaginary capture. In fact, people at home must have known very little about us or our position. I was much amused at seeing in a journal a letter from an "Old Indian," on the manufacture of campaign bread *more Indico*, in which he advised us to use salt! milk! and butter! in the preparation of what must be most delicious food. Salt was a luxury which was rarely to be had, except in conjunction with porky fibre; and as to milk and butter, the very taste of them was forgotten. Lord Raglan was very glad to get a little cold pig and ration rum and water the night before we entered Balaklava. However, the hardest lot of all was reserved for our poor horses. All hay rations for baggagers were rigidly refused; they only received a few pounds of indifferent barley. There was not a blade of grass to be had—the whole of these *plateaux* and hills were covered with thistles only, and where the other covering of the earth went I know not. The hay ration for a charger was restricted to 6 lb. daily. Under these circumstances horse-flesh was cheap, and friendly presents were being continually offered

by one man to another of "a deuced good pony," which were seldom accepted.

On the 18th, early in the morning, a vedette was seen "circling left" most energetically;—and here, in a parenthesis, I must explain that when a vedette "circles left," the proceeding signifies that the enemy's infantry are approaching, while to "circle right" is indicative of the approach of cavalry. On this signal was immediately heard the roll-call to "boot and saddle;" the Scots Greys and a troop of Horse Artillery assembled with the remaining cavalry on the plain; the 93rd got under arms, and the batteries on the heights were immediately manned. The distant pickets were seen to advance, and a dragoon dashed over the plain with the intelligence that the enemy was advancing quickly. Then cavalry and infantry moved upon the plain, remaining in rear of the eminences from which the movements of the vedettes had been observed. This state of things continued for an hour, when, from the hills, about 3000 yards in front, the Turks opened fire from their advanced entrenchments. The Moskows then halted in their onward course, and in the evening lighted their watch-fires about 2000 yards in front of our vedettes, the blaze showing bright and high in the darkness. Of course, we were on the alert all night, and before the day broke were particularly attentive to our front. If the Russians had intended to attack us at that time, they could not have had a more favourable morning, a low dense white fog covering the whole of the plain. The sun rose, and the mist disappeared, when it was found the Russians had vanished also. The next day, the 19th, we naturally expected would be a quiet one, and that we should not be annoyed by having to remain at our arms for our final work. Not a bit of it; we had just laden ourselves with havresacks to forage among the merchant shipping in the harbour, when a vedette was seen to "circle right" most industriously. "Boot and saddle" again resounded through the cavalry camps, and another day was passed like its predecessor, the enemy finally once more retiring, this time without advancing near enough for a shot from the Turks.

The next day, the 20th, I had a foraging expedition, and returned with a goose, butter, preserved milk, &c.—a very successful foray, and a full havresack. We were just beginning our meal of commissariat beef and pork, tempered with the contents of the aforesaid havresack, when away went the vedette again, first circling right and then reversing as suddenly to the left. Again sounded trumpet, bugle, and drum through the plain, and masses again moved into position upon it. So we remained till dark, a night attack on the Turkish position in our front being anticipated, and so we again stood all ready for some hours, during which the only amusement was in the hands of the Turks, who fired a round or two; darkness found us similarly occupied.

At 2 50 p.m. a fire broke out behind the Redan, caused by our rockets, shell, and red-hot shot. At 3 15 p.m. a fire of less magnitude was visible to the left of the Redan, further in towards the centre of the town.

H.R.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who was a universal favourite, and had behaved with the greatest gallantry throughout the campaign, was wounded in the trenches. His wound was, however, not

at all serious. Our loss was three killed and thirty-two or thirty-three wounded.

On the 21st a battery was finished before Inkermann, and two 18-pounders were mounted in it, in order to silence the heavy ship gun which annoyed the Second Division.

The steamer "Vladimir" came up to the head of the harbour and opened fire on the right attack. She threw her shells with beautiful accuracy, and killed two men and wounded twenty others before we could reply effectually. A large traverse was erected to resist her fire, and she hauled off. Twenty-two guns were placed in a condition to open in this attack by the exertions of the men under Major Tylden, who directed it.

Lord Dunkellin, Captain Coldstream Guards, eldest son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, was taken prisoner on the 22nd. He was out with a working party of his regiment, which had got a little out of their way, when a number of men were observed through the dawning light in front of them. "There are the Russians," exclaimed one of the men. "Nonsense, they're our fellows," said his lordship, and off he went towards them, asking in a high tone as he got near, "Who is in command of this party?" His men saw him no more, but he was afterwards exchanged for the Russian Artillery officer captured at Mackenzie's farm.

The Russians opened a very heavy cannonade on us in the morning of the 22nd; they always did so on Sundays. Divine Service was performed with a continued bass of cannon rolling through the responses and liturgy. The Russians made a stealthy sortie during the night, and advanced close to the French pickets. When challenged, they replied, "Inglis, Inglis," which passed muster with our allies as *bonâ fide* English; and before they knew where they were, the Russians had got into their batteries and spiked five mortars. They were speedily repulsed; but this misadventure mortified our brave allies exceedingly.

The return of killed and wounded for the 22nd of October, during the greater part of which a heavy fire was directed upon our trenches, and battery attacks right and left, showed the excellent cover of our works and their great solidity. We only lost one man killed in the Light Division, and two men in the Siege Train; of wounded we had one in the First Division, two in the Second Division, two in the Third Division, six in the Fourth Division, five in the Light Division, and ten in the Siege Train. A request made to us by the French that we would direct our fire on the Barrack Battery, which annoyed them excessively, was so well attended to that before evening we had knocked it to pieces and silenced it. But sickness continued, and the diminution of our numbers every day was enough to cause serious anxiety. Out of 35,600 men borne on the strength of the army, there were not at this period more than 16,500 rank and file fit for service. In a fortnight upwards of 700 men were sent as invalids to Balaklava. There was a steady drain of some forty or fifty men a-day going out from us, which was not dried up by the numbers of the returned invalids. Even the twenty or thirty a-day wounded and disabled, when multiplied by the number of the days we had been here, became a serious item in the aggregate. We were badly off for

spare gun carriages and wheels, for ammunition and forage. Whilst our siege works were languishing, and the hour of assault appeared more distant, the enemy were concentrating on our flank and rear, and preparing for a great attempt to raise the siege.

CHAPTER II.

Criticisms on the British Cavalry—The Light Cavalry—Rear of our position—Endangered by the Russians—Redoubts defended by Turks—93rd Highlanders—The position—Advance of the Russians—Retreat of the Turks—Marshalling of the forces—The Cossacks stopped by the Highlanders—Charge of the Heavy Cavalry—Captain Nolan's Order—The Charge resolved upon—The Advance—Splendid spectacle—Fearful struggle—Retreat of the Russians—Our loss—Sortie on the 26th of October.

If the exhibition of the most brilliant valour, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected lustre on the best days of chivalry, could afford full consolation for the affair of the 25th of October, we had no reason to regret the melancholy loss which we sustained in a contest with a savage and barbarian enemy.

In the following account I described, to the best of my power, what occurred under my own eyes, and I stated the facts which I heard from men whose veracity was unimpeachable. Of course, I reserved to myself the exercise of the right of private judgment in making public and in suppressing the details of what occurred on this memorable day. A certain feeling existed in some quarters that our cavalry had not been properly handled since they landed in the Crimea, and that they had lost golden opportunities from the indecision and excessive caution of their leaders. It was said that our cavalry ought to have been manœuvred at Bouljanak in one way or in another, according to the fancy of the critic. It was affirmed, too, that the Light Cavalry were utterly useless in the performance of one of their most important duties—the collection of supplies for the army—that they were "above their business, and too fine gentlemen for their work;" that our horse should have pushed on after the flying enemy after the battle of the Alma, to their utter confusion, and with the certainty of taking many guns and prisoners; and, above all, that at Mackenzie's farm first, and at the gorge near Kamara on the 7th October, they had been improperly restrained from charging, and had failed in gaining great successes, which would have entitled them to a full share of the laurels of the campaign, owing solely to the timidity of the officer in command, who received a nickname. The existence of this feeling was known to many of our cavalry, and they were indignant and exasperated that the faintest shade of suspicion should rest upon any of their corps. With the justice of these aspersions they seemed to think they had nothing to do, and perhaps the prominent thought in their minds was that they would give such an example of courage to

the world, if the chance offered itself, as would shame their detractors for ever.

It has been already mentioned that several battalions of Russian infantry crossed the Tchernaya, and threatened the rear of our position and our communication with Balaklava. Their bands could be heard playing at night by the travellers along the Balaklava road to the camp, but they "showed" but little during the day, and kept up among the gorges and mountain passes through which the roads to Inkermann, Simpheropol, and the south-east of the Crimea wind towards the interior. The position we occupied in reference to Balaklava was supposed by most people to be very strong—even impregnable. Our lines were formed by natural mountain slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable entrenchments. Below these entrenchments, and very nearly in a right line across the valley beneath, were four conical hillocks, one rising above the other as they receded from our lines; the furthest, which joined the chain of mountains opposite to our ridges being named Canrobert's Hill, from the meeting there of that general with Lord Raglan after the march to Balaklava. On the top of each of these hills the Turks had thrown up earthen redoubts, each being defended by 250 men, and armed with two or three heavy ship guns—lent by us to them, with one artilleryman in each redoubt to look after them. These hills crossed the valley of Balaklava at the distance of about two and a half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator, then, to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would have seen the town of Balaklava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts, on his right hand; immediately below he would have beheld the valley and plain of coarse meadow land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side; he would have seen the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill; a Turkish redoubt lower down, then another in the valley; then, in a line with it, some angular earthworks; then, in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's Hill.

At the distance of two or two and a half miles across the valley was an abrupt rocky mountain range of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and *plateaux* of rock. In outline and appearance this portion of the landscape was wonderfully like the Trosachs. A patch of blue sea was caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaklava as they closed in the entrance to the harbour on the right. The camp of the Marines, pitched on the hill sides more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea, was opposite to the spectator as his back was turned to Sebastopol and his right side towards Balaklava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town and beneath these hills, was the encampment of the 93rd Highlanders.

The cavalry lines were nearer to him below, and were some way in advance of the Highlanders, but nearer to the town than the Turkish redoubts. The valley was crossed here and there by small waves of land. On the left the hills and rocky mountain ranges gradually

closed in towards the course of the Tchernaya, till, at three or four miles' distance from Balaklava, the valley was swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rose tier after tier of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south, where they attained the Alpine dimensions of the Tschatir Dagh. It was very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of Mackenzie's farm, Inkermann, Simpheropol, or Bakschiserai, to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plain from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol by the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Balaklava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side, or by the fire from the French works on the northern —*i. e.*, the side which, in relation to the valley at Balaklava, formed the rear of our position. It was evident enough that Menschikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probably at night the Cossacks had crept up close to our pickets, which were not always as watchful as might be desired, and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by their despised enemy, the Turks.

At half-past seven o'clock on the eventful morning of the 25th, an orderly came galloping in to the head-quarters camp from Sir Colin Campbell with the news, that at dawn a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and battalions of infantry, had marched into the valley, and had nearly dispossessed the Turks of the redoubt No. 1 (that on Canrobert's Hill, which was farthest from our lines), and that they had opened fire on the redoubts Nos. 2, 3, and 4. Lord Lucan, who was in one of the redoubts when they were discovered, had brought up his guns and some of his heavy cavalry, but they were obliged to retire owing to the superior weight of the enemy's metal.

Orders were despatched to Sir George Cathcart, and to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, to put their respective divisions, the Fourth and the First, in motion for the scene of action; and intelligence of the advance of the Russians was also furnished to General Canrobert. Immediately on receipt of the news, the General commanded General Bosquet to get the Third Divison under arms, and sent a strong body of artillery and some 200 Chasseurs d'Afrique to assist us in holding the valley. Sir Colin Campbell, who was in command of Balaklava, had drawn up the 93rd Highlanders a little in front of the road to the town, at the first news of the advance of the enemy. The marines on the heights got under arms; the seamen's batteries and marines' batteries, on the heights close to the town, were manned, and the French artillerymen and the Zouaves prepared for action along their lines. Lord Lucan's little camp was the scene of great excitement. The men had not had time to water their horses; they had not broken their fast from the evening of the day before, and had barely saddled at the first blast of the trumpet, when they were drawn up on the slope behind the redoubts in front of their camp, to operate on the enemy's squadrons.

It was soon evident that no reliance was to be placed on the Turkish infantry or artillerymen. All the stories we had heard about

their bravery behind stone walls and earthworks proved how differently the same or similar people fight under different circumstances. When the Russians advanced, the Turks fired a few rounds at them, got frightened at the distance of their supports in the rear, looked round, received a few shots and shell, then "bolted," and fled with an agility quite at variance with common-place notions of Oriental deportment on the battle-field. But Turks on the Danube were very different beings from Turks in the Crimea, as it appeared that the Russians of Sebastopol were not at all like the Russians of Silistria.

Soon after eight o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff turned out and cantered towards the rear of our position. The booming of artillery, the spattering roll of musketry, were heard rising from the valley, drowning the roar of the siege guns before Sebastopol. As I rode in the direction of the firing, over the thistles and large stones which cover the undulating plain that stretches away towards Balaklava, on a level with the summit of the ridges above it, I observed a French light infantry regiment (the 27th, I think) advancing with admirable care and celerity from our right towards the ridge near the telegraph-house, which was already lined by companies of French infantry, while mounted officers scampered along its broken outline in every direction.

General Bosquet, a stout soldierlike-looking man, who reminds one of the old *genre* of French generals as depicted at Versailles, followed, with his staff and a small escort of Hussars, at a gallop. Faint white clouds rose here and there above the hill from the cannonade below. Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled freshly in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below.

Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin deep by the earthworks which ran along the line of these ridges on our rear; but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in

confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2.

At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93rd Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the ships' heavy guns. The 93rd had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust, we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the Lancers and Light Cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all was silent. The Turks swarmed over the earthworks, and ran in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they ran. Again the solid column of cavalry opened like a fan, and resolved itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It lapped the flying Turks, steel flashed in the air, and down went the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There was no support for them. It was evident the Russians had been too quick for us. The Turks had been too quick also, for they had not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fired on the Russian cavalry; the distance was too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which were placed along the French entrenchments endeavoured to protect their flying countrymen; their hot flew wide and short of the swarming masses.

The Turks betook themselves towards the Highlanders, where they checked their flight and formed into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crowned the hill across the valley, they perceived the Highlanders

drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halted, and squadron after squadron came up from the rear, till they had a body of some 3500 men along the ridge—Lancers, and Dragoons, and Hussars. Then they moved *en échelon*, in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who had been pursuing the Turks on the right were coming up to the ridge beneath us, which concealed our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance was drawn up in two lines. The first line consisted of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade was on their left, in two lines also.

The silence was oppressive; between the cannon bursts one could hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line charged in towards Balaklava. The ground flew beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dashed on towards that *thin red streak tipped with a line of steel*. The Turks fired a volley at eight hundred yards and ran. As the Russians came within six hundred yards, down went that line of steel in front, and out rang a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance was too great; the Russians were not checked, but still swept onwards through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaited the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they came within two hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashed from the levelled rifle, and carried terror among the Russians. They wheeled about, opened files right and left, and fled faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shouted the excited spectators. But events thickened; the Highlanders and their splendid front were soon forgotten—men scarcely had a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers.

Lord Raglan perceived that the intention of the Russians was to attack Balaklava, and sent orders to Lord Lucan to move down his heavy horse to cover the approaches, and they were just moving from their position near the vineyard and orchard, when his lordship seeing that a large body of the enemy's cavalry were coming after him over the ridge, rode after them, wheeled them round, and advanced to meet them. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his

staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come.

The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brought forward each wing as our cavalry advanced, and threatened to annihilate them as they passed on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rushed on with a cheer that thrilled to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rose through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we saw them emerging with diminished numbers, and in broken order, charging against the second line. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and wards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 4th Dragoon Guards, riding straight at the right flank of the Russians, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, following close after the Enniskilleners, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and put them to utter rout.

This Russian Horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight; and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say "Well done!" The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The

cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our Heavy Dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our Light Cavalry.

At ten o'clock the Guards and Highlanders of the First Division were seen moving towards the plains from their camp. The Duke of Cambridge came up to Lord Raglan for orders, and his Lordship, ready to give the honour of the day to Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded at Balaklava, told his Royal Highness to place himself under the direction of the Brigadier. At forty minutes after ten, the Fourth Division also took up their position in advance of Balaklava. The cavalry were then on the left front of our position, facing the enemy; the Light Cavalry Brigade was on the left flank forward; the Heavy Cavalry Brigade *en échelon* in reserve, with guns, on the right; the 4th Royal Irish, the 5th Dragoon Guards, and Greys on the left of the brigade, the Enniskillens and 1st Royals on the right. The Fourth Division took up ground in the centre; the Guards and Highlanders filed off towards the extreme right, and faced the redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with artillery, which was silenced by the rifle skirmishers under Lieut. Godfrey, and, after a time, retired.

At fifty minutes after ten, General Canrobert, attended by his staff, and Brigadier-General Rose, rode up to Lord Raglan, and the staffs of the two Generals and their escorts mingled together in praise of the magnificent charge of our cavalry, while the chiefs apart conversed over the operations of the day, which promised to be one of battle. The Russian cavalry, followed by our shot, had retired in confusion, leaving the ground covered with horses and men. At fifty-five minutes after ten, a body of cavalry, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, passed down to the plain, and were loudly cheered by our men. They took up ground in advance of the ridges on our left.

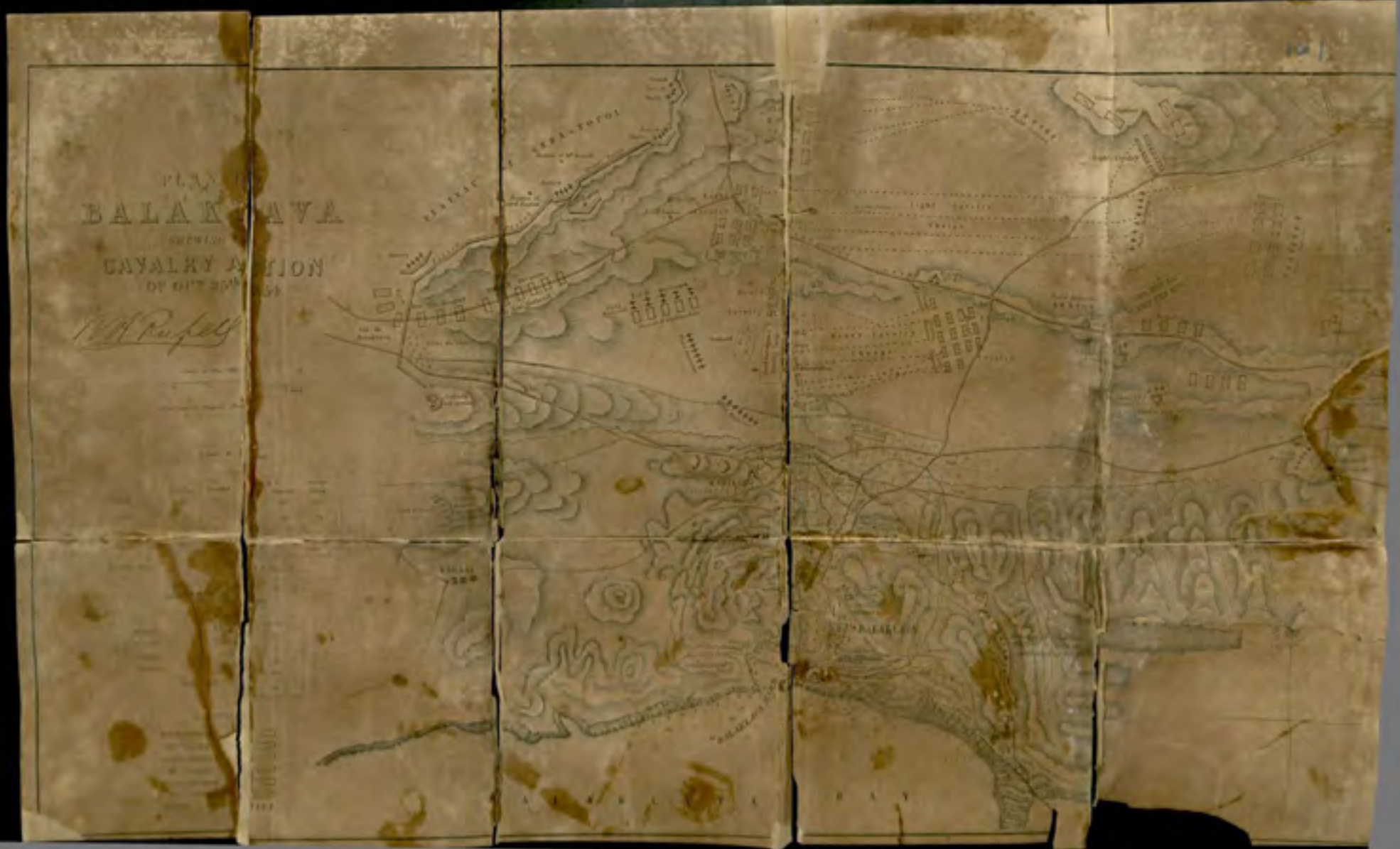
Soon after occurred the glorious catastrophe which filled us all with sorrow. It appeared that the Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the Light Cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his Lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He was known to all his arm of the service for his entire devotion to his profession, and his name must be familiar to all who take interest in our cavalry for his excellent work on our drill and system of remount and breaking horses. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and I know he entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier. Properly led, the British Hussar and Dragoon could in his mind break square, take batteries, ride over columns of infantry, and pierce any other cavalry in the world as if they were made of straw. He thought they had not had the opportunity of doing all that was in their power, and that they had missed even such chances as had been offered to them—that, in fact, they were in some measure disgraced. A matchless horseman and a first-

rate swordsman he held in contempt, I am afraid even grape and canister. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan.

He is now dead and gone. God forbid I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his Lordship. I should premise that as the Russian cavalry retired, their infantry fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the others. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about 30 guns were drawn up in front and on the flanks, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley, on our left, as the ground was broken in front, and had halted in the order I have already mentioned. When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns," or words to that effect, according to the statements made after his death.

It must be premised that Lord Raglan had in the morning only ordered Lord Lucan to move from the position he had taken near the centre redoubt to "the left of the second line of redoubts occupied by the Turks." Seeing that the 93rd and invalids were cut off from the aid of the cavalry, Lord Raglan sent another order to Lord Lucan to send his heavy horse towards Balaklava, and that officer was executing it just as the Russian horse came over the ridge. The Heavy Cavalry charge took place, and the men dismounted on the scene of it. After an interval of half an hour, Lord Raglan again sent an order to Lord Lucan—"Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights. They will be supported by infantry, which has been ordered to advance upon two fronts." Lord Raglan's reading of this order is, that the infantry had been ordered to advance on two fronts; but no such interpretation is borne out by the wording of the order. It does not appear either that the infantry had received orders to advance, for the Duke of Cambridge and Sir G. Cathcart state they were not in receipt of such instruction. Lord Lucan advanced his cavalry, however, to the ridge, close to No. 5 redoubt, and while there received from Captain Nolan an order, which is verbatim, as follows:—"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns; troops of Horse Artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate."

Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble Earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. Don Quixote in his tilt against the windmill was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who


BALAK AVA
CAVALRY A TION

prepared without a thought to rush on to almost certain death. It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support," that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous," and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns could be reached, of a mile and a half in length.

At ten minutes past eleven our Light Cavalry Brigade advanced. The whole Brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men were not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line was broken—it was joined by the second, they never halted or checked their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry.

Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what they had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, a regiment of Lancers was hurled upon their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, whose attention was drawn to them by Lieutenant Phillips, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way

through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns, and poured murderous volleys of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

Captain Nolan, as he rode in advance of the first line, cheering them on, was killed by the first shot fired. Lord Lucan was slightly wounded. Lord Cardigan received a lance thrust through his clothes. Major Halkett, of the 4th Light Dragoons, was killed. Lord Fitzgibbon, of the 8th Hussars, was desperately wounded, and soon after died.

While our affair was going on, the French cavalry made a most brilliant charge at the battery on our left, which was firing on our men, and cut down the gunners; but they could not get off the guns without support, and had to retreat with the loss of two captains and fifty men killed and wounded out of their little force of 200 Chasseurs. The Heavy Cavalry, in columns of squadrons, moved slowly backwards, covering the retreat of the broken men. The ground was left covered with our men and with hundreds of Russians, and we could see the Cossacks busy searching the dead. Our infantry made a forward movement towards the redoubts after the cavalry came in, and the Russian infantry in advance slowly retired towards the gorge; at the same time the French cavalry pushed forward on their right, and held them in check, pushing out a line of skirmishers, and forcing them to withdraw their guns.

The Russians from the redoubt continued to harass us very much by shell and shot, and our infantry (First Division) were ordered to lie down in two lines to escape their effect. The Fourth Division, covered by the rising ground, and two regiments of French infantry, which had arrived in the valley, followed by a strong artillery, moved onwards to operate on the Russian right, already threatened by the French cavalry. The Russians threw out skirmishers, to meet the French skirmishers, and, as it would have been madness to attack them as our light horse had done, the French contented themselves with keeping their position. At eleven a.m., the Russians, feeling alarmed at our steady advance and at the symptoms of our intention to turn or cut off their right, retired from No. 1 redoubt, which was taken possession of by the allies. At fifteen minutes past eleven, they abandoned redoubt No. 2, blowing up the magazine; and, as we still continued to advance, they blew up and abandoned No. 3 at forty-five minutes past eleven; but, to our great regret, we were not in time nor in force to prevent their taking off seven out of nine guns in these earthworks.

At forty-eight minutes past eleven the Russian line of infantry began to retire slowly, and a strong portion of it crept up the hills behind the 1st redoubt, which still belonged to them, in the hope that we should attack them in that position; but it was not our desire to risk a battle, and we had already found out that our position was too large to be readily defended. We made up our minds, therefore, to let the Russians have the redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and even 4 if they liked, and to content ourselves with keeping Balaklava and the communication with it open by the westerly and southerly heights behind our camp. The artillery on the right of the First Division fired shot and rockets at the 1st redoubt, but could not do much good, nor could the heavy guns of the batteries near the town carry so far as to annoy the Russians. At twelve o'clock the greater portion of the French and English moved on more rapidly, and an accession to the strength of our artillery was made by two French batteries, who pushed on towards the front of our left in support of their cavalry. The First Division remained still in line along the route to Balaklava. From twelve to fifteen minutes passed, not a shot was fired on either side, but the Russians gathered up their forces towards the heights over the gorge, and, still keeping their cavalry on the plain, manœuvred in front on our right.

At twenty-eight minutes after twelve, the whole of the allies again got into motion towards the enemy, with the exception of the First Division, which moved *en echelon* towards the opposite hills, keeping their right wing well before Balaklava. At forty minutes after twelve, Captain Calthorpe was sent by Lord Raglan with orders to the troops, which seemed to have the effect of altering the disposition of our front, for the French, at one p.m., showed still further up on our left. As our object was solely to keep Balaklava, we had no desire to bring on a general engagement; and as the Russians would not advance, but kept their cavalry in front of the approach to the mountain passes, it became evident the action was over on both sides. The cannonade, which began again at a quarter-past twelve, and was continued with little effect, ceased altogether at a quarter-past one, and the two armies retained their respective positions. Our men and horses were alike tired and hungry, and the French were no better.

Lord Raglan continued on the hill-side all day, watching the enemy. It was dark ere he returned to his quarters. With the last gleam of day we could see the sheen of the enemy's lances in their old position in the valley; and their infantry gradually crowned the heights on their left, and occupied the road to the village which is beyond Balaklava to the southward. Our Guards were moving back, as I passed them, and the tired troops, French and English, were replaced by a strong French division, which marched down to the valley at five o'clock.

In that fearful cavalry fight we had 13 officers killed or taken, 162 men killed or taken; 27 officers wounded, 224 men wounded. Total killed, wounded, and missing, 426. Horses, killed or missing, 394; horses wounded, 126; total, 520.

On the night of the 25th, when our gu[illegible]re taken into Sebas-

topol, there was joy throughout the city, and it was announced that the Russians had gained a great victory. A salvo of artillery was fired, and at nine o'clock, p.m., a tremendous cannonade was opened against all our lines by the enemy. It did no injury. At one p.m., on the 26th, about 4000 men made an attack on our right flank, but were repulsed by Sir De Lacy Evans' Division, with the loss of 500 men killed and wounded. As I was engaged in my tent and did not see the action, I think it right to give the dispatches which relate this most brilliant affair, for which no adequate reward has been yet conferred:

"*Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans to Lord Raglan.*

"2nd Division, Heights of the Tchernaya, Oct. 27, 1854.

"My Lord,

"Yesterday the enemy attacked this division with several columns of infantry supported by artillery. Their cavalry did not come to the front. Their masses, covered by large bodies of skirmishers, advanced with much apparent confidence. The division immediately formed line in advance of our camp, the left under Major-General Pennefather, the right under Brigadier-General Adams. Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzmayer and the Captains of batteries (Turner and Yates) promptly posted their guns and opened fire upon the enemy.

"Immediately on the cannonade being heard, the Duke of Cambridge brought up to our support the brigade of Guards under Major-General Bentinck, with a battery under Lieutenant-Colonel Dacres. His Royal Highness took post in advance of our right to secure that flank, and rendered me throughout the most effective and important assistance. General Bosquet, with similar promptitude and from a greater distance, approached our position with five French battalions. Sir G. Cathcart hastened to us with a regiment of Rifles, and Sir G. Brown pushed forward two guns in co-operation by our left.

"The enemy came on at first rapidly, assisted by their guns on the Mound Hill. Our pickets, then chiefly of the 49th and 30th Regiments, resisted them with remarkable determination and firmness. Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, greatly distinguished himself, as did Captain Bayley, of the 30th, and Captain Atcherley, all of whom, I regret to say, were severely wounded. Serjeant Sullivan also displayed at this point great bravery.

"In the meantime our eighteen guns in position, including those of the First Division, were served with the utmost energy. In half an hour they forced the enemy's artillery to abandon the field. Our batteries were then directed with equal accuracy and vigour upon the enemy's columns, which (exposed also to the close fire of our advanced infantry) soon fell into complete disorder and flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th Regiments over the ridges and down towards the head of the bay. So eager was the pursuit, that it was with difficulty Major-General Pennefather eventually effected the recall of our men. These regiments and the pickets were led gallantly by Major Maulevever, Major Champion,

Major Eman, and Major Hume. They were similarly pursued further towards our right by four companies of the 41st, led gallantly by Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable P. Herbert, A.Q.M.G. The 47th also contributed. The 55th were held in reserve.

"Above 80 prisoners fell into our hands, and about 130 of the enemy's dead were left within or near our position. It is computed that their total loss could scarcely be less than 600.

"Our loss, I am sorry to say, has been above 80, of whom 12 killed, 5 officers wounded. I am happy to say, hopes are entertained that Lieutenant Conolly will recover, but his wound is dangerous.

"I will have the honour of transmitting to your Lordship a list of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, whose conduct attracted special notice. That of the pickets excited general admiration.

"To Major-General Pennefather and Brigadier-General Adams I was as usual, greatly indebted. To Lieutenant-Colonel Dacres, Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzmayer, Captains Turner, Yates, Woodhouse, and Hamley, and the whole of the Royal Artillery, we are under the greatest obligation.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, A.Q.M.G., rendered the division, as he always does, highly distinguished and energetic services. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilbraham, A.A.G., while serving most actively, I regret to say, had a very severe fall from his horse. I beg leave also to recommend to your Lordship's favourable consideration, the excellent services of Captains Glasbrook and Thompson, of the Quartermaster-General's Department, the Brigade-Majors Captains Armstrong and Thackwell, and my personal staff, Captains Allix, Gubbins, and the Honourable W. Boyle. "I have, &c.

"De Lacy Evans, Lieutenant-General."

"Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle.

"Before Sebastopol, Oct. 28, 1854.

"My Lord Duke,

"I have nothing particular to report to your Grace respecting the operations of the siege, since I wrote to you on the 23rd instant. The fire has been somewhat less constant, and our casualties have been fewer, though I regret to say that Captain Childers, a very promising officer of the Royal Artillery, was killed on the evening of the 23rd, and I have just heard that Major Dalton, of the 49th, of whom Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans entertained a very high opinion, was killed in the trenches last night.

"The enemy moved out of Sebastopol on the 26th with a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, amounting, it is said, to 6000 or 7000 men, and attacked the left of the Second Division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans, who speedily and energetically repulsed them, assisted by one of the batteries of the First Division, and some guns of the Light Division, and supported by a

brigade of Guards and by several regiments of the Fourth Division, and in rear by the French Division commanded by General Bosquet, who was most eager in his desire to give him every aid.

"I have the honour to transmit a copy of Sir De Lacy Evans's report, which I am sure your Grace will read with the highest satisfaction, and I beg to recommend the officers whom he particularly mentions to your protection.

"Captain Bayley of the 30th, and Captain Atcherley of the same regiment, and Lieutenant Conolly of the 49th, all of whom are severely wounded, appear to have greatly distinguished themselves.

"I cannot speak in too high terms of the manner in which Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans met this very serious attack. I had not the good fortune to witness it myself, being occupied in front of Balaklava at the time it commenced, and having only reached his position as the affair ceased, but I am certain I speak the sentiments of all who witnessed the operation, in saying that nothing could have been better managed, and that the greatest credit is due to the Lieutenant-General, whose services and conduct I have before had to bring under your Grace's notice.

"I inclose the return of the losses the army has sustained since the 22nd. "I have, &c.

"RAGLAN."

On the 28th of October our cavalry abandoned their old camp. They took up ground on the hills on the road to Balaklava, close to the rear of the French centre. We thus abandoned the lower road to the enemy.

CHAPTER III.

Relative Positions of the rival Forces at the end of October—"Whistling Dick"—Sir De Lacy Evans' Accident—No Bono Johnnies—French Batteries again open Fire—A Weak Point—First Surprise—Commencement of the Battle of Inkermann—Heroic Defence—Death of Sir George Cathcart—Sir George Brown wounded—Fearful Odds—The Guards—Casualties—The Sandbag Battery—Superiority of the Minié Rifle—Advance of the French—Complete Rout of the Enemy—Inkermann won.

AT the end of October we were all waiting for the French. I am not sure but that the French thought they were waiting for us to "*écraser*" some of the obnoxious batteries which played upon their works from ugly enfilading positions. They certainly were exposed, in their advance towards their portion of the town, to very heavy fire.

The Quarantine Fort was opposed to them on their extreme left. Then came a long, high, loopholed wall or curtain extending in front of the town from the back of the Quarantine Fort to the Flagstaff Battery. The Russians had thrown up a very deep and broad ditch in front of this wall, and the French artillery had made no impression on the stonework at the back. The Flagstaff Battery, however, and all the houses near it, were in ruins; but the

earthworks in front of it, armed with at least twenty-six heavy guns, were untouched, and kept up a harassing fire on the French working parties, particularly at certain periods of the day, and at the interval between nine and eleven o'clock at night, when they thought the men were being relieved in the trenches. Inside the Road Battery we could see the Russians throwing up a new work, armed with six heavy ships' guns. They had also erected new batteries behind the Redan and behind the Round Tower. The latter was a mass of crumbled stone, but two guns kept obstinately blazing away at our 21-gun battery from the angle of the earth-work around it, and the Redan had not been silenced, though the embrasures and angles of the work were much damaged. The heavy frigate which had been "dodging" our batteries so cleverly, again gave us a taste of her quality in the right attack. She escaped from the position in which she lay before, where we had placed two 24-pounders for her, and came out again on the 29th in a great passion, firing regular broadsides at our battery and sweeping the hill up to it completely. Occasionally she varied this amusement with a round or two from 13-inch mortars. These shells did our works and guns much damage; but the sailors, who were principally treated to these agreeable missiles, got quite accustomed to them. "Bill," cries one fellow to another, "look out, here comes 'Whistling Dick!'" The 13-inch shell has been thus baptized by them in consequence of the loudness and shrillness of the noise it makes in the air. They all look up, and their keen, quick eyes discern the globe of iron as it describes its curve aloft. Long ere "Whistling Dick" has reached the ground, the blue-jackets are snug in their various hiding-places; but all the power of man could not keep them from peeping out now and then to see if the fusee is still burning. One of them approached a shell which he thought had "gone out;" it burst just as he got close to it, and the concussion dashed him to the ground. He got up, and in his rage, shaking his fist at the spot where the shell had been, he exclaimed, "You —— deceitful beggar, there's a trick to play me!" Our losses continued to be remarkably slight.

Sir De Lacy Evans met with an accident on the 29th, which compelled him to resign the command he had so ably held to Brigadier-General Pennefather for a few days. His horse fell with him as he was going at a sharp trot; and, as the General had been suffering from diarrhœa for some days before, the shock so weakened him that he was obliged to go down to Balaklava and get on board the "Simoom." The whole army hoped that his illness would be of short duration, and that he would soon be with them once more.

The Turks, or, as they were universally called, the "Bono Johnnies," except by the sailors, who called them "*No* bono Johnnies," were employed in working in the trenches, and did good service. The first night they set to work in Captain Chapman's attack, they worked on manfully till ten o'clock at night, when a Russian shell came over them. They at once shouted out, "We shall be killed!" and ran away as fast as they could, carrying off a portion of our working and covering parties with them. However, they were at last re-formed and brought back, and then they worked on till eleven o'clock, when they

declared it was "the will of Heaven they should labour no more that night," and, as they had really exerted themselves, it was considered advisable to let them go. They remained quietly in the trenches, and laboured regularly, repairing damages and casting up earthworks, which they did exceedingly well. The poor creatures were decimated by dysentery, fevers—the typhus particularly—and by diarrhœa, and died in swarms. They had no medical officers, and our surgeons were not sufficient in numbers for the wants of our army. Nothing could exceed their kindness to their own sick. It was common to see strings of them on the road to Balaklava carrying sick and dying men on their backs down to the miserable shed which served them as a hospital, or rather as a "dead-house."

A deserter from the Russian cavalry at Balaklava-valley came on the 30th. He said he was two days hiding among the brushwood of the hills ere he could make his escape. The Russians were without tents or cover; their fare was scanty and miserable, and their sufferings were very great.

As to our progress before Sebastopol itself, it was evident that our shell practice was not so good as it was at Woolwich. Even if we landed every shell and rocket in the exact spot aimed at, I doubt if we should have had much on which to congratulate ourselves, because the town seems asbestos-like, and utterly incombustible. With our glasses we could see that the doors and window-frames of most of the houses had been removed; and it was not improbable that the wooden-floors, and other parts of the buildings which could be set on fire, had been also taken away.

The French batteries opened on the 1st of November. For an hour they fired with great vivacity and with considerable effect; but after that period the gunners were so satisfied with their progress that they did not work so energetically as when they began. One battery of the Russians, which enfiladed them on the right, was plied with much energy, but the remainder of their works, with the exception of the battery near the Flagstaff Fort, were silent. The Russians had about 240 guns in their new works, reckoning those which were still available in those which had been subject to our fire. The French had sixty-four guns in position, most of them light brass twenty-fours; they had also thirty-twos and forty-eights, and some heavy ship's guns of eighty-four pounds, but these last had not been mounted. The Round Tower work was nearly silent. To look at the French from the advanced posts one would imagine their sharpshooters were actually in the town; they might be seen like patches of moss on the rocks, and the eye could scarcely detect them but for the incessant puffs of smoke. A constant "pop, pop!" went on all along our front from morning to night between the intervals of the heavier fire of cannon.

The earthworks around the town of Balaklava were now assuming a formidable aspect. Parapets ran across the plains in all directions and joined the hills and mounds to each other, so as to afford lines of defence and cover. On the right of the approach were the Highlanders, in three camps, placed close to the town, with a sailors' battery of two heavy guns above them. Higher up, on a

very elevated hill-side, the Marines and Riflemen were encamped. There were four batteries bearing on this approach. The battery on the extreme right, on the road leading over the hills from Yalta, contained two 32-pounder howitzers; the second battery on the right, facing the valley, contained six guns, 12, 24, and 32-pounders; the third, facing the valley, contained five guns; and the fourth battery, nearest Balaklava, contained eight brass howitzers, four 12, two 32, and two 24-pounders. The left approach was commanded by the heights held by the French infantry over the valley, and by the Turkish works in front. There was also a formidable redoubt, under the command of Captain Powell, R.N., overlooking this approach, containing heavy ship's guns.

The Turks had cut up the ground so that it almost resembled a chess-board when viewed from one of the hills. They constructed ditches over valleys which led nowhere, and fortified passes conducting to abstruse little *culs-de-sac* in the hill sides.

As I returned from Balaklava on the 3rd, I could see the Russians busily engaged in "hutting" themselves for the winter on one of the redoubts. Their advanced posts were just lighting bivouac fires for the night. A solitary horseman, with the last rays of sunset glittering on his brass helmet, was perched on the only redoubt in our possession, watching the motions of the enemy. Two Cossacks on similar duty were leaning on their lances, while their horses browsed the scanty herbage on the second redoubt, at the distance of about 500 yards from our dragoon sentry. Two hundred yards in their rear were two Cossack pickets of twenty or thirty men each. A stronger body was stationed in loose order some four or five hundred yards further back. Six *pelotons* of cavalry came next, with field batteries in the intervals. Behind each *peloton* were six strong columns of cavalry in reserve, and behind the intervals six battalions of grey-coated Russian infantry lay on their arms. They maintained this attitude day and night, it was said, and occasionally they gave us an alert by pushing up the valley. On looking more closely into their position through the glass, it could be seen that they had fortified the high table-land on their right with an earthwork of quadrilateral form, in which I counted sixteen guns.

In their rear was the gorge of the Black River, closed up by towering rocks and barren mountain precipices. On their left was a succession of rising ground, consisting of the slabs (so to speak) of table-land, each higher than the other, and at length attaining an elevation of 1200 feet. The little village of Kamara, perched on the side of one of these slabs, commanded a view of our position, and was no doubt the head-quarters of the Russian army in the valley. The Russian troops were stationed all along these heights, and they had even pushed their lines to the sea on the very high-peaked mountain chain to the south of our marine camp. As their army in the valley was connected with their army in Sebastopol by the valley and by the Inkermann road, it might be considered that they had drawn a *cordon militaire* around our position on the land side, and that we were besieged in our camp, having, however, our excellent friend, the sea, open on the west.

There was not much done in the trenches on the 4th. The Russians fired about sixty guns per hour, and we replied as usual. The French burrowed and turned up the earth most vigorously. Their third parallel was within 250 metres of the place. Our casualties were very few during the night. Our ammunition had come to hand, but we had none to throw away. A number of 10-inch round shot were landed, but, unfortunately, we had no 10-inch guns for them, except the Lancasters, for which they were scarcely suitable. Two guns had been added to the batteries of the right attack. They contained twenty-three pieces of artillery. Whenever I looked at the enemy's earthworks, however, I thought of the Woolwich butt. What good had we done by all this powder? Very little. A few guns judiciously placed when we first came might have saved us incredible toil and labour, because they would have rendered it all but impossible for the Russians to cast up such entrenchments and works as they had done before the open and perfectly unprotected entrance to Sebastopol. Here was our great and our irremediable error.

Whilst we were yet in hopes of taking the place, and retiring to the Bosphorus for winter quarters, the enemy, having received reinforcements, and being animated by the presence of two of the Imperial Grand Dukes, made a vigorous attempt to drive us into the sea, and to inflict on the allies a terrible punishment for their audacity in setting foot on the territory of the Czar. The battle of Inkermann came to decide our fate.

It had rained almost incessantly the night before, and the early morning gave no promise of any cessation of the heavy showers which had fallen for the previous four-and-twenty hours. The fog and vapours of drifting rain became so thick as morning broke, that one could scarcely see two yards before one. At four o'clock the bells of the churches in Sebastopol were heard ringing drearily through the cold night air, but the occurrence had been so usual, that it excited no particular attention. During the night, however, a sentry of the 23rd on an outlying picket of the Light Division heard the sound of wheels in the valley below, but he supposed this arose from ammunition carts or arabas going into Sebastopol by the Inkermann road. He mentioned the circumstance, after the battle was over, to Major Bunbury, who rebuked him sharply for neglecting to report it. Had he done so we might have inflicted on the enemy a still more tremendous punishment, and have made Inkermann a decisive victory. No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the Valley of Inkermann, on the undefended flank of the Second Division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy were bringing into position an overwhelming artillery, ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight.

It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground where we were exposed

to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hill towards the valley lead up to the crest and summit, against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting, without guns, intrenchments, abattis, or outlying defence of any kind. Every one admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the authorities on this subject; but indolence, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to indifference and procrastination. A battery was thrown up of sandbags, gabions, and fascines, on the slope of the hill over Inkermann, on the east, but no guns were mounted there, for Sir De Lacy Evans, thinking that two guns in such a position, without any works to support them, would only invite attack and capture, caused them to be removed as soon as they had silenced the Light-house Battery.

In the action of the 26th of October it might be considered that the Russians merely made a *reconnaissance en force*, and that they were waiting for reinforcements to assault the position where it was most vulnerable, and where they might speculate with some certainty on the effects of a surprise of a sleeping camp on a winter's morning. Although the arrangements of Sir De Lacy Evans on repulsing the sortie were, as Lord Raglan declared, "so perfect that they could not fail to insure success," it was evident that a larger force than the Russians employed would have forced him to retire from his ground, or to fight a battle in defence of it with the aid of the other divisions of the army; and yet nothing was done. No effort was made to intrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth, to cut down the brushwood, or form an abattis. It was thought "not to be necessary."

A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which taken in time might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy, had they been bold enough to assault us behind entrenchments. We had nothing to rejoice over, and almost everything to deplore, in the battle of Inkermann. We defeated the enemy indeed, but had not advanced one step nearer towards the citadel of Sebastopol. We had abashed, humiliated, and utterly routed an enemy strong in numbers, in fanaticism, and in dogged resolute courage, and animated by the presence of a son of him whom they believe to be God's Vicegerent on earth; but we had suffered a fearful loss, and were not in a position to part with one man. [redacted] one felt at the time that England must give us men [redacted] be prodigal of her sons as she was of her money a[redacted] and as they had been of their lives in her service.

It was a little after five o'clock on the morning of [redacted] Brigadier-General Codrington, in accordance with his [redacted] visited the outlying pickets of his own brigade of the Lig[redacted] It was reported to him that "all was well," and the General [redacted]ered into some conversation with Captain Pretyman, of the 33rd Regiment, who was on duty on the ground, in the course of which it was remarked that it would not be at all surprising if the Russians availed themselves of the gloom of the morning to make an attack upon our

position, calculating on the effects of the rain in disarming our vigilance and spoiling our weapons. The Brigadier, who proved a most excellent, cool, and brave officer, turned his pony round at last, and retraced his steps through the brushwood towards his lines. He had only proceeded a few paces when a sharp rattle of musketry was heard down the hill and on the left of the pickets of the Light Division. It was here that the pickets of the Second Division were stationed.. General Codrington at once turned his horse's head in the direction of the firing, and in a few moments galloped back to turn out his division. The Russians were advancing in force upon us! Their grey greatcoats rendered them almost invisible even when close at hand. The pickets of the Second Division had scarcely made out the advancing lines of infantry, who were clambering up the steep sides of the hill through a drizzling shower of rain, when they were forced to retreat by a close sharp volley of musketry, and were driven up towards the brow of the hill, contesting every step, and firing as long as they had a round of ammunition on the Russian advance.

The pickets of the Light Division were assailed soon afterwards, and were also obliged to retreat and fall back on their main body, and it was evident that a very strong sortie had been made upon the right of the position of the allied armies, with the object of forcing them to raise the siege, and, if possible, of driving them into the sea. About the same time that the advance of the Russians on our right flank took place, a demonstration was made by the cavalry, artillery, and a few infantry in the valley against Balaklava, to divert the attention of the French on the heights above, and to occupy the Highland Brigade and Marines, but only an interchange of a few harmless rounds of cannon and musketry took place, and the enemy contented themselves with drawing up their cavalry in order of battle, supported by field artillery, at the neck of the valley, in readiness to sweep over the heights and cut our retreating troops to pieces should the assault on our right be successful. A Semaphore post had been erected on the heights over Inkermann in communication with another on the hill over their position, from which the intelligence of our defeat was to be conveyed to the Cavalry General, and the news would have been made known in Sebastopol by similar means, in order to encourage the garrison to a general sortie along their front. A steamer with very heavy shell guns and mortars was sent up [illegible]ight to the head of the creek at Inkermann, and caused much [illegible] the day by the enormous shells she pitched right [illegible]n our men.

[illegible]hat could be done to bind victory to their eagles—[illegible]ny—was done by the Russian Generals. The presence [illegible] Dukes Nicholas and Michael, who told them that the [illegible]ued orders that every Frenchman and Englishman was to be [illegible]en into the sea ere the year closed, cheered the common soldiers, who regard the son of the Emperor as an emanation of the Divine presence. They had abundance of a coarser and more material stimulant, which was found in their canteens and flasks; and, above all, the priests of the Greek Catholic Church "blessed" them ere they

PLAN OF THE
BATTLE OF
INKERMAN
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went forth upon their mission, and assured them of the aid and protection of the Most High. A mass was said for the army, and the joys of Heaven were freely offered for those who might fall in the holy fight, and the favours of the Emperor were largely promised to those who might survive the bullets of their heretical enemy.

The men in our camps had just begun a struggle with the rain in endeavouring to light their fires for breakfast when the alarm was given that the Russians were advancing in force. Brigadier-General Pennefather, to whom the illness of Sir De Lacy Evans had given for the time the command of the Second Division, at once got the troops under arms. One brigade, under Brigadier-General Adams, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th Regiments, was pushed on to the brow of the hill to check the advance of the enemy by the road through the brushwood from the valley. The other brigade (Brigadier-General Pennefather's own), consisting of the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments, was led to operate on their flank. They were at once met with a tremendous fire of shell and round shot from guns which the enemy had posted on the high grounds in advance of our right, and it was soon found that the Russians had brought up at least forty pieces of heavy artillery to bear upon us. Meantime the alarm had spread through the camps. Sir George Catheart with the greatest promptitude turned out as many of his Division as were not employed in the trenches, and led such portions of the 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th Regiments as were available against the enemy, directing them to the right of the ground occupied by the columns of the Second Division.

It was intended that one brigade, under Brigadier-General Torrens, should move in support of the brigade under Brigadier-General Goldie; but it was soon found that the enemy were in such strength that the whole force of the Division, which consisted of only 2200 men, must be vigorously used to repel them. Sir George Brown had rushed up to the front with his brave fellows of the Light Division—Brigadier Codrington being employed with part of the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd to cover the extreme of our right attack, and to occupy the sloping ground towards Sebastopol; and the Second Brigade, under Buller, being brought up to support the Second Division on the left, with the 88th, under Colonel Jeffreys, pushed forward amid the brushwood on the ridge of one of the principal ravines running into the town on the right. As they began to move across the ground of the Second Division, they were at once brought under fire by an unseen enemy. The gloomy character of the morning was unchanged. Showers of rain fell through the fogs, and turned the ground into a clammy soil, like a freshly-ploughed field, and the Russians, who had, no doubt, taken the bearings of the ground ere they placed their guns, fired at random indeed, but with too much effect on our advancing columns. The Third Division, under Sir R. England, was also got under arms as a reserve, and one portion of it, comprising part of the 50th, under Wilton, and 1st Battalion Royals, under Bell, were engaged with the enemy ere the fight was over. While all the army was thus in motion, the Duke of Cambridge was not behindhand in bringing up the Guards under Brigadier Bentinck—all of his

Division then left with him, as the Highlanders were under Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava. These splendid troops with the greatest rapidity and ardour advanced to the front on the right of the Second Division, and gained the summit of the hill overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya and the ruins and plains of Inkermann. Between their extreme left and the right of the Second Division, there was a deep ravine, which lost itself on the plateau of their camp, close to the road that led by the top of the ravine to the city of Sebastopol. Strangely enough, this road was not commanded by guns—only a few scarps were made in it, and the pickets which were stationed upon it at night were only posted a short distance in advance of the camp. A low breastwork crossed this road at the plateau occupied by the tents of the Second Division. On arriving at the edge of the plateau on the right of the quarries' ravine, the Duke of Cambridge, riding forward to get a glimpse of the enemy, saw two columns of them in front, charging up the steep ground covered with brushwood which descends almost precipitously to the valley. They were already in the Sand-bag Redoubt mentioned in a former page; but his Royal Highness at once led the Guards to the charge, and drove them out of the work.

Then commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. Military historians had doubted whether any enemy had ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. We had been prone to believe that no foe could withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him; but at the battle of Inkermann not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination.

The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France. No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day, for the vapours, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkermann, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented any one under the most favourable circumstances from seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below.

It was six o'clock when all the Head-Quarter camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of

field guns. Lord Raglan was informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after seven he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier-General Strangways, R.A., and several aides-de-camp. As they approached, the volume of sound, the steady, unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket told that the engagement was at its height. The shells of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side. One of the first things the Russians did, when a break in the fog enabled them to see the camp of the Second Division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and large shell, and tent after tent was blown down, torn to pieces, or sent into the air, while the men engaged in camp duties, and the unhappy horses tethered up in the lines, were killed or mutilated. Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (18-pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire which our light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty, and was exerting himself with Captain D'Aguilar to urge them forward, Colonel Gambier was severely but not dangerously wounded, and was obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, and the conduct of that officer in directing the fire of those two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such as to elicit the admiration of the army, and as to deserve the thanks of every man engaged in that bloody fray. But long ere these guns had been brought up, there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy loss of our own men.

Our Generals could not see where to go. They could not tell where the enemy were—from what side they were coming, nor where they were coming to. In darkness, gloom, and rain they had to lead our lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks and irritated the men, while every pace was marked by a corpse or man wounded by an enemy whose position was only indicated by the rattle of musketry and the rush of ball and shell.

Sir George Cathcart, advancing in haste from the centre of our position, came to the hill where the Guards were engaged, and after a word with the Duke, led the 63rd Regiment, which had just arrived, down on the right of the Guards into a ravine, filled with brushwood, which descended towards the valley of the Tchernaya. He perceived, just as he did so, that the Russians had actually gained possession of a portion of the hill in rear of the right flank of his men, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head encouraging them, and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said, coolly, "Have you not got your bayonets?" As he led on his men, it was observed that another body of the enemy had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly volley was poured into our scattered companies. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. Poor

kindly-gallant Colonel Seymour, who was wounded, got down from his horse to aid his chief, but the enemy rushed in on them, and when our men had driven them back, both lay dead side by side. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and suffered fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill with diminished ranks and the loss of nearly 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered, with a bullet wound in the head and three bayonet wounds in the body. In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity, and bayoneted the wounded on the ground, Colonel Swyny, of the 63rd, a most gallant officer, Lieutenant Dowling, 20th, Major Wynne, 68th, and other officers, met their death. Brigadier Goldie, (of the 57th Regiment) who was engaged with his brigade on the left of the Inkermann road about the same time received the wounds of which he afterwards died.

The conflict on the right was equally uncertain and equally bloody. In the Light Division, the 88th in the front were surrounded; but four companies of the 77th, under Major Straton, charged the Russians, broke them, and relieved their comrades. The fight had not long commenced before it was evident that the Russians had received orders to fire at all mounted officers. Sir George Brown was hit by a shot, which went through his arm and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, as his body was borne by me on a litter early in the day, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day. Further to the right, a contest the like of which, perhaps, never took place before, occurred between the Guards and dense columns of Russian infantry of five times their number. The Guards for a second time had charged them and driven them back, when they perceived that the Russians had out-flanked them. They were out of ammunition too. They were uncertain whether there were friends or foes in the rear. They had no support, no reserve, and they were fighting with the bayonet against an enemy who stoutly contested every inch of ground, when the corps of another Russian column appeared on their right far in their rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry. They had lost fourteen officers; they had left one-half of their number on the ground, and at last they retired along the lower road of the valley. They were, however, soon reinforced by a wing of the 20th under Major Crofton, and speedily avenged their fallen comrades by a desperate charge, in which they drove the Russians before them like sheep. Meanwhile the Second Division, in the centre of the line, was hardly pressed. The 41st Regiment, in particular, were exposed to a terrible fire, and the 95th were in the middle of such disorganizing volleys that they only mustered sixty-four men when paraded at two o'clock. In fact, the whole of the division numbered only 300 men when assembled by Major Eman in rear of their camp after the fight was over. The regiments did not take their colours into the battle, but the officers, nevertheless, were picked off wherever they went, and it did not require the colour-staff to indicate their presence. Our ambulances were soon filled, and ere nine o'clock they were busily engaged in

carrying loads of men, all covered with blood, and groaning, to the rear of the line.

About half-past nine o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff were assembled on a knoll, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the battle which was raging below them. A shell came right among the staff—it exploded in Captain Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a portion of the shell tore off the leather overalls of Captain Somerset's trousers; it then struck down Captain Gordon's horse and killed him at once, and then blew away General Strangway's leg, so that it hung by a shred of flesh and bit of cloth from the skin. The poor old General never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely, in a gentle voice, "Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?" He was taken down and laid on the ground, while his life-blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and in two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man of the army.

The fight about the battery was most sanguinary. It was found that there was no banquette to stand upon, and that the men inside could not fire upon the enemy. The Russians advanced mass after mass of infantry. As fast as one column was broken and repulsed, another took its place. For three long hours about 8500 British infantry contended against at least four times their number. No wonder that at times they were compelled to retire. But they came to the charge again. The admirable devotion of the officers, who knew they were special objects of attack, can never be too highly praised. At one time the Russians succeeded in getting up close to the guns of Captain Wodehouse's and of Captain Turner's batteries in the gloom of the morning. Uncertain whether they were friends or foes, our artillerymen hesitated to fire. The Russians charged them suddenly, bore all resistance down before them, drove away or bayoneted the gunners, and succeeded in spiking four of the guns.

The rolling of musketry, the crash of steel, the pounding of the guns were deafening, and the Russians as they charged up the heights yelled like demons. They advanced, halted, advanced again, received and returned a close and deadly fire; but the Minié is the king of weapons—Inkermann proved it. The regiments of the Fourth Division and the Marines, armed with the old and much-belauded Brown Bess, could do nothing with their rolling volleys against the massive multitudes of the Muscovite infantry, but the fire of the Minié smote them like the hand of the Destroying Angel. This disproportion of numbers was, however, too great—our men were exhausted with slaying—but at last came help. About ten o'clock a body of French infantry appeared on our right—a joyful sight to our struggling regiments.

The Zouaves came on at the *pas de charge*. Three battalions of the Chasseurs d'Orleans rushed by, the light of battle on their faces. They were accompanied by a battalion of Chasseurs Indigènes—the Arab Sepoys of Algiers. Their trumpets sounded above the din of battle, and when we watched their eager advance right on the flank of the enemy we knew the day was won. Assailed in front by

our men—broken by the impetuosity of our charge, renewed again and again—attacked by the French infantry, sometimes led on by English officers, on the right, and by artillery all along the line—the Russians began to retire, and at twelve o'clock they were driven pell-mell down the hill towards the valley, where pursuit would have been madness, as the roads were all covered by their artillery. They left mounds of dead behind them.

Our own cavalry, the remnant of the Light Brigade, were moved into a position where it was hoped they might be of service, but they were too few to attempt anything, and while they were drawn up they lost several horses and some men. One officer, Cornet Clevland, was struck by a piece of shell in the side, and afterwards expired. At twelve o'clock the battle of Inkermann seemed to have been won, but the day, which had cleared up about eleven, so as to enable us to see the enemy, again became obscured. Rain and fog set in, and as we could not pursue the Russians, who were retiring under the shelter of their artillery, we formed in front of our lines, and the enemy covering his retreat by bodies of horse on the slopes, near the Careening Bay, and, by a tremendous fire of artillery, fell back upon the works and retreated, in immense confusion, across the Inkermann Bridge.

General Canrobert, who, although slightly wounded, never quitted Lord Raglan for much of the early part of the day, at once directed the French to advance and outflank the enemy. In his efforts he was most ably seconded by General Bosquet, whose devotion was noble. Nearly all his mounted escort were down beside and behind him.

The Russians, about ten, made a sortie on the French lines, and traversed two parallels before they could be resisted. They were driven back at last with great loss, and as they retired they blew up some mines inside the Flagstaff Fort, evidently afraid that the French would enter pell-mell after them.

The last charge of the Russians took place at about thirty-five minutes past twelve. At one o'clock the Russians were again retiring. At forty minutes past one, Dickson's two guns smashed their artillery, and they limbered up, leaving five tumbrels and one gun-carriage on the field.

CHAPTER IV.

The Battle-field—Review of the Struggle—The Dead and the Dying—Harrowing Scene—Firing on Burying Parties—The French at Inkermann—Number of the Russians—Losses—"Hair-breadth 'Scapes"—Brutal Conduct of the Russians—How the Victory was won—Use of Revolvers—Want of Ammunition.

I WENT carefully over the position on the 6th, and the more I examined it, the more I was amazed at the noble tenacity of our men when assailed by such vast masses of infantry; though I must give great credit to the Russians for the obstinacy with which they sought to drive us back, and the laborious determination with which they

clambered up the hill-side to attack us. The tents of the Second Division were pitched on the verge of the plateau which we occupied, and from the right flank of the camp the ground rises gently for two or three hundred yards to a ridge covered with scrubby brushwood, so thick that it was sometimes difficult to force a horse through it. These bushes grew in tufts, and were about four feet high. On gaining the ridge you saw below you the valley of the Tchernaya, a green tranquil slip of meadow, with a few white houses dotting it at intervals, some farm enclosures, and tufts of green trees. From the ridge the hill-side descended rapidly in a slope of at least 600 feet. The brushwood was very thick upon it, and at times almost impervious. At the base of this slope the road wound to Inkermann, and thence to Sebastopol. The sluggish stream stole quietly through it towards the head of the harbour, which was shut out from view by the projections of the ridge to the north. At the distance of a quarter of a mile across the valley, the sides of the mountains opposite to the ridge of the plateau on which our camp stood rose abruptly in sheer walls of rock, slab after slab, to the height of several hundred feet. A road wound among those massive precipices up to the ruins of Inkermann—a city of the dead and gone and unknown—where houses, and pillared mansions, and temples, were hewn out of the face of the solid rock by a generation whose very name the most daring antiquaries have not guessed at. This road passed along the heights, and dipped into the valley of Inkermann, at the neck of the harbour. The Russians planted guns along it, to cover the retreat of their troops, and at night the lights of their fires were seen glimmering through the window and door places from the chambers carved out from the sides of the precipice.

Looking down from the ridge, these ruins were, of course, to one's left hand. To the right the eye followed the sweep of the valley till it was closed in from view by the walls of the ridge, and by the mountains which hemmed in the valley of Balaklava, and one could just catch, on the side of the ridge, the corner of the nearest French earthwork, thrown up to defend our rear, and cover the position towards Balaklava. Below, to the right of the ridge, at the distance of 200 feet from the top towards the valley, was the Sandbag, or two-gun battery, intended for two guns, which had been withdrawn a few days before, after silencing a Russian battery at Inkermann, because Sir De Lacy Evans conceived that they would only invite attack, and would certainly be taken, unconnected as they would have been with any line of defence. On the left hand, overlooking this battery, was a road from Balaklava right across our camp through the Second Division's tents on their front, which ran over the ridge and joined the upper road to Inkermann. Some of the Russian columns had climbed up by the ground along this road; others had ascended on the left, in front and to the right of the Sandbag Battery.

The British and the French, many of whom had been murdered by the Russians as they lay wounded, wore terrible frowns on their faces, with which the agonies of death had clad them. Some in their last throes had torn up the earth in their hands, and held the

grass between their fingers up towards heaven. All the men who exhibited such signs of pain had been bayoneted; the dead men who lay with an eternal smile on their lips had been shot. But the wounded —for two days they had lain where the hand and the ball had felled them. There were very few, it is true, but all our searching had not discovered the secrets of that blood-stained hill-side, and it was towards noon on the 7th ere the last of our soldiers had been found in his lair and carried to the hospital.

The Russians, groaning and palpitating as they lay around, were far more numerous. Some of these were placed together in heaps, that they might be the more readily removed. Others glared upon you from the bushes with the ferocity of wild beasts, as they hugged their wounds. Some implored, in an unknown tongue, but in accents not to be mistaken, water, or succour; holding out their mutilated and shattered limbs, or pointing to the track of the lacerating ball. The sullen, angry scowl of some of these men was fearful. Fanaticism and immortal hate spake through their angry eyeballs, and he who gazed on them with pity and compassion could at last (unwillingly) understand how these men would in their savage passion kill the wounded, and fire on the conqueror who, in his generous humanity, had aided them as he passed. It was a relief to see that their arms were broken—that their cartridges were lying opened in heaps on the ground. Litter-bearers, French and English, dotted the hillside, toiling painfully up with a heavy burden for the grave, or with some subject for the doctor's care; hunting through the bushes for the dead or dying. Our men had acquired a shocking facility in their diagnosis. A body was before you; there was a shout, "Come here, boys, I see a Russian!" (or "a Frenchman," or "one of our fellows!") One of the party advanced, raised the eyelid if it was closed, peered into the eye, shrugged his shoulders, saying quietly, "He's dead, he'll wait," and moved back to the litter; others pulled the feet, and arrived at equally correct conclusions by that process. The dead were generally stripped of all but their coats. The camp followers and blackguards from Balaklava, and seamen from the ships, anxious for trophies, carried off all they could take from the field.

At particular spots a party of men were seen busy at work. Groups were digging away all along the hill-side, at the distance of forty or fifty yards apart. On going over, you found them around a yawning trench, thirty feet in length by twenty feet in breadth, and six feet in depth, at the bottom of which, in every conceivable attitude, lay packed together with exceeding art some thirty or forty corpses. The grave-diggers stood chatting on the mounds by the sides, waiting for the arrival of some bearers to complete the number of the dead. They speculated on the appearance of the body which was being borne towards them. "It's Corporal ——, of the —th, I think," says one. "No! it's my rear rank man, I can see his red hair plain enough," and so on. They discussed the merits or demerits of dead sergeants or comrades. "Well, he was a hard man: many's the time I was belled through him, but it's all over now!" or "Poor Mick! he had fifteen years' service—a better fellow never stepped."

This scene was going on all about the hill-side. Frenchmen, with

litters, were also busy looking out for their dead and wounded, and in sharing the sad labours of the day. At last the number in the trench was completed. The bodies were packed as closely as possible. Some of them had upraised arms, in the attitude of taking aim; their legs stick up through the mould as it was thrown upon them; others were bent and twisted into shapes like fantoccini. Inch after inch the earth rose upon them, and they were left "alone in their glory." No, not alone; for the hopes, and fears, and affections of hundreds of human hearts lie buried with them!

For about one mile and a half in length by half a mile in depth, the hill-side offered such sights as these. Upwards of 2000 Russians had been buried by these men.

As I was standing in the Sandbag Battery, talking to some officers of the Guards, who were describing their terrible losses, Colonel Cunynghame and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilbraham, of the quarter-master-general's staff, rode up towards the spot to superintend the operations. The instant their cocked hats were seen above the ridge, a burst of smoke arose out of the valley from the head of the harbour, and bizz! whish! bizz! came a shell right over us, and crashed into the hill-side, where our men were actually engaged in burying the Russian dead! Such atrocity needs no comment, and officers and men were alike indignant. Colonel Cunynghame told me he understood that Lord Raglan had actually sent in a flag of truce that very morning to the Russian generals to inform them that the parties on the hill-side were burying the dead. As he was speaking, a second shell was directed at us, and fell again to the right; but it was quite evident that the society of two officers in cocked hats and on horseback was not the safest in the world at that particular moment, and we all three retired.

During the battle of Inkermann the French were drawn up in three bodies of about 2000 men each on the ridge of the hills over Balaklava, watching the movements of the Russian cavalry in the plain below. As I came up, the enemy were visible, drawn out in six divisions, with the artillery and infantry ready to act, and horses saddled and bridled. It was evident they were waiting for the signal to dash up the hills in our rear, and sabre our flying regiments. They had a long time to wait! The French lines below us were lined by Zouaves; the gunners in the redoubts, with matches lighted, were prepared to send their iron messengers through the ranks of the horse the moment they came within range. Behind the French 5000 "Bono Johnnies" were drawn up in columns as a reserve, and several Turkish regiments were also stationed under the heights on the right, in a position to act in support, should their services be required. The French were on their march from the sea to our assistance, and the black lines of their regiments streaked the grey plain as they marched double-quick towards the scene of action. The Chasseurs d'Afrique on their grey Arabs swept about the slopes of the hill to watch an opportunity for a dash. Our own cavalry were drawn up by their encampments, the Heavy Brigade on the left, the Light Brigade in the centre of our position. The latter were out of fire for some time, but an advance to the right exposed them to shot and shell. Mr.

Cleveland received a mortal wound, and several men and horses were injured later in the day. The Heavy Cavalry were employed in protecting our left and rear.

At nine, the French streamed over the brow of the hill on our right—Chasseurs d'Orleans, Tirailleurs, Indigènes, Zouaves, Infantry of the Line, and Artillery—and at once rushed over the brow and fell upon the flank of the Russian column. On visiting the spot it was curious to observe how men of all arms—English, French, and Russians—lay together, showing that the same ground must have been occupied several times by different bodies of troops. The French were speedily engaged, for the Russians had plenty of men for all comers. Their reserves in the valley and along the road to Sebastopol received the shattered columns which were driven down the hill, allowed them to re-form and attack again, or furnished fresh regiments to assault the Allies again and again. This reserve seems to have consisted of three large bodies—probably of 5000 men each. The attacking force could not have been less than 20,000 men, and it is a very low estimate indeed of the strength of the Russians to place it at from 45,000 to 50,000 men of all arms. Some say there were from 55,000 to 60,000 men engaged on the side of the enemy; but I think that number excessive, and there certainly was not ground enough for them to show front upon. Captain Burnett, R.N., states that he saw fresh bodies of Russians marching up to the attack on three successive occasions, and that their artillery was relieved no less than four times. The Minié rifle did our work, and Lord Hardinge is entitled to the best thanks of the country for his perseverance in arming this expedition as far as he could with every rifle that could be got, notwithstanding the dislike with which the weapon was received by many experienced soldiers.

The weak column of attack on the extreme Russian right, which came up on our position at the nearest point to Sebastopol, was mainly resisted by the Fourth Division and the Marines. The Russian centre was principally resisted by the Second Division and the Light Division, which with the Brigade of Guards were opposed to the third or left attacking column of the Russians. They forced their way up the hill towards the Sandbag Battery, at the furthest point from Inkermann. The Fourth Division had in a short time all its generals—Sir George Cathcart and Brigadiers Goldie and Torrens—killed or mortally wounded, and 700, or more than one quarter of its strength, put *hors de combat*. Colonel Swyny, of the 63rd Regiment, and Major Wynne, of the 68th, were killed early. Colonel Crofton, of the 20th, was wounded in three places; Major Sharpe was badly wounded also, and Lieutenant Dowling was killed. The regiment to which these officers belonged went into action 490 strong; it came out 362. The other regiments suffered in proportion. The whole of the Second Division had left, when it came out of action, exactly six field officers and twelve captains fit for duty, and, I believe, Major Farrer, of the 47th Regiment, was the senior officer, and had to take charge of the division.

The Light Division, or the portion of it in action, was, as usual,

foremost in the fray; but many of them were in the trenches, where, however, they did not escape loss.

Sir De Lacy Evans, who was very unwell on board ship when the fight began, managed to get on shore and ride up to the front; and I saw him on the battle-field full of grief for the loss his division had sustained. Captain Allix, one of the General's aides-de-camp, was killed; Captain Gubbins, another aide-de-camp, was wounded; Brigadier Adams was severely wounded; and the 30th, 55th, 95th, 47th, 41st, and 49th, all suffered in officers and men.

The Brigade of the Guards lost fourteen officers killed; but the wonder is that any escaped the murderous fire directed upon their position. The carnage at the Alma did not present anything like the scene round the Sandbag Battery, which was placed on a steep descent towards the Tchernaya. The piles of dead here were frightful. Upwards of 1200 dead and dying Russians laid behind and around and in front of it, and many a bearskin cap and tall English Grenadier were mixed with frequent corpses of French Chasseur and infantry soldiers. At one time, while the Duke was rallying his men, a body of Russians began to single him out, and to take shots at him in the most deliberate manner. A surgeon, Mr. Wilson, 7th Hussars, who was attached to the brigade, perceived the danger of his Royal Highness, and, with the greatest gallantry and coolness, assembled a few men of the Guards, led them to the charge, and utterly routed and dispersed the Russians. The Duke's horse was killed in the course of the fight. At the close of the day he called Mr. Wilson in front of the regiment, and publicly thanked him for having in all probability saved his life.

The conduct of the Russians towards the wounded Guards' officers was brutal in the extreme. Russian officers were seen passing their swords through the bodies of our men, and pointing to their troops to bayonet them as they passed.

The revolvers carried by our officers saved their lives on several occasions this day. Our men were very short of ammunition; the Guards in particular expended all theirs very soon.

BOOK IV.

PREPARATIONS FOR A WINTER CAMPAIGN—THE HURRICANE—THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY—THE TRENCHES IN WINTER—BALAKLAVA—THE COMMISSARIAT AND MEDICAL STAFF.

CHAPTER I.

Formation of the Russian Army—Difficulties explained—Appearance of the Men—Liège Muskets—Bayonets—Killing the Wounded—Glories of Inkermann—Commissary Filder's merits—Hardships of the Campaign—Officers in rags—Hurricane of the 14th of November—A mighty and strong Wind—Tents dislodged—A Medical Officer in difficulty—Horrors of the Scene—Sleet and Snow—Officers in distress—Bad news from Balaklava—A Lull.

FROM a prisoner whom we examined I gleaned some interesting particulars respecting the formation of the Russian army. The man was not very "bright," but he told the truth according to the light that was in him, and I believe the statements he made were tolerably correct. It had long been a puzzle to ignorant people like ourselves why the Russian soldiers had numbers on their shoulder-straps different from those on their buttons or on their caps. In recording my observations on the appointments of the men killed at the Alma I remarked, that certain "regiments" were present, judging by the shoulder-straps. It will appear that these numbers referred not to regiments, but to divisions. So let our Pole—he was a deserter—one of the few who came in soon after Inkermann, speak for himself through an interpreter:—

"What does the number on the strap on your shoulder indicate?"

"It is No. 16. It shows that I belong to the 16th Division of the army."

"Who commands it?"

"I don't know—a General."

"What does the number 31 on your buttons mean?"

"It means that I belong to Regt. 31, of the 16th Division."

"What does the number 7 on your cap, with P after it, mean?"

"It indicates that I belong to the 7th rota of the polk."

"What does a rota mean?"

"It means a company of 250 men."

"How many rotas are in a polk:"

"There are sixteen rotas in each polk."

"And how many polks are in a division?"

"There are four polks in a division?"

"If that is so, why have you 31 on your buttons?" (A pause, a stupid look.)—"I don't know."

Finding our friend was getting into that helpless state of confusion into which the first glimpses of decimal fractions are wont to plunge the youthful arithmetician, we left him. Now let us combine our information, and see what, according to this Polish authority, a Russian division consists of. It stands thus :—

1 Rota	=		250 men.	
16 Rotas	= 1 polk	=	4000 ,,	
4 Polks	= 1 division	=	16,000 ,,	2nd Division of infantry.

The men resembled those we met at the Alma, and were clad and armed in the same way. We saw no infantry with helmets, however, and our soldiers were disappointed to find the Russians had, in most cases, come out without their knapsacks. Their persons were very cleanly, and the whiteness of their faces and of their feet were remarkable. Few of them had socks on, and the marauders, who ever prowl over a battle-field, had removed their boots whenever they were worth taking. Our soldiers and sailors, as well as the French, looked out with avidity for a good pair of Russian boots, and were quite adepts in fitting themselves to a nicety by their simple mode of measurement—viz., placing their feet against those of the dead men. Many of the men had silver medals and ribands striped green and white for "the campaign of 1848-9 in Hungary and Transylvania." They were generally carried inside tin cases about their persons. Officers and men wore the same long grey coats, the former being alone distinguishable by the stripe of gold lace on the shoulder. Their uniform coatees, of dark green with white facings and red, and yellow trimmings, were put on underneath the greatcoat.

A considerable number of the Liège double-grooved rifles were found on the field. Many of the muskets bore the date of 1841, and had been altered into detonators. I remember a juvenile superstition in my sparrow-killing days that such guns "shot stronger" than either flint or detonator, *pur sang*. Every part of the arm was branded most carefully. The word "BAK" occurs on each separate piece of it. The imperial eagle was on the brass heelplate, and on the lock "TYAA (Tula), 1841." I allude to a firelock with which most of two divisions at least were armed. The bayonets were long, but not well steeled. They bent if rudely handled or struck with force against the ground. The long and polished gun-barrels were made of soft, but tough iron. They could be bent to an acute angle without splitting. From the trigger-guard of each musket a thong depended, fastened to a cap of stout leather, to put over the nipple in wet weather. This seemed a simple and useful expedient. The devotion of the men to their officers was remarkable. How else was it that we seldom found either dead or wounded officers on the ground? On the person of one lieutenant or captain, who was lying dead, an extremely handsome and athletic young man, there was found a roll of linen, which contained the same black, dry, and hard fragments of rye bread, which the privates carried about with them.

It was again asserted—and I sincerely believe with truth—that the dying and wounded Russians killed many of our men as they passed on towards the front against the retreating enemy. For this reason

our soldiers smashed the stock and bent the barrel of nearly every firelock they came across. Some, however, carried bundles of them off the field, as well as heaps of Liège rifles, and of a heavy, thick sword with a saw-back, borne by the Grenadiers or Artillerymen, which they sold to the captains and sailors of merchantmen, or to those who are anxious for mementoes of the fight. Medals, ribands, the small brass crucifixes, and pictures of saints, and charms found upon the dead, were also in great request. The field was visited by shoals of people from Balaklava every day.

If it is considered that the soldiers who met these furious columns of the Czar were the remnants of three British divisions, which scarcely numbered 8500 men; that they were hungry and wet, and half-famished; that they were men belonging to a force which was generally "out of bed" four nights out of seven; which had been enfeebled by sickness, by severe toil, sometimes for twenty-four hours at a time without relief of any kind; that among them were men who had within a short time previously lain out for forty-eight hours in the trenches at a stretch—it will be readily admitted that never was a more extraordinary contest maintained by our army since it acquired a reputation in the world's history.

Up to the beginning of the winter of 1854, Mr. Commissary-General Filder deserved the greatest praise for his exertions in supplying our men with food. No army was ever fed with more punctuality, and no army, I believe, was ever so well fed under such very exceptional circumstances as those in which we were placed. We were fed by Balaklava alone; thence came our daily bread. It had to be carried out day by day, and yet no man in this army had up to this time been without his pound of good biscuit, his pound and a half or a pound of good beef or mutton, his quota of coffee, tea, rice, and sugar, or his gill of excellent rum, for any one day, excepting through his own neglect. We drew our hay, our corn, our beef, our mutton, our biscuits, spirits, and necessaries of all kinds from beyond sea. Eupatoria supplied us with cattle and sheep to a moderate extent; but the commissariat of the army depended, as a general rule, on sea carriage. Nevertheless, large as were our advantages in the excellence and regularity of the supply of food, the officers and men had to undergo great privations.

The oldest soldiers never witnessed nor heard of a campaign in which General officers were obliged to live out in tents on the open field, for the want of a roof to cover them, and generals who passed their youth in the Peninsular war, and who had witnessed a good deal of fighting since that time in various parts of the world, were unanimous in declaring that they never knew or read of a war in which the officers were exposed to such hardships. They landed without anything but what they could carry, and they marched beside their men, slept by them, fought by them, and died by them, undistinguished from them in any respect, except by the deadly epaulet and swordbelt, which have cost so many lives to the country. The survivors were often unable to get their things from on board ship. They laid down at night in the clothes which they wore during the day; many delicately-nurtured youths never changed

shirt or shoes for weeks together, and they were deprived of the use of water for ablution, except to a very limited extent.

"Rank and fashion," under such circumstances, fell a prey to parasitical invasion—an evil to which the other incidents of roughing it are of little moment. The officers were in rags. Guardsmen, who were "the best style of men" in the Parks, turned out in coats and trousers and boots all seams and patches, torn in all directions, and mended with more vigour than neatness, and our smartest cavalry and line men were models of ingenious sewing and stitching. The men could not grumble at old coats, boots, or shoes when they saw their officers no better off than themselves. We had "soldiering with the gilding off," and many a young gentleman would be for ever cured of his love of arms if he could but have seen one day's fighting and have had one day's parade of the men who did it. Fortunate it was for us that we had youth on whom to rely, and that there were in old England men "who delight in war," and who would be ever ready to incur privation, danger, and death at her summons. As to young ladies suffering from "scarlet fever,"—the pupils of the "L. E. L." school, who are for ever thinking of heroes and warriors, singing of champions, of "crowning conquerors' brows with flowers," and wishing for "Arab steeds and falchions bright"—if they could but for one instant have stood beside me, and gazed into one of the pits where some thirty "clods of the valley," all covered with scarlet and blue cloth, with lace and broidery, and blood, were lying side by side, and staring up at heaven with their sightless orbs, as they were about to be consigned to the worm, they would have felt the horrors of their hero worship, and would have joined in prayer for the advent of that day—if come it ever may—when war shall be no more, and when the shedding of blood shall cease.

On the 14th of November came a new calamity—the camp was visited by a hurricane. It commenced shortly after six o'clock, a.m., and was preceded by rain and squalls from S.W. and S.S.W.

For about an hour I had been in a listless state between waking and sleeping, listening to the pelting of the rain against the fluttering canvas of the tent, or dodging the streams of water which flowed underneath it, saturating our blankets and collecting on the mackintosh sheets in pools. The sound of the rain, its heavy beating on the earth, had become gradually swallowed up by the noise of the rushing of the wind over the common, and by the flapping of the tents as they rocked more violently beneath its force. Gradually the sides of the canvas, which were tucked in under big stones to secure them, began to rise and flutter, permitting the wind to enter playfully and drive before it sheets of rain right into one's face; the pegs began to indicate painful indecision and want of firmness of purpose. The glimpses afforded of the state of affairs outside, by the lifting of the tent walls, were little calculated to produce a spirit of resignation to the fate which threatened our frail shelter. The ground had lost its character of solidity, and pools of mud marked the horse and cattle-tracks in front of the tents. Mud—and nothing but mud—flying before the wind and drifting as though it were rain, covered the face of the earth as far as it was visible.

Meantime the storm-fiend was coming, terrible and strong as when he smote the bark of the Ancient Mariner. At every fresh blast the pole of the tent played and bent like a salmon-rod; the canvas tugged at the ropes to pull them up, and the pegs yielded gently. A startling crack! I looked at my companions, who seemed determined to shut out all sound and sense by piling as many clothes as they could collect over their heads. A roar of wind, and the pole bent till the fatal "crack" was heard again. "Get up, Doctor! up with you; E——, the tent is coming down!" The Doctor rose from beneath his *tumulus* of clothes. Now, if there was anything in which the Doctor put confidence more than another, it was his tent-pole. There was a decided bend in the middle of it, but he used to argue, on sound anatomical, mathematical, and physical principles, that the bend was an improvement, and he believed that no power of Æolus could ever shake it. He looked on the pole blandly, as he looked at all things, put his hand out, and shook it. "Why, man," said he, reproachfully, "it's all right—that pole would stand for ever," and then he crouched down and burrowed under his bed-clothes.

Scarcely had he given the last convulsive heave of the blankets which indicates perfect comfort and satisfaction, when a harsh screaming sound, increasing in vehemence as it approached, struck us with horror. As it passed along we heard the snapping of tent-poles and the sharp crack of timber and canvas. On it came, "a mighty and a strong wind;" the pole broke off short in the middle, as if it were glass, and in an instant we were pressed down and half stifled by the heavy folds of the wet canvas, which beat us about the head with the greatest fury. Half breathless and blind, I struggled for the door. Such a sight met the eye! The whole head quarters' camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions in chase of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the enclosure as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter.

Three marquees had stood against the blast—General Estcourt, Sir John Burgoyne, and Major Pakenham's. The General had built a cunning wall of stones around his marquee, but ere noon it had fallen before the wind, and the Major's shared the same fate still earlier in the day. Next to our tent was the marquee of Captain de Morel, aide-de-camp to Adjutant-General Estcourt. It laid fluttering on the ground, and, as I looked, the canvas seemed animated by some great internal convulsion—a mimic volcano appeared to be opening beneath it, and its folds assumed the most fantastic shapes, tossing wildly about in the storm. The phenomenon was speedily accounted for by the apparition of the gallant owner fighting his way out desperately against the wind, which was bent on tearing his very scanty covering from his person; and at last he succeeded in making a bolt of it and squattered through the mud to the huts. Dr. Hall's tent, close at hand, was levelled; and the principal medical officer of the British army might be seen, in an unusual state of perturbation, seeking for his garments ere he took to flight. Brigadier Estcourt, with mien for once disturbed, held on, as sailors say, "like

grim Death to a backstay," by one of the shrouds of his marquee. Captain Chetwode was tearing through the rain and dirt like a maniac after a cap, which he fancied was his own, and which he found, after a desperate run, to be his sergeant's. The air was filled with blankets, hats, great coats, little coats, and even tables and chairs! Macintoshes, quilts, india-rubber tubs, bedclothes, sheets of tent-canvas went whirling like leaves in the gale towards Sebastopol. The shingle roofs of the outhouses were torn away and scattered over the camp, and a portion of the roof of Lord Raglan's house was carried off to join them. The barns and commissariat-sheds were laid bare at once.

As instances of the force of the wind, large arabas, or wagons, which stood close to us, were overturned; men and horses were knocked down and rolled over and over; the ambulance wagons were turned topsy-turvy; and a large and heavy table in Captain Chetwode's was lifted off the ground, whirled round and round till the leaf flew off, and then came to mother earth deprived of a leg and seriously injured. The Marines and Rifles on the cliffs over Balaklava lost tents, clothes—everything; the storm tore them away over the face of the rock and hurled them across the bay, and the men had to cling to the earth with all their might to avoid the same fate. But the scene which occurred here must be described separately. It forms a terrible picture; and the account of it, whenever it may be written, will form the most appalling chapter in the history of maritime disasters.

Looking over towards the hill occupied by the Second Division, we could see that the blast had there been of equal violence. The ridges, the plains, and undulating tracts between the ravines, so lately smiling in the autumn sun, with row after row of neat white tents, was bare and desolate, the surface turned into sticky mud as black as ink, and the discoloured canvas rolled up in heaps all over it. Right in front the camp of the Chasseurs d'Afrique presented an appearance of equal desolation and misery. Their little *tentes d'abri* stood for a few minutes, but at last the poles snapped, and they were involved in the common ruin. The face of the country was covered with horses which had torn away from the pickets. Nearly one-half of our cavalry horses broke loose. The French, flying for shelter, swarmed across the plains in all directions, seeking for the lee of old walls or banks for protection from the blast. Our men, more sullen and resolute, stood in front of their levelled tents while wind and rain tore over them, or collected in groups before their late camps. Woe to the Russians had they come on that day, for, fiercer than the storm and stronger than all its rage, the British soldier would have met and beaten their teeming battalions. The cry was all throughout this dreadful day, "Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries and be done with it than stand here to be beaten by the storm."

Not to digress too much, and to return to the pleasant *coup d'œil* of that morning, let the reader imagine the bleakest common in all England, the wettest bog in all Ireland, or the dreariest muir in all Scotland, overhung by leaden skies, black as ink, and lashed by a tor-

nado-sleet, snow, pelting drizzle, and rain,—a few broken stone walls and roofless huts dotting it here and there, roads turned into torrents of mud or water across it, and then let him think of the condition in which men and horses must have been placed in such a spot on a November morning, suddenly deprived of their frail covering, and exposed to bitter cold and wet, with empty stomachs and not the remotest prospect of obtaining food or shelter till the storm ceased. Think of the men in the trenches, the covering parties, the patrols, and outlying pickets and sentries, who had passed the night in storm and darkness, and who returned to their camp only to find fires out and tents destroyed. These were men who dared not turn their backs for a moment, who could not blink their eyes, on whose vigilance the safety of our position depended, and many of whom had been for eight or ten hours in the rain and cold. These are trials which demand the exercise of the soldier's highest qualities.

A benighted sportsman caught in a Highland storm thinks no misery can exceed his own, as fagged and drenched and hungry he plods along the hill-side, and stumbles about in the dark towards some uncertain light; but he has no enemy worse than the wind and rain to face, and in the first hut he reaches repose and comfort await him. Our officers and soldiers, after a day like this, had to descend to the trenches again at night, look out for a crafty foe, to labour in the mire and ditches of the works; what fortitude and high courage to do all this without a murmur, and to bear such privations and hardships with unflinching resolution! But meantime—for one's own experience gives the best idea of the sufferings of others—our tent was down; one by one we struggled out into the mud, and left behind us all our little household gods, to fly before a pitiless blast which nearly carried us away, to the side of a broken stone wall, behind which were cowering Zouaves, Chasseurs d'Afrique, ambulance men, Hussars, infantry men, officers, and horses.

Major Blane, in a state of distress, was seen staggering from the ruins of his marquee, under a press of greatcoat, across the camp, and bearing up for the shelter of Major Pakenham's hut. We heard that the hospital tents were all down, and that the sick had to share the fate of the healthiest and most robust. On turning towards the ridge on which the large and imposing wooden structures built by the French for hospitals and storehouses were erected, a few scattered planks alone met the eye. The wounded of the 5th November, who to the number of several hundred were in these buildings, had to bear the inclemency of the weather as well as they could. Several succumbed to its effects. In every direction, fresh scenes of wretchedness met the eye. The guard tents were down, the late occupants huddled together under the side of a barn, their arms covered with mud, lying where they had been thrown from the "pile" by the wind. The officers of the guard had fled to the commissariat stores near Lord Raglan's, and there found partial shelter. Inside the commissariat yard, overturned carts, dead horses, and groups of shivering men were seen—not a tent was left standing. Mr. Cookesley had to take refuge among his stores, and was no doubt glad to find it, even amid salt pork and rum puncheons.

Hussar horses were dead and dying from the cold. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs each man looked at his neighbour. Lord Raglan's house, with the smoke of its fires streaming away from the chimneys, and its white walls standing out freshly against the black sky, was indeed "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Our generals' marquees were as incapable of resisting the hurricane as the bell-tents of the common soldiers. Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge amid the wreck of his establishment, meditative as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Lord Cardigan was sick on board his yacht in the harbour of Balaklava. Sir George Brown was lying wounded on board the "Agamemnon," off Kamiesch-bay; Sir De Lacy Evans, sick and shaken, was on board the "Sanspareil," in Balaklava; General Bentinck, wounded, was on board the "Caradoc," at Constantinople, or on his way to England. The Duke of Cambridge, sick and depressed, was passing an anxious time of it in the "Retribution," off Balaklava, in all the horrors of that dreadful scene at sea. But General Pennefather, Sir R. England, Sir J. Campbell, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Buller—in fact all the generals and colonels and officers in the field, were just as badly off as the meanest private.

The only persons near us whose tents weathered the gale, were Mr. Romaine, Deputy Judge-Advocate-General; Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, Royal Artillery; and Captain Woodford. The first had, however, pitched his tent cunningly within the four walls of an outhouse, and secured it by guys and subtle devices of stonework. They were hospitable spots, those tents—oases in the desert of wretchedness; many a poor half-frozen wanderer was indebted almost for life to the shelter they afforded. While reading this, pray never lose sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal-fires at home, that fuel was nearly all gone, and that there were savage fights, among the various domestics, even in fine weather, for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood. Never forget that the storm raged with increased violence, and that from half-past six o'clock till late in the day, it passed over the camp with the fury of Azraël, vexing and buffeting every living thing, and tearing to pieces all things inanimate. Now and then a cruel gleam of sunshine absolutely shot out of a rift in the walls of clouds and rendered the misery of the scene more striking. Gathered up as we were under the old wall, we could not but think with anxious hearts of our fleet at sea—of our transports off Balaklava and the Katcha—of the men in the trenches and on picket. Alas! we had too much reason for our anxiety.

Towards ten o'clock matters were looking more hopeless and cheerless than ever, when a welcome invitation came through the storm for us to go over to the shelter of a well protected tent. Our first duty was to aid the owner in securing the pole with "a fish" of stout spars. Then we aided in passing out a stay from the top of the pole to the wall in front, and in a short time afterwards a cup of warm tea was set before each of us, provided by some inscrutable chemistry, and with excellent ration biscuit and some butter, a delicious meal, as much needed as it was quite unexpected, was made by my friends and myself, embittered only by the ever-recurring

reflection, "God help us, what will become of the poor fellows in the trenches and on the hill?" And there we sat, thinking and talking of the soldiers, and of the fleet, hour after hour, while the wind and rain blew and fell, gradually awakening us to the full sense of the calamity with which Providence was pleased to visit us.

Towards twelve o'clock the wind, which had been blowing from the south-west, chopped round more to the west, and became much colder. Sleet fell first, and then came a snow-storm, which clothed the desolate landscape in white, till the tramp of men seamed it with trails of black mud. The mountain ranges assumed their winter garb. French soldiers, in great depression of spirits, flocked about our head-quarters, and displayed their stock of sorrows to us. Their tents were all down and blown away—no chance of recovering them; their bread was "*tout mouillé et gâté*," their rations gone to the dogs. The African soldiers seemed particularly miserable. Poor fellows! several of them were found dead next morning outside the lines of our cavalry camp. We lost several men also. In the Light Division four men were "starved to death" by the cold. Two men in the 7th Fusileers, one man in the 33rd, and one man of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, were found dead. About forty of our horses also died from the cold and wet, and many never recovered that fatal day and night.

The day was going by, and there was no prospect of any abatement of the storm. At two o'clock, however, the wind went down a little, and the intervals between the blasts of the gale became more frequent and longer. We took advantage of one of these halcyon moments to trudge away to the wreck of the tent, and, having borrowed another pole, with the aid of a few men we got it up all muddy and filthy, and secured it as far as possible for the night; but it was evident that no dependence could be placed upon its protection, and the floor was a mass of dirt and puddle, and the bed and clothes dripping wet. I mention my own tent only, because what was done in one case was done in others, and towards evening there were many tents re-pitched along the lines of our camps, though they were but sorry resting-places. Although the tents stood, they flapped about so much and admitted such quantities of snow, rain, and filth from outside, that it was quite out of the question to sleep in them. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to us that there might be room in the barn used as a stable for the horses of Lord Raglan's escort of the 8th Hussars, and we at once waded across the sea of nastiness which lay between us and it, tacked against several gusts, fouled one or two soldiers in a different course, grappled with walls and angles of outhouses, nearly foundered in big horse holes, bore sharply up round a corner, and anchored at once in the stable.

What a scene it was! The officers of the escort were crouching over some embers of a wood fire; along the walls were packed some thirty or forty horses and ponies, shivering with cold, and kicking and biting with spite and bad humour. The Hussars, in their long cloaks, stood looking gloomily on the flakes of snow, which drifted in at the doorway or through the extensive apertures in the shingle roof. Soldiers of different regiments crowded about the warm corners,

and Frenchmen of all arms, and a few Turks, joined in the brotherhood of misery, lighted their pipes at the scanty fire, and sat close for mutual comfort. The wind blew savagely through the roof, and through chinks in the mud walls and window-holes. The building was a mere shell, as dark as pitch, and smelt as it ought to do—an honest, unmistakeable stable—improved by a dense pack of moist and mouldy soldiers. And yet it seemed to us a palace! Life and joy were inside, though melancholy Frenchmen would insist on being pathetic over their own miseries—and, indeed, they were many and great—and after a time the eye made out the figures of men huddled up in blankets, lying along the wall. They were the sick, who had been in the hospital marquee, and who now lay moaning and sighing in the cold; but our men were kind to them, as they are always to the distressed, and not a pang of pain did they feel which care or consideration could dissipate.

A staff officer, Colonel Wetherall, dripping with rain, came in to see if he could get any shelter for draughts of the 33rd and 41st Regiments, which had just been landed at Kamiesch, but he soon ascertained the hopelessness of his mission so far as our quarters were concerned. The men were packed into another shed, "like herrings in a barrel." Having told us, "There is terrible news from Balaklava—seven vessels lost, and a number on shore at the Katcha," and thus made us more gloomy than ever, the officer went on his way, as well as he could, to look after his draughts. In the course of an hour an orderly was sent off to Balaklava with despatches from head-quarters; but, after being absent for three-quarters of an hour, the man returned, fatigued and beaten, to say he could not get his horse to face the storm. In fact, it would have been all but impossible for man or beast to have made headway through the hurricane.

We sat in the dark till night set in—not a soul could stir out. Nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind, the yelping of wild dogs driven into the enclosures, and the shrill neighings of terrified horses. At length a candle-end was stuck into a horn lantern, to keep it from the wind—a bit of ration pork and some rashers of ham, done over the wood fire, furnished an excellent dinner, which was followed by a glass or horn of hot water and rum—then a pipe, and as it was cold and comfortless, we got to bed—a heap of hay on the stable floor, covered with our clothes, and thrown close to the heels of a playful grey mare, who had strong antipathies to her neighbours, a mule and an Arab horse, and spent the night in attempting to kick in their ribs. Amid smells, and with incidents impossible to describe or to allude to more nearly, we went to sleep in spite of a dispute between an Irish sergeant of Hussars and a Yorkshire corporal of Dragoons as to the comparative merits of light and heavy cavalry, with digressions respecting the capacity of English and Irish horseflesh, which, by the last we heard of them, seemed likely to be decided by a trial of physical strength on the part of the disputants.

Throughout the day there had been very little firing from the Russian batteries—towards evening all was silent except the storm. In the middle of the night, however, we were all awoke by one of the most tremendous cannonades we had ever heard, and, after a time,

the report of a rolling fire of musketry was borne upon the wind. Looking eagerly in the direction of the sound, we saw the flashes of the cannon through the chinks in the roof, each flash distinct by itself, just as a flash of lightning is seen in all its length and breadth through a crevice in a window shutter. It was evident there was a sortie on the French lines. The cannonade lasted for half-an-hour, and gradually waxed fainter. In the morning we heard that the Russians had sallied out from their comfortable warm barracks on the French in the trenches, but that they had been received with an energy which quickly made them fly back again to the cover of their guns.

CHAPTER II.

A Change for the better—Visit to Balaklava—Devastation—Affair of Pickets—Newspaper Correspondents in the Crimea—Difficulties they had to encounter—False Hopes—A smart Affair—Death of Lieutenant Tryon—Flattering Testimonies—Want of Generals—Attack on Eupatoria—Affair between the Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Russian Riflemen—The Ovens—A Deserter's Story—Movements of the Russians—A Reconnaissance—Suffering caused by hard work and scarcity of supplies—Warnings—Cholera—Dreadful Scenes amongst the Turks in Balaklava.

With the morning of the 15th of November came a bright cold sky, and our men, though ankle deep in mud wherever they went, cheered up when they beheld the sun once more. The peaks of the hills and mountain sides were covered with snow. As rumours of great disasters reached us from Balaklava, I rode into town, after breakfasting in my stable, and made my way there as well as I could. The roads were mere quagmires. Another day's rain would have rendered them utterly impassable, and only fit for swimming or navigation. Dead horses and cattle were scattered all over the country, and here and there a sad little procession, charged with the burden of some inanimate body, might be seen wending its way slowly towards the hospital marquees, which had been again pitched.

In coming along the ridge by the French lines I observed that the whole of the troops were turned out, and were moving about and wheeling in column to keep their blood warm. They had just been mustered, and it was gratifying to learn that the rumours which had been circulated respecting lost men were greatly exaggerated. Our men were also busily engaged in the labours of the camp—trenching, clearing away mud, and preparing for duty.

The Russians in the valley were very active, and, judging from the state of the ground and the number of loose horses, they must have been very miserable also.

Turning down by Captain Powell's battery, where the sailors were busy getting their arms in order, I worked through ammunition mules and straggling artillery-wagons towards the town. Balaklava was below—its waters thronged with shipping—not a ripple on their surface. It was almost impossible to believe that but twelve hours before ships were dragging their anchors, drifting, running

aground, and smashing each other to pieces in that placid loch. The whitewashed houses in the distance were as clean-looking as ever, and the old ruined fortress on the crags above frowned upon the sea, and reared its walls and towers aloft, uninjured by the storm.

On approaching the town, however, the signs of the tempest of the day before grew upon one, and increased at every step. At the narrow neck of the harbour two or three large boats were lying, driven inland several yards from the water; the shores were lined with trusses of compressed hay which had floated out of the wrecks outside the harbour, and pieces of timber, large beams of wood, masts and spars of all sizes formed natural rafts, which were stranded on the beach or floated about among the shipping. The old tree which stood near the guard-house at the entrance to the town was torn up, and in its fall had crushed the house into one mass of ruins. The soldiers of the guard were doing their best to make themselves comfortable within the walls. The fall of this tree, which had seen many winters, coupled with the fact that the verandahs and balconies of the houses and a row of very fine acacia trees on the beach were blown down, corroborate the statement so generally made by the inhabitants that they had never seen or heard of such a hurricane in their lifetime, although there was a tradition among some that once in thirty or forty years such visitations occurred along this coast. The "City of London," Captain Cargill, was the only vessel which succeeded in getting out to sea and gaining a good offing during the hurricane of the 14th, and the captain told me, in all his experience (and, as an old Aberdeen master, he has passed some anxious hours at sea) he never knew so violent a wind for the time it lasted.

The condition of Balaklava at that time is utterly indescribable. If the main sewers of London were uncovered and the houses placed by their brink, the hardy man who walked down the streets thus formed would be able to realize the condition of the thoroughfares in that delightful spot. The narrow main street was a channel of mud, through which horses, wagons, camels, mules, and soldiers and sailors, and men of all nations—English, French, Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Italians, Maltese, Tartars, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Spaniards—scrambled, and plunged, and jostled, and squattered along; while "strange oaths," yells, and unearthly cries of warning or expostulation, filled the air, combined with the noise of the busy crowds around the sutlers' stores, and with the clamorous invitations of the vendors to their customers. Many of the houses were unroofed, several had been destroyed altogether, and it was quite impossible to find quarters in the place, the preference having been apparently given to the sutlers and store-keepers, who swarmed on shore from every ship, and who were generally Levantines, with the most enlarged notions of the theory and practice of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market.

There was an affair of pickets during the night of the 15th between the French and the Russians, in which a few men were wounded on both sides, and which was finished by the retreat of the Russians to their main body. This took place in the valley of Balaklava, and its most disagreeable result (to those not engaged) was to waken up and keep awake every person in the town for a couple of hours.

During this winter newspaper correspondents in the Crimea were placed in a rather difficult position. In common with generals and chiefs, and men-at-arms, they wrote home accounts of all we were doing to take Sebastopol, and they joined in the prophetic cries of the leaders of the host, that the fall of the city of the Czar—the centre and navel of his power in those remote regions—would not be deferred for many hours after our batteries had opened upon its defences. In all the inspiration of this universal hope, these poor wretches, who clung to the mantles of the military and engineering Elijahs, did not hesitate to communicate to the world, through the columns of the English press, all they knew of the grand operations which were to eventuate in the speedy fall of this doomed city. They cheered the heart of England with details of the vast armaments prepared against its towers and forts—of the position occupied by her troops—the imbecility of the enemy's fire—of the range of the guns so soon to be silenced—of the stations of our troops on commanding sites; and they described with all their power the grandiose operations which were being taken for the reduction of such a formidable place of arms. They believed, in common with the leaders, whose inspiration and whose faith were breathed through the ranks of our soldiers, that the allied forces were to reduce Sebastopol long ere the lines they penned could meet the expectant gaze of our fellow-countrymen at home; and they stated, under that faith and in accordance with those inspirations, that the operations of war undertaken by our armies were undertaken with reference to certain points of position and with certain hope of results, the knowledge of which could not have proved of the smallest service to the enemy once beaten out of their stronghold.

Contrary to these hopes and inspirations, in direct opposition to our prophecies and to our belief, Sebastopol held out against the Allies; and the intelligence conveyed in newspapers which we all thought we should have read in the club-rooms of Sebastopol, was conveyed to the generals of an army which defended its walls, and were given to the leaders of an enemy whom we had considered would be impuissant and defeated, where they proved themselves to be, in reality, powerful and unconquered. The enemy knew that we had lost many men from sickness; they knew that we had so many guns here and so many guns there, that our head-quarters were in one place, our principal powder magazines in another, that the camp of such a division had been annoyed by their fire, and that the tents of another had escaped injury from their shot, but it must be recollected that when these details were written it was confidently declared that, ere the news of the actual preliminaries of the siege could reach England, the Allies would have entered Sebastopol, that their batteries would have silenced the fire of the enemy, that the quarters of their generals would have been within the *enceinte* of the town, that our magazines would have been transferred to its storehouses, and that our divisions would have encamped within its walls.

It mattered little, therefore, if we pointed out the losses of our men, the number and position of our guns, the site of our quarters, the position of our magazines, or the range of the Russian cannon. How much knowledge of this sort the enemy gleaned through their spies,

or by actual observation, it is not needful to inquire; but undoubtedly, without any largely speculative conjecture, it may be inferred that much of the information conveyed to them, or said to have been conveyed to them, by the English press, could have been ascertained through those very ordinary channels of communication, the eye and ear, long ere our letters had been forwarded to Sebastopol, and translated from English *in usum superiorum*. However, it is quite evident that it was not advisable to acquaint the enemy with our proceedings and movements during a siege which promised to assume the proportions and to emulate the length of those operations of a similar character in which hosts of men, conveyed by formidable armadas from distant shores, set down to beleaguer some devoted fortress.

Although it might be dangerous to communicate facts likely to be of service to the Russians, it was certainly hazardous to conceal the truth from the English people. They must have known, sooner or later, that the siege towards the end of November had been for many days practically suspended, that our batteries were used up and silent, and that our army were much exhausted by the effects of excessive labour and watching, and by the wet and storm to which they have been so incessantly exposed. The Russians knew this soon enough, for a silent battery—to hazard a bull—speaks for itself. The relaxation of our fire was self-evident, but our army, though weakened by sickness, were still equal to hold their position, and to inflict the most signal chastisement upon any assailants who might venture to attack them. In fact, I believe nothing would have so animated our men, deprived as they were of the cheering words and of the cheering personal presence and exhortations of their generals, and destitute of all stimulating influences beyond those of their undaunted spirit and glorious courage, as the prospect of meeting the Russians outside their intrenchments, and deciding the campaign by the point of the bayonet. Rain kept pouring down—the skies were black as ink—the wind howled over the staggering tents—the trenches were turned into dikes—in the tents the water was sometimes a foot deep—our men had neither warm nor waterproof clothing—they were out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches—they were plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seemed to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These were hard truths, which sooner or later must have come to the ears of the people of England. It was right they should know that the wretched beggar who wandered about the streets of London in the rain, led the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who were fighting for their country, and who, we were complacently assured by the home authorities, were the best appointed army in Europe. They were well fed, indeed, but they had no shelter, no rest, and no defence against the weather. The tents, so long exposed to the blaze of a Bulgarian sun, and continually drenched by torrents of rain, let the wet through "like sieves," and were perfectly useless as protections against the weather.

A smart affair took place on the night of the 20th of November, in which three companies of the Rifle Brigade (1st battalion), under Lieutenant Tryon, displayed great coolness, energy, and courage.

In the rocky ground in the ravine towards the left of our left attack, about 300 Russian infantry established themselves in some caverns and old stone huts used by shepherds in days gone by, and had for several days and nights annoyed the working and covering parties of the French right attack and of our advances by an incessant fire of rifles. It was found expedient to dislodge them, and at seven o'clock this party of the Rifle Brigade was sent to drive the Russians out of the caves in which they had taken shelter. These caves abounded in all the ravines, and were formed by the decay of the softer portions of the rock between the layers in which it is stratified. The Rifles advanced, and very soon forced the enemy to retreat after a brisk fire, in which they killed and wounded a considerable number of the Russians with comparatively little loss to themselves. The enemy fell back on their main body; and when the Rifles had established themselves for the night in the caves which they had occupied—where they found blankets, great coats, &c.—they were assailed by a strong column of Russians, who fired volleys of musketry and rifles against their small force continously, and were only kept at bay by the deadly return of our Minié. The action ended in the complete repulse of the Russian columns, but we have to deplore the loss of that most promising and excellent officer, Lieutenant Tryon, of the Rifle Brigade, who was killed by a shot in the head. We had seven men killed and eighteen or nineteen wounded in this affair.

General Canrobert issued a very flattering *ordre du jour*, in which he especially eulogized the intrepid bravery and noble energy of the three companies of the 1st battalion of our Rifle Brigade in the action, and Lord Raglan mentioned it in very handsome terms.

Our army was at this period in rather a strange condition with regard to its generals. The Light Division was provisionally commanded by Brigadier-General Codrington, Sir George Brown being unwell on board the "Agamemnon."

The First Division seemed to be altogether broken up. The Duke of Cambridge was unwell on board the "Retribution." The Brigade of Guards appeared to be commanded by Colonel Upton.

The Brigade of Highlanders was down at Kadikoi, under the command of Sir Colin Campbell.

The Second Division was commanded by Brigadier-General Pennefather, in the room of Sir De Lacy Evans, who was on his way home very unwell.

The Second Brigade of the Second Division was without a brigadier, for General Adams' wound was far more serious than was at first supposed.

The Third Division remained under the command of Sir Richard England.

The Fourth Division, deprived of all its generals, was commanded by Sir John Campbell.

Brigadier-General Lord Cardigan was almost unable to leave his yacht, owing to his continued indisposition. The Artillery were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dacres during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier, who was wounded a few minutes

after having succeeded to the command left vacant by the death of Brigadier-General Strangways, on the 5th of November.

Early in November a large body of Russian cavalry advanced upon Eupatoria, and a French colonel, with eighty horse, pushed forward to save his beeves and mutton from the hungry gripe of the Cossacks. These Russian cavalry forces always screen heavy field guns, and on this occasion, as at the Bouljanak, a square of horse opened and plumped their round shot and shell into the handful of Frenchmen. The colonel was dismounted, seven men were killed or wounded, and a few horses were knocked over; and, as the French were retiring in good order, a polk of Lancers made a dash at them. Our rocket battery was, however, near at hand, and one of these whistling fiery abominations rushed right through their ranks. The horses reared, the riders bore well away to the left, and as rocket No. 1 was steadily followed by rockets Nos. 2, 3, and 4, the Lancers "bolted," leaving several dead upon the field.

Our cattle at Eupatoria were by no means in high condition; they perished from hunger. It may readily be guessed that joints from the survivors were scarcely in such a condition as would justify the least conscientious of London waiters describing them as being in "prime cut." But it must be remembered that the cattle just alluded to were not destined for the food of the army in that state, and that excellent beef and mutton were served out to the men in profusion, till the inevitable exigencies of our position reduced them to fall back upon excellent salt beef and pork.

On the 24th, there was a brisk affair between the French Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Russian riflemen in front of the Flagstaff Battery earthworks, and the Russians dispelled all absurd myths about their want of powder and ball by a most tremendous cannonade. Assaults and counter-assaults continued amid a furious fire, which lighted up the skies with sheets of flame from nine o'clock at night till nearly four in the morning. The French at one time actually penetrated behind the outer intrenchments, and established themselves for a time within the *enceinte*, but as there was no preparation made for a general assault, they eventually withdrew.

We, at this time, in conjunction with the French, retained possession of the "Ovens," as the caves which were the subject of the dispute were termed. They were to the left of our Greenhill Battery, between the French right and our left attack, overlooking the ravine which divides one from the other, at the head of the Dockyard Creek.

The struggle between French and Russian riflemen, aided by artillery, was renewed on the night of the 25th as usual. The great bone of contention, in addition to the Ovens, was the mud fort at the Quarantine Battery, of which the French had got possession, though, truth to tell, it did not benefit their position very materially. The Liège rifles used by the Russians were very efficient weapons, but there was not much execution done, as the combatants fired entirely at the flashes of their opponents' weapons.

A Polish deserter came in on the 27th with a strange story. He said that on the 25th the Grand Duke Michael reviewed a strong

force of Russians (as he stated, of 12,000 men, but no reliance can be placed on the assertions of men of this class with regard to the numbers of a force of any magnitude), and that he addressed them in a spirited speech, in which he appealed to all their passions and prejudices to exert every energy in their forthcoming effort to drive the heretics out of Balaklava into the sea. At the conclusion of his harangue the Grand Duke distributed a sum of money to the troops —two silver roubles to each private, and so on in proportion.

Riding along the heights over the French lines, from the Telegraph to the lower road to Balaklava, one could see the Russians chafing their hands over the cooking fires, few and far between, rubbing down their horses, or engaged in collecting wood. Any one who has visited Selborne, and clambered up to the top of the Hanger, will have a very fair idea of the heights over the valley of Balaklava as it sweeps round towards Inkermann, always barring the height and magnitude of the trees, for which he must substitute dwarf oak and thick brushwood, From the angle of the plateau over the Tchernaya the heights were destitute of timber or brushwood, and descended to the valley in shelving slopes of bare rock or gravel banks. The valley at the bottom was studded with a few giant tumuli, on which the redoubts which formed so marked a feature in the affair of the 25th of October were situated. It was about a mile and a-half across from the Telegraph to the base of the heights at the other side of the valley, which rise in unequal plateaux, on one of which is Kamara, on another Tchorgoun, on another Baidar, till they lost their character of tablelands, and became rugged mountain tops and towering Alpine peaks, swelling in the distance into the grand altitude of Tchatir Dagh. Along this base the Russian horse, which seemed to number 3000 or 4000, were constantly moving about between the Tchernaya and the redoubts in their possession, but at times some of them disappeared up the gorge of the Tchernaya. Possibly they went for provisions to the more open country behind the gorge. Their infantry, which did not appear to exceed 8000 or 9000 men, were stationed up in these mountain villages, or amid the plateaux, which were covered with scrub and bushes.

A very long *reconnaissance* of our lines was made on the 30th of November, at the distance of about 1000 yards, by no less a person than the Grand Duke Michael and a very large staff, among whom our knowing people said they could see Prince Menschikoff and General Liprandi. The Grand Duke was recognisable by the profound respect paid to him by all; wherever he went hats were taken off and heads uncovered. He was also detected by the presence of a white dog which always accompanied him. While making his inspection, the enormous telescope through which he gazed was propped upon two piles of muskets and bayonets, and he made frequent references to a very large chart, which could be seen on a portable table. The Grand Duke, after closing his review, rode back up the hills towards Tchergoun.

As the year waned and winter began to close in upon us, the army suffered greatly; worn out by night-work, by vigil in rain and storm, by hard labour in the trenches, they found themselves

suddenly reduced to short allowance, and the excellent and ample rations they had been in the habit of receiving, were cut off or miserably reduced. For nine days, with very few exceptions, no issue of tea, coffee, or sugar, to the troops took place. These, however, are luxuries—not the necessaries of military life.

The direct cause of this scarcity was the condition of the country, which, saturated by heavy rains, had become quite unfit for the passage of carts and arabas; but there was also a deficiency of supplies, which might be attributed to the gales at sea. There was, therefore, a difficulty in getting food up to the army from Balaklava, and there was besides, a want of supplies in the commissariat magazines in the latter place. But though there was a cause, there was no excuse for the privations to which the men were exposed. We were all told that when the bad weather set in, the country roads would be impassable. Still the fine weather was allowed to go by, and the roads were left as the Tartar carts had made them, though the whole face of the country was covered thickly with small stones which seem expressly intended for road metal. As I understood, it was suggested by the officers of the Commissariat Department that they should be allowed to form depôts of food, corn, and forage, as a kind of reserve at the head-quarters at the different divisions; but instead of being permitted to carry out this excellent idea, their carts, arabas, wagons, and horses were, after a few days' work in forming those depôts, taken for the use of the siege operations, and were employed in carrying shot, shell, ammunition, &c., to the trenches. Consequently, the magazines at head-quarters were small, and were speedily exhausted when the daily supplies from Balaklava could no longer be procured. The food, and corn, and hay, provided by the commissariat, were stowed in sailing vessels, which were ordered to lie outside the harbour, though they had to ride in thirty or forty fathoms of water on a rocky bottom, with a terrible coast of cliff of 1200 feet in perpendicular height stretching around the bay, and though it was notorious that the place was subject at that season to violent storms of wind. A hurricane arose—one of unusual and unknown violence—these ships were lost, and with them went to the bottom provender and food for fully twenty days of all the horses in the army, and of many of the men.

It happened that we had a forewarning of what might be expected. On Friday, the 10th of November, just four days ere the fatal catastrophe which caused such disasters occurred, I was on board the "Jason," Captain Lane, which happened to be lying outside, and as it came on to blow I could not return to the shore or get to the camp that evening. The ship was a noble steamer, well manned and ably commanded, but ere midnight I would have given a good deal to have been on land; for the gale, setting right into the bay, raised a high wild sea, which rushed up the precipices in masses of water and foam, astonishing by their force and fury; and the strain on the cable was so great that the captain had to ease it off by steaming gently a-head against the wind. The luckless "Prince," which had lost two anchors and cables on bringing up a day or two before, was riding near the "Agamemnon," and adopted the same expedient; and, of the

numerous vessels outside, and which in so short a time afterwards were dashed into fragments against those cruel rocks, the aspect of which was calculated to thrill the heart of the boldest seaman with horror, there were few which did not drag their anchors and draw towards the iron coast which lowered with death on its brow upon us. Guns of distress boomed through the storm, and flashes of musketry pointed out for a moment a helpless transport which seemed tossing in the very centre of the creaming foam of those stupendous breakers, the like of which I never beheld, except once, when I saw the Atlantic running riot against the cliffs of Moher. But the gale soon moderated—for that once—and wind and sea went down long before morning. However, Sir Edmund Lyons evidently did not like his berth, for the "Agamemnon" went round to Kamiesch on Sunday morning, and ordered the "Firebrand," which was lying outside, to go up to the fleet at the Katcha. As to the "Prince," and the luckless transports, they were allowed, nay, ordered, to stay outside till the hurricane rushed upon them.

The cholera, which broke out on the night of the 28th of November, continued its ravages, and we could not estimate the number of deaths from it and its abettors in the destruction of life lower than sixty per diem.

As to the town itself, words could not describe its filth, its horrors, its hospitals, its burials, its dead and dying Turks, its crowded lanes, its noisome sheds, its beastly purlieus, or its decay. All the pictures ever drawn of plague and pestilence, from the work of the inspired writer who chronicled the woes of infidel Egypt, down to the narratives of Boccacio, De Foe, or Moltke, fall short of individual "bits" of disease and death, which any one might see in half-a-dozen places during half an hour's walk in Balaklava. In spite of all our efforts, the dying Turks made of every lane and street a *cloaca*, and the forms of human suffering which met the eye at every turn, and once were wont to shock us, made us callous, and ceased even to attract passing attention. By raising up the piece of matting or coarse rug which hung across the doorway of some miserable house, from within which you heard wailings and cries of pain and prayers to the Prophet, you saw in one spot and in one instant a mass of accumulated woes that would serve you with nightmares for a lifetime. The dead, laid out as they died, were lying side by side with the living, and the latter presented a spectacle beyond all imagination. The commonest accessories of a hospital were wanting; there was not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness—the stench was appalling—the fœtid air could barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs, and, for all I could observe, these men died without the least effort to save them. There they laid just as they were let gently down upon the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who were not allowed to remain with them. The sick appeared to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying.

CHAPTER III.

A False Alarm—The Russians retire—Skirmishes—Orders to turn out—The French and English make a Reconnaissance in force—A Brush with the Cavalry—Reinforcements—Winter—System of "Requisitions," "Orders," and "Memos"—Our Friends the Zouaves—Grievances—Christmas and New Year—The *Times* Commissioner—Arrival of Omar Pasha—First Week in January—Trying Duty of the Fatigue Parties—Terrible State of the Trenches—Louis Napoleon's Presents to the French Army—The Siege—Russian Prospects.

At twelve o'clock, on the night of the 5th of December, there was a great stir down in the valley of Balaklava. The hoarse hum of crowds of men was heard by the pickets, and they reported the circumstance to the officers of the French regiments on the heights. Lights were seen moving about in the redoubts occupied by the Russians after the affair of the 25th of October. It was supposed that the enemy had received reinforcements, or were about to make a dash at our position before Balaklava. The Hospital Guards and the invalid battalion were at once turned out, and the French shrouded in their capotes grimly waited in their lines their first decisive movement of the enemy. The night was cold, but not clear, and after a time the noise of wheels and the tramp of men ceased, and the alarm was over. Ere morning, however, we knew the cause, for about five o'clock, a.m. an outburst of flames from the redoubts in which the Russians had hutted themselves illuminated the sky, and at the same time the fire broke out in the cottages on the slope of the hill before Komara. When morning came the smoke was seen ascending to heaven, and the Russians were visible in much-diminished numbers on the higher plateaux of the hills near Tchergoun and Komara. The faint rays of the morning sun played on the bayonets of another portion of the force as they wound up the road towards Mackenzie's farm, and passed through the wood over the right bank of the Tchernaya.

There certainly never was a siege of such grandeur with fewer incidents. With the exception of the advance of the army in the rear on the 25th of October, and the grand sortie on the 5th of November, no movement of any moment was attempted during the latter part of 1854 by the Russians to raise the siege. They confined themselves to occasional surprises in the trenches, which ended usually in a little skirmishing and the loss of a few men on both sides.

On the 20th of December, one of these attempts was made on several points of our line. On the right, where one of the fresh regiments was on picket, they succeeded in carrying away some blankets, but on the left they did rather more damage. In front of the left attack there was an earthwork thrown up for infantry, which ran down towards the great ravine forming the continuation of the military harbour of Sebastopol, which divided the town proper from the so-called military town. This ravine was the boundary between the English and French positions. In order to guard this point the sentries of the French and English outlying pickets ought to have been in constant communication with each other. Somehow or other this

was not the case in the instance alluded to, and the Russians must have been well informed of this, for following the ravine they succeeded in coming close to the sentry on the extreme left, bayoneted him, and penetrated into the earthwork before they were recognised as Russians. In order to deceive the sentries they commanded in French, which *ruse* was so successful that they killed and wounded sixteen men—among the latter, Major Möller, of the 50th—and carried away eleven men and two officers, Captain Frampton and Lieutenant Clarke, as prisoners. They were, however, after a short skirmish, driven back by the 34th before they could do any further mischief, but not without inflicting a slight loss upon that gallant regiment.

Orders were sent from Sir Colin Campbell on the 29th December to the 70th Regiment, and to the four companies of the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, commanded by Major Bradford, to be ready and under arms at half-past six o'clock the next morning. It was a cold, but fine day, and at dawn all the troops were drawn out, and remained on the heights above Balaklava for some time, very curious to know what they were going to do. Soon after seven o'clock the advanced guard of a strong division of French troops appeared in the valley on the left, and proceeded towards the hills then recently occupied by the Russian redoubts. Sir Colin Campbell was on the ground, with several of his staff, and, with General Bosquet, whose division seemed to furnish the bulk of the troops on the field, had the direction of the movements of the day. The force was all in motion before eight o'clock, the Rifles and Highlanders turning to the right and covering the flank of the little expedition as it marched on, or beating through the woods and ravines which abound along the mountain chain, on the left of the valley. As the force approached Komara, the Cossack vedettes came in sight, retiring slowly, but the French pushed on rapidly, and the Cossacks retreated from the village, which has been in a ruinous state since the storm of the 14th of November and the first French *reconnaissance*. The vedettes fell back on a strong body of Lancers and Light Cavalry, which seemed disposed to await the shock of the French Chasseurs.

The retiring and advancing cavalry skirmishers exchanged a few carbine shots before they fell in with their respective squadrons, and when the French had arrived within about 800 yards, they broke from a trot into a gallop, and dashed right at the Russian cavalry. The latter met the shock, but made no attempt to charge upon the French, who broke them in an instant, and chased them back to the infantry, who were assembled in three small bodies on the hills, close to the village of Tchorgoun. As the French approached Tchorgoun, they were received with a brisk fire of shot and shell from some heavy field-pieces, to which their guns were unable to reply at so great a distance; but they soon pushed within range of the enemy, and the Russians again retired, and abandoned the village of Tchorgoun to our allies, as well as the line of cantonments and huts which they had constructed subsequent to Liprandi's advance in October.

The object of this expedition was merely to beat up the Russian

position and to ascertain the strength of the enemy—it was, in fact, a *reconnaissance* in force, and there was no intention of bringing the Russians to an engagement. Our allies at once burst into the village, but the Cossacks had been there too long to leave anything to plunder, and so the French set it on fire. At the same time they applied combustibles to the huts of the Russians, and soon the whole cantonment was in a blaze, while volumes of white smoke curling up into the air, and spreading in sheets along the crests of the hills, indicated the destruction of the village, and informed the Russians that they could no longer hope for snug quarters there. The huts built by the Russians were very commodious and comfortable. Each was capable of containing twenty or thirty men, and held an oven for baking at the end, which also warmed the room. The camp, though rather dirty, was well-built and in excellent order. The object of the *reconnaissance* having been accomplished, the expedition was halted, and the men set to work at once to avail themselves of the abundance of wood along the hill-sides, and to make enormous fires, which almost obscured the retreat of the Russians. It was ascertained that they were very weak, and that they did not number more than 5000 or 6000 men. The French remained upon the ground till it was almost dark, and then returned to their camp. The French lost two officers, wounded (one since dead) and about twenty men put *hors de combat*. They took seventeen of the Russian cavalry and a few infantry prisoners.

As the siege progressed, our operations assumed a grander and more enlarged character. Upwards of 10,000 Turks were at Eupatoria, and 1200 French were sent round from Kamiesch to their assistance. Between November 1 and December 20 no less than 10,600 English, 5600 French, and 4800 Turkish troops were conveyed in British ships to the Crimea. It was a melancholy fact that these reinforcements suffered more than the men of the acclimated regiments. Although the mortality among them was not very great, many of the draughts and of the newly-arrived regiments were so enfeebled by illness, that they had to be taken off the effective strength of the regiments.

Winter set in upon us, and we were in a position to form an opinion of its possible results. At the commencement of 1855 I could not conceal my impression that our army was likely to suffer severely unless instant and most energetic measures were taken to place it in a position to resist the inclemency of the weather. We had no means of getting up the huts—all our army could do was to feed itself. Captain Keane, R.E., was in charge of 4000 tons of wood for hutting, but he could not get any one to take charge of it, or unload it out of the ships. Each hut weighed more than two tons. As to the "warm clothing," the very words immediately suggest to us all some extraordinary fatality. Some went down with the ill-fated and ill-treated "Prince," some of it was lost, and we heard that a ship with clothing for the officers had been burnt off Constantinople; that some of it had been saturated with water; and I had an opportunity of seeing several lighters full of warm greatcoats, &c., for the men, lying a whole day in the harbour

of Balaklava beneath a determined fall of rain and snow. There was no one to receive them when they were sent to the shore, or rather no one would receive them without orders. In fact, we were ruined by etiquette, and by "service" regulations. No one would take "responsibility" upon himself even to save the lives of hundreds.

We were cursed by a system of "requisitions," "orders," and "memos," which was enough to depress an army of scriveners, and our captains, theoretically, had almost as much work to do with pen and paper as if they had been special correspondents or bankers' clerks; that is, they ought to have had as much to do, but, thanks to the realities of war, they had no bookkeeping; their accounts being lost, and the captain who once had forty or fifty pounds' weight of books and papers to carry, had not so much as a penny memorandum-book. This fact alone showed the absurdity of our arrangements. In peace, when these accounts were of comparatively little importance, we had plenty and too much of checks and returns, but in time of war the very first thing our army did was to leave all its stationery on board the steamer that carried it to the scene of action.

The cold was developing itself, and I regret to say our efforts to guard against it were attended with mischief. Captain Swinton, of the Royal Artillery, a gallant and excellent officer, was found dead in his tent, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal from a stove which he had placed within it for the purposes of warmth. Great numbers of iron stoves were brought out from Constantinople, and were not used with proper caution, and several officers were half-killed by carbonic acid gas generated in these deadly apparatus. Fatigue parties from the different regiments were employed every day in bringing up biscuit and provisions to head-quarters, where they made some sort of attempt to establish a central depôt. This duty was very hard on officers and men, and was almost as severe as the labour of carrying up shot and shell. Sometimes the military escorts missed their way or lost their provisions, and the divisions to which they belonged were deprived of their rum and biscuit.

We were obliged to apply to the French to place guards over the line of our march, for the instant a cart with provisions or spirits broke down it was plundered by our active friends the Zouaves, who really seemed to have the gift of ubiquity. Let an araba once stick, or break a wheel or an axle, and the Zouaves sniffed it out just as vultures detect carrion; in a moment barrels and casks were broken open, the bags of bread were ripped up, the contents were distributed, and the commissary officer, who had gone to seek for help and assistance, on his return found only the tires of the wheels and a few splinters of wood left, for our indefatigable foragers completed their work most effectually, and carried off the cart, body and boxes, to serve as firewood.

They were splendid fellows—our friends the Zouaves—always gay, healthy, and well fed; they carried loads for us, drank for us, ate for us, baked for us, foraged for us, and built our huts for us, and all on the cheapest and most economical terms. But there were some few degenerate wretches who grumbled even among this *corps d'élite*. An officer commanding a fatigue party, who happened to fall in with

a party of Zouaves engaged in a similar duty, brought them all off to the canteen to give them a dram after their day's labour. While he was in the tent a warrior with a splendid face for a grievance came in and joined in the conversation, and our friend, seeing he was not a private, but that he had a chatty talkative aspect, combined with an air of rank, began to talk of the privations to which the allied armies were exposed. This was evidently our ally's *champ de bataille*. He at once threw himself into an attitude which would have brought down the pit and galleries of the Porte St. Martin to a certainty, and, in a tone which no words can describe, working himself up by degrees to the grand climax, and attuning his body to every nice modulation of phrase and accent, he plunged into his proper woes. Our gallant friend had been expatiating on the various disagreeables of camp life in the Crimea in winter time: "C'est vrai!" quoth he, "mon ami! En effet, nous éprouvons beaucoup de misère!" The idea of any one suffering misery except himself seemed to the Zouave too preposterous not to be disposed of at once. "Mais, mon lieutenant," cried he, "regardez moi —— moi! pr-r-r-r-remier basson 3me Zouaves! élève du Conservatoire de Paris! après avoir sacrifié vingt ans de ma vie pour acquérir un talent—pour me—r-ren-dr-dre agréable à la société—me voici! (with extended arms and legs) me voici—forcé d'arracher du bois de la terre (with terrible earnestness and sense of indignity), pour me faire de la soupe!"

We had rather a rough and dreary Christmas of it, and not a very happy New Year, on these heights before Sebastopol. Where were our presents—our Christmas-boxes—the offerings of our kind countrymen and country-women, and the donations from our ducal parks? Where were the fat bucks which had, we were told, exhausted the conservative principles of a Gunter; the potted meats, which covered the decks and filled the holds of adventurous yachts; and the various worsted devices which had employed the fingers and emptied the crochet-boxes of our fair sympathizers at home? At the close of the year there were 3500 sick in the British camp before Sebastopol, and it was not too much to say that their illness had, for the most part, been caused by hard work in bad weather, and by exposure to wet without any adequate protection. Think of a tent pitched, as it were, at the bottom of a marsh, into which some twelve or fourteen miserable creatures, drenched to the skin, had to creep for shelter after twelve hours of vigil in a trench like a canal, and then reflect what state these poor fellows must have been in at the end of a night and day spent in such *shelter*, huddled together without any change of clothing, and lying packed up as close as they could be stowed in saturated blankets. But why were they in tents? Where were the huts which had been sent out to them? The huts were on board ships in the harbour of Balaklava. Some of these huts, of which we heard so much, were floating about the beach; others had been landed, and now and then I met a wretched pony, knee-deep in mud, struggling on beneath the weight of two thin deal planks, a small portion of one of these huts, which were most probably converted into firewood after lying for some time in the camp,

or turned into stabling for officers' horses when enough of *disjecta membra* had been collected. Had central depôts been established, as Mr. Filder proposed, while the fine weather lasted, much, if not all, of the misery and suffering of the men and of the loss of horses would have been averted.

It may be true that the enemy were suffering still more than our own men, but the calculation of equal losses on the part of England and on the part of Russia in the article of soldiery, cannot be regarded as an ingredient in the consideration of our position. It is an actual truth that our force was deprived day by day of the services of about 100 men in every twenty-four hours. There were 3500 sick men in camp unfit for duty, and at one time between 7000 and 8000 men sick, wounded, and convalescent in the hospitals on the Bosphorus. The 39th Regiment before it had landed was provided with some protection against the severity of the weather—not by Government, but by *The Times* Commissioner at Scutari; and I heard from the best authority that the warm clothing they received was most grateful to the men, and that the bounty of the subscribers to the fund intrusted to *The Times* for distribution was not only well bestowed, but that the officers of the regiments had evinced the greatest satisfaction at the comforts provided for their men.

When the various articles sent up by *The Times* Commissioner arrived at the camp, there was a rush made to get them by the regimental medical officers, and no false delicacy was evinced by them in availing themselves of the luxuries and necessaries placed at their disposal, and of which they had been in so much need. The transport horses were quite beaten, and dropped and died in the roads by dozens. The cavalry division lost about sixty horses during one night; and out of one division alone 150 men were taken out of the trenches to the hospital tents, seized with cramp and half-frozen, not so much perhaps from the cold as from the want of proper clothing and inability to move about to circulate the blood.

His Excellency Omar Pasha arrived on the afternoon of the 4th of January, with his staff from Varna, on board the "Inflexible," and landed at the Ordnance-wharf very quietly. The only persons ready to receive him were Captain Anderson, R.A., who was superintending the landing of shot and shell, and Mr. Macgillivray, the Ordnance Commissariat officer; but the men who were on duty mustered up their strength, and gave the gallant general three hearty cheers in spite of the cold. He chatted very affably with the officers on duty, rode through the town after short interviews with some of the Turkish officers in command of the poor fellows in the place, and then proceeded to head-quarters. A reunion—shall we call it a council of war?—was held there, at which the French General-in-Chief, the French Admiral, Sir E. Lyons, Sir John Burgoyne, and Lord Raglan, were present.

About 1600 French soldiers were sent down on the 5th of January, 1855, to Balaklava to help us in carrying up provisions and ammunition. Each man detached on this duty received from our commissariat a ration of rum and biscuits.

By the first week in January the scenery of our camping ground

and of the adjacent country had assumed a truly wintry aspect. The lofty abrupt peaks and sharp ridges of the mountains which closed up the valley of Balaklava were covered with snow, giving them an appearance of great height and ruggedness; and the valley and plateau were of a blanched white, seamed and marked by lines of men and horses carrying up provisions. On the tops of the distant mounds black figures, which appeared of enormous size, denoted the stations of the enemy's pickets and advanced posts, which were maintained, I imagine, to prevent a surprise or rapid *reconnaissance* coming down upon them. The number of dead horses on the roadside, augmented by every day's work, was very considerable. Each ditch or deep furrow across the path was marked by a heap of decaying horseflesh.

The 63rd Regiment had only seven men fit for duty on the 7th. The 46th had only thirty men fit for duty at the same date. A strong company of the 90th had been reduced by the week's severity to fourteen file in a few days, and that regiment, though considered very healthy, lost fifty men by death in a fortnight. The Scots Fusileer Guards, who had had out from beginning to end 1562 men, mustered, including servants and corporals, 210 men on parade. Many other regiments suffered in like proportion. As a matter of course, the men in this cold weather sought after ardent spirits with great avidity, and instances not a few—some of which I witnessed—took place in which the men carrying out rum to camp broached the kegs when the eye of the officer in charge was off them, and almost paid the penalty of their consequent drunkenness in the loss of life at night as they staggered across the waste of snow to camp.

The duty of the fatigue parties was, indeed, very trying. The men were provided with a stout pole for each couple, and a cask of rum, biscuits, or beef, was slung from it between them, and then they went off on a tramp of about five miles from the commissariat stores at Balaklava to head-quarters. I saw officers dividing this labour with their men; and as I was coming in from the front one Saturday, I met a lad who could not long have joined in charge of a party of the 38th Regiment. He had taken the place of a tired man, and struggled along under his load, while the man at the other end of the pole exhausted the little breath he had left in appeals to his comrades. "Boys! boys! wont you come and relieve the young officer?" Horses could not do this work, for they could not keep their legs.

Hundreds of men had to go into the trenches at night with no covering but their greatcoats, and no protection for their feet but their regimental shoes. The trenches were two and three feet deep with mud, snow, and half-frozen slush. Many when they took off their shoes were unable to get their swollen feet into them again, and they might be seen bare-footed, hopping along about the camp, with the thermometer at twenty degrees, and the snow half a foot deep upon the ground. Our fine patent stoves were wretched affairs. They were made of thin sheet iron, which could not stand our fuel—charcoal. Besides, with charcoal they were mere poison manufactories, and they could not be left alight in the tents at night. They answered well for drying the men's clothes at day.

On the 8th of January, some of the Guards, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Household Brigade, were walking about in the snow *without soles to their shoes*. The warm clothing was going up to the front in small detachments. I don't know how the French got on, but I know this, that our people did not get a fair chance for their lives while wintering in the Crimea—at least, at this time. Providence had been very good to us. With one great exception, which must have done as much mischief to the enemy as to ourselves, we had wonderful weather from the day the expedition landed in the Crimea.

One day as I was passing through the camp of the 5th (French) Regiment of the line, and urging my poor steed through heaps of mud, an officer came out of his tent, and, with the unfailing kindness and courtesy of our allies, invited me to dismount and take a glass of the brandy which had been sent out by the Emperor as a Christmas gift. Although he was living in a tent, the canvas was only a roof for a capacious and warm pit in which there was a bright wood fire sparkling cheerily in a grate of stones. We "trinqued" together and fraternized as our allies will always do when our officers give them a chance. My host, who had passed through his grades in Africa, showed me with pride the case of sound Bordeaux, the box of brandy, and the pile of good tobacco sent to him by Napoleon III.—"*le premier ami du soldat.*"

A similar present had been sent to every officer of the French army, and a certain quantity of wine, brandy, and tobacco, had been forwarded to each company of every regiment in the Crimea. That very day I heard dolorous complaints that the presents sent by the Queen and Prince Albert to our army had miscarried, and that the Guards and Rifles had alone received the royal bounty in the very acceptable shape of a ton of Cavendish.

It must not be inferred that the French were all healthy while we were all sickly. They had dysentery, fever, diarrhœa, and scurvy, as well as pulmonary complaints, but not to the same extent as ourselves, or to anything like it in proportion to their numbers.

The thawing of the snow reduced the whole country to its former state, and increased the difficulties of supplying the men considerably, but the formation of the central depôt went on. The quantities of provisions required and consumed by the army were almost fabulous. The consumption of the whole army was, in rum alone, about 1000 gallons daily. Waste was prevented as far as possible, but it did undoubtedly take place. When a vessel arrived with stores, she was frequently ordered to sea again in all haste. The stores were crammed into lighters, and shoved on the beach. Oftentimes they were partially lost, or taken off by marauders, or found their way into divisional magazines, where they were never heard of, unless by some lucky accident. Bales of greatcoats were seen lying, under the rain, in open lighters, for twenty-four hours together at a stretch in the harbour.

With regard to the siege and the prospects of the Russians at this period, there could be no doubt that means of communication existed between Inkermann and the city itself along the south side of the creeks. Under such circumstances it was necessary for decisive steps

to be taken to intercept supplies for the garrison, and at least to harass them a little more in their attempts to obtain provisions. When we encamped on the plateau on the south side of the city, after the famous flank march, we seized the Woronzoff road, and it was imagined that no other means of approach, except those afforded by a very indifferent mountain path, existed between Simpheropol, Bakschiserai, and the city of Sebastopol, properly so called, on the southern side. There could be, however, no doubt that another road had been made which enabled men to go from Inkermann along the shores of the southern creeks, and so to traverse the mouths of the very steep ravines which run into them. Carts had been seen day after day going down from the heights over the Tchernaya to the city, and large bodies of men were for many weeks visible passing and repassing, and at one part of the route they disappeared in a tunnel, which was supposed to form a portion of the aqueduct.

CHAPTER IV.

Road made for us by the French—Hardships—Wretched Ambulance Corps—Mule Litter—Heroism of the Troops—A speedy Thaw—Russian New Year—A Sortie—Central Depôt for Provisions—Disappearance of the Araba Drivers from Roumelia and Bulgaria—Highlanders and the Kilt—The Indefatigable Cossacks—Frost-bites—Losses in the Campaign—Foraging—Wild Fowl Shooting—The "Arabia" on Fire—The Coffee Question—Variableness of the Crimean Climate—Warm Clothing—Deserters—Their Accounts of Sebastopol.

THE road which the French were making for the English from Kadikoi, by the Cavalry Camp, towards the front, progressed, but not rapidly. The weather was so changeable, and was in every change so unfavourable for work, that it was hard to expect our allies to labour for us with their usual energy. However, they did work. They built huts for our officers, when paid for it, with much activity, and their aid in that way was invaluable. Some of the warm coats sent out for the officers were much too small, and I heard a pathetic story from a stout Highlander respecting the defeat of his exertions to get into his much-longed-for and much-wanted garment. There was only one officer in the whole regiment that the largest of the great-coats fitted, and he was certainly not remarkable for bulk or stature. The men were far more lucky, and their coats were of the most liberal dimensions, however eccentric in cut and device they might be.

As the wretched Ambulance Corps were quite *hors de combat* in weather of this kind—as the men and horses were nearly all gone or unfit for duty, our sick were subjected to much misery in going from the camp to be put on board ship. But for the kindness of the French, in lending us their excellent mule-litters, many of our poor fellows would have died in their tents. Captain Grant, at the head of the Ambulance Corps, was a most excellent, intelligent, and active officer, but he had no materials to work with, and this was no place for intelligence and activity to work miracles in. Experience had taught our allies that the mule-litter was the best possible conveyance

for a sick or wounded man. A moveable jointed frame of iron, with a canvas stretcher, was suspended from a light pack-saddle at each side of a mule. If the sick or wounded man was able to sit up, by raising the head of the litter, a support was afforded to his back. If he wished his legs to hang down, the frame was adjusted accordingly, and he rode as if he were in an arm-chair, suspended by the side of the mule. When the invalid wished to lie down, he had a long and comfortable couch—comfortable in so far as the pace of a mule was easier than the jog of an ambulance, and he was not crowded with others like hens in a coop. These mules travelled where ambulance carts could not stir; they required no roads nor beaten tracks, and they were readily moved about in the rear when an action was going on.

England ought to be aware of the privations which her soldiers endured in this great winter campaign, that she might be prepared to reward with her greenest laurels those gallant, noble hearts, who in such a position deserved the highest honour—that honour which in ancient Rome was esteemed the highest that a soldier could gain, and was bestowed on him for this—that in desperate circumstances he had not despaired of the Republic. And no man despaired. The poor worn-out, exhausted soldier, before he sank to rest, sighed that he could not share the sure triumph—the certain glories—of the day when our flag was to float from the citadel of Sebastopol! There was no doubt—no despondency in the Crimea No one for an instant felt diffident of ultimate success. From his remains, as they lay in that cold Crimean soil, the British soldier knew an avenger and a conqueror would arise. If high courage, unflinching and daring bravery—if the wild, yet steady charge—if the bayonet-thrust in the breach, and the strong arm in the fight—if calm confidence, contempt of death, and love of country, of honour, and glory could have won Sebastopol, it had been ours long before. No one had for one instant the smallest misgiving as to the result. Let England know what her children deserved at her hands. Let her know them as the descendants of the starved rabble who fought at Agincourt and Cressy; and let her know, too, that in fighting her battles against a stubborn and barbarous enemy, her armies had to maintain a struggle with foes still more terrible, and that, as they triumphed over the one, so they vanquished the other.

On the night of the 12th of January the wind changed round to the southward, and the thermometer rose to 34°. A speedy thaw followed, and the roads and camp once more suffered from the ravages of our old enemy—the mud. The Russians, who had been very active inside the town during the day, and who had lighted great watchfires on the north side of the place, illuminated the heights over the Tchernaya with rows of lights, which shone brilliantly through the darkness of the cold winter's night, and were evidently with all possible pomp and ostentation celebrating the opening of their peculiar new year. Lights shone from the windows of the public buildings, and our lonely sentries in the valleys and ravines, and the *enfans perdus*—the French sharpshooters lying in their lairs with watchful eye on every embrasure before them—might almost fancy

that the inhabitants and garrison of the beleaguered city were tantalising them with the aspect of their gaiety. At midnight all the chapel bells of the city began ringing, and it was evident that a religious ceremony of extraordinary solemnity was about to take place. On our side the sentries and pickets were warned to be on the alert, and the advanced posts were strengthened wherever it was practicable.

About a quarter past one o'clock in the morning the Russians inside the line of works gave a loud cheer. The French replied by opening fire, and the Russians in return instantly began one of the fiercest cannonades along the front of their position which we had then heard. It reminded one of those tremendous salvoes of artillery which the enemy delivered on two or three occasions before we opened our batteries in October. The earthworks flashed forth uninterrupted floods of flame, which broke through the smoke as lightning through the thunder-cloud, and revealed distinctly the outlines of the buildings in the town, and the lines of defences swarming with men. The roaring of shot, the screaming and hissing of heavy shell, and the whistling of carcases filled up the intervals between the deafening roll of cannon, which was as rapid and unbroken as quick file-firing. The iron and stones passed over our lines uninterruptedly for more than half an hour, and the French, whose works to our left were less protected by the ground than ours, had to shelter themselves closely in the trenches, and could barely reply to the massive volleys which ploughed up the parapets of their works, but their *enfans perdus* never lost an opportunity of sending their balls in the embrasures.

In the meantime, while the firing was going on, a strong body of men had been pushed out of the town up the face of the hill towards our works in front and on the flank of the left attack. As it was expected that some attempt of the kind would be made, one of the steadiest sergeants in the service was posted at this spot with twelve men. Every reliance was placed upon his vigilance and his strict attention to his duties, but, somehow or other, the enemy crept upon the little party, surprised, and took them prisoners, and then advanced on the covering parties with such rapidity and suddenness that the parties of the regiments which were on duty in the trenches were obliged to retire almost without firing a shot. They rallied, however, and fired, and, being supported by the regiments in rear, they advanced, and the Russians were driven back close to the town.

In this little affair one officer and nine men were severely wounded, six men were killed, and fourteen men missing. The French had to resist a strong sortie nearly at the same time, and for a short time the Russians were within the parapet of one of their mortar batteries, and spiked, it was said, two or three mortars with wooden plugs, but the French soon drove them back with loss, and in the pursuit got inside the lines of the Russian advanced batteries. The soldiers, indeed, say they could have taken the place that night, if they had been permitted to do so. At two o'clock all was silent once more, and the allied armies had opened their new Russian year on Crimean soil.

A heavy gale of wind blew nearly all day, but the thermometer rose to 38°, and the snow thawed so rapidly that the tracks to the camp became rivulets of mud. The establishment of a central depôt for provisions had, however, done much to diminish the labours and alleviate the sufferings of the men engaged in the duties of the siege; but the formation of the depôt and the accumulation of the stores wore out and exhausted many of our best men. Horses could not stand this work. As a newly-arrived and freshly-mounted officer was riding along one of the narrow paths to the camp he called out to a man who was toiling along with a sack of biscuit on his shoulder, the last of a long file similarly engaged, "Now, then, soldier, out of the way, if you please." The man turned his head round, and, with an expression I shall never forget, exclaimed, "Sojer, indeed! Faix, *we're* no sojers! *we're* only poor broken-down ould commissariat mules!" Out of a batch of 500 or 600 horses brought up from Constantinople, 279 died or disappeared between the 16th of December and the 16th January. In fact, the commissariat consumed and used up horseflesh at the rate of 100 head per week, and each of these animals cost on an average 5*l*. The araba drivers from Roumelia and Bulgaria disappeared likewise—out of the several hundreds there were very few left; and of the Tartars of the Crimea in our employ the majority were unwilling or unfit to work in cold weather, accustomed as they seemed to be to sit all day in close rooms provided with large stoves as soon as winter set in. Disease and sickness of all kinds swept these poor people away very rapidly. The mortality of the Turkish troops, which had, as I before stated, assumed the dimensions of a plague, had now begun to be attended with much of the physical appearances of the same terrible disease, and their sanitary condition excited the liveliest apprehensions of our medical officers in Balaklava, who had, over and over again, represented to the authorities the danger of allowing the Turks to remain in the town. Their small force was losing men at the rate of twenty and thirty a day.

The "Adelaide" arrived in Balaklava on the 17th of January, after a splendid passage from England, and the passengers must have been a little astonished at the truly Christmas aspect presented by the Crimea; somewhat more real and less jovial they would find it had made the army than the pleasant pictures which represented florid young gentlemen gloating over imaginary puddings and Christmas presents in snug tents, and ready, in snug coats and gorgeous epaulettes, to partake of the fare that England had, in fact, sent to her dear boys in the Crimea, but which none of them had then received, and which none of them would ever eat in such comfort and with such appliances of luxury. There was a wind that would have effectually deprived, if wind could do it, any number of rats of their whiskers. Anxious to see what things were like on the heights above Balaklava, I started, with my gun upon my shoulder, through the passes across the hill, knee-deep in snow; and after a futile shot or two at great, raw-necked vultures, and stately eagles, and some more fortunate cracks at "blue rocks," scraping the snow off the points of the cliffs, I arrived in the camp of the Highlanders, several hundred feet

below the elevated position of the Rifles, but quite high enough to induce me to accept a hearty invitation to stop to dinner, and rest for the night. Oh, could "*Caledoniensis*," "*Pictus*," "*Memor antiquæ virtutis*," or any of the high-spirited Celtic gentlemen who were fighting about lions rampant and Scottish rights, and the garb of that respectable person, Auld Gael, but have seen for one moment what their countrymen were like as they faced the Crimean winter, how shamed they would have been of their kilt and philibeg and stocking declamation! All such things were clean gone, and if the gallant Highlanders ever wore the kilt *'twas for punishment!* Breeks—low-lived breeks—and blanket gaiters, and any kind of leggings over them, were the wear of our Scottish Zouaves, though, in good sooth, they were no more like Zouaves, except in popular modern legends, than they were like Dutchmen, *à la* Rip Van Winkle.

Over the waste of snow, looking down from the heights towards the valley of the Tchernaya, I saw those indefatigable Cossacks riding about their picket-ground, and a few wagons stealing along from Mackenzie's Farm towards the heights of Inkermann. A vedette or two were trotting up and down along a ridge, keeping a bright look-out on our movements, and through the glass we perceived them flapping their hands under their armpits, as London cabman do on a cold night when waiting for a fare. Towards Baidar, pickets of the same active but cowardly gentry were moving along to keep themselves warm. We had no cavalry posts advanced towards them. In fact we could not conveniently send any out. Those rugged ruffians, in sheepskin coats and fur caps, mounted on ragged ponies, with deal lances and coarse iron tips, were able to hold ground in drifting snow and biting winds which our cavalry could not face.

In the middle of January there were severe and sudden alternations of temperature, but the frost and snow enabled the men to get up considerable supplies of warm clothing, though the means at our disposal did not permit of the wood for huts being got up to the front. Men were frozen in their tents, and several soldiers on duty in the trenches were removed to hospital with severe frost-bites, and suffering from the effects of the bitter cold winds and frost. When a path had once been trodden through the snow, men and horses could get along much more easily than if they had to wade through mud or across a country in a state of semi-solution; but temperature in such weather was very trying in a tent, particularly when there was a scanty supply of charcoal and no wood. Many thousands of fine coats, lined with fur and skins, of long boots, and of gloves, mits, and socks were served out to the men, but I know of regimental hospitals in the front where the sick men in wet marquees had only one blanket to lie upon at this very date, if the word of the regimental surgeons and the evidence of one's eyesight were to be believed.

For myself, I must say one of the most melancholy subjects for reflection in the world was the sight of our army. It consisted of officers, men, and regiments almost new to this campaign. The generation of six months before had passed away; generals, brigadiers, colonels, captains, and men, the well-known faces of Gallipoli, of Bulari, of Scutari, of Varna, of Aladyn, of Devno, of Monastir—ay,

even of the bivouac of Bouljanak, had changed; and there was scarcely one of the regiments once so familiar to me which I could then recognise save by its well-known number. What a harvest Death had reaped, and yet how many more were ripe for the sickle of the Great Farmer! It was sad to meet an old acquaintance, for all one's reminiscences were of noble hearts now cold for ever, and of friend after friend departed. And then came—"Poor fellow! he might have been saved, if——"

Excepting Lord Raglan, Lord Lucan, and Sir R. England, not one of our generals remained of those who went out originally; the changes among our brigadiers and colonels were almost as great. Sir George Brown, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Cardigan, Sir George Cathcart, Sir De Lacy Evans, General Tylden, General Strangways, Brigadier Bentinck, Brigadier Goldie, Brigadier Buller, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Torrens, Brigadier Cator, Lord de Ros—had all been removed from the army by wounds, by sickness, or by death. And so it was with the men themselves.

On the 16th the thermometer was at 14° in the morning and at 10° on the heights over Balaklava. The snow fell all night, and covered the ground to the depth of three feet; but the cold and violent wind drifted it in places to the depth of five or six feet. In the morning 1200 French soldiers came down to Balaklava for shot and shell, and the agility, good spirits, and energy with which they ploughed through the snow were alike admirable. The wind blew almost a gale, and the native horses refused to face it, but our poor fellows came trudging along in the same dreary string, and there was something mournful in the very aspect of the long lines of black dots moving across the vast expanse of glittering snow between Sebastopol and Balaklava. When these dots came up, you saw they had very red noses and very white faces and very bleared eyes; and as to their clothes, Falstaff would have thought his famous levy a *corps d'élite* if he could have beheld our gallant soldiery. Many of the officers were as ragged and as reckless in dress. The generals made appeals to their subalterns "to wear their swords, as there was no other way of telling them from the men."

It was inexpressibly odd to see Captain Smith, of the —— Foot, with a pair of red Russian leather boots up to his middle, a cap probably made out of the tops of his holsters, and a white skin coat tastefully embroidered all down the back with flowers of many-coloured silk, topped by a head-dress *à la* dustman of London, stalking gravely through the mud of Balaklava, intent on the capture of a pot of jam or marmalade. Does the reader wonder why we were all so fond of jam? Because it was portable and come-at-able, and was a substitute for butter, which was only sent out in casks and giant crocks, one of which would exhaust the transport resources of a regiment. Captain Smith was much more like his great namesake of the Adelphi, when, in times gone by, he made up for a smuggler-burglar-bandit, than the pride of the High-street of Portsmouth, or than that hero of the Phœnix-park, with golden wings like an angel, before the redness of whose presence little boys and young ladies trembled. All this would be rather facetious and laughable, were not poor Captain Smith a

famished wretch, with bad chilblains, approximating to frost-bites, a touch of scurvy, and of severe rheumatism.

This cold weather brought great quantities of wild fowl over the camp, but it was rather too busy a spot for them to alight in. They could scarcely recognise their old haunts in the Chersonese, and flew about disconsolately over their much metamorphosed feeding-grounds. Solemn flights of wild geese, noisy streams of barnacles, curlew, duck, widgeon, dippers, dappers, divers, and cormorants wheeled over the harbour, and stimulated the sporting propensities of the seamen and boys, who kept up a constant fusillade from their decks at the bewildered bipeds. Balls and swanshot and No 1 whistled unpleasantly close to one's ears, and one day a man on shore was disagreeably startled by receiving a rifle bullet slap through his arm. However, the sport was not to be interfered with, and as long as powder and shot lasted and the cold weather endured, we had this war against the Russian wildfowl. Huge flocks of larks and finches congregated about the stables and the cavalry camps, and were eagerly sought after by our allies, who much admire this *petite chasse*, which furnished them with such delicate reliefs to the monotony of ration dinners. They were rather reckless in pursuit of their quarry, and as a flight of pellets rattled against a tent, the enthusiastic Zouave in chase of a fluttering bunting was frequently greeted by sounds which his ignorance of English alone prevented him from considering a *teterrima causa belli*.

Lord Raglan's visit to Balaklava, which took place on the 18th of January, seemed to have had considerable effect in improving the state of the place. Men were set to work throwing stones down into the most Curtius-like gulfs in the streets.

The railway and the road-making were at last progressing; but Mr. Boutty found the gradients would be rather more heavy than he was led to expect. The ground rose not less than 630 feet from the head of the harbour of Balaklava to the outskirts of the camp near head-quarters.

The "Arabia" was on fire on the morning of the 21st. Her next neighbour was the "Star of the South," with 1000 tons of gunpowder on board! Was it not a platitude to say that the fire was, "fortunately, extinguished in time?" Lord Raglan at this period went about frequently and rode through the various camps. The weather was fine and mild, but sickness, arising from former exposure, overwork, and bad feeding, did not diminish. There was a theory, that the way in which the men cooked their food was unwholesome, and that biscuit fried with slices of salt pork, which was their favourite mode of preparing their meals, was almost poisonous.

We were astounded, on reading our papers, to find that our authorities in London believed, on the 22nd of December, that the coffee issued to the men was roasted before it was given out! Who could have hoaxed them so cruelly? Around every tent there was a fair sprinkling of green berries trampled into the mud, which the men could not roast. There was, however, some attempt made in the Crimea to roast coffee at last. Mr. Murdoch, chief engineer of the

"Sanspareil," had mounted some iron oil casks, and adapted them very ingeniously for roasting coffee; and they came into play at Balaklava. I do not believe that at the time the statement referred to was made, one ounce of roasted coffee had ever been issued from any commissariat store to any soldier in the Crimea.

The great variableness of the Crimean climate was its strongest peculiarity. In the morning, you got up and found the water frozen in your tent, the ground covered with snow, the thermometer at 20°; put on mufflers, great-coat, and mits; and went out for a walk, and before evening you returned perspiring under the weight of clothing which you carried at the end of your stick, unable to bear it any longer, while the snow was turned into slush, and the thermometer was at 45°. On the 16th the thermometer was as low as 10° about noon. On the 22nd it stood at 50°—an alternation of 40° in five days; but the character of the weather exhibited a still greater difference. We had a good specimen of a fine but sunless English autumn day; two or three days before anything more bitter than the wind was, I am assured, never felt even by those who had wintered in Canada. It is in the southern Crimea that the wind riots in the exercise of its prescriptive right to be capricious. It plays about the tops of the cliffs and mountain ridges, lurks round corners in ravines, dashes upon you and nearly whips you off your legs when you are just expatiating on the calmness of the day, and suddenly howls and yells in gusts over the hills at the very moment the stillness had tempted you to take out a sketch-book for a private memorandum of Sebastopol.

The great-coats, boots, jerseys, and mits furnished by the Government to officers and men, were of excellent quality, and the distribution, though late, was most liberal. A fur cloak, a pea-jacket, a fur cap, a pair of boots, two jerseys, two pair of drawers, and two pair of socks, were to be given to each officer, and several of them had received the boon at the time this was written. Still, even then there was but one hospital marquee in the whole of the Second Division camp.

Desertions to the enemy, both from the French and from our own ranks, took place, but there was a great disposition to exaggerate them. The deserters from the French generally belonged to the Foreign Legion; the deserters from the English were from the young draughts and from regiments just sent out. We had a few deserters in turn, and from one in particular we received most valuable information. Some of these men came from the army in the rear, by scrambling along the cliffs with incredible endurance and activity; and one of them told us he was three days coming from Baidar by that route. These men stated that the part of the town built upon the slope to the sea was very little injured by our fire, as our shot and shells did not "top" the hill. Part of the ground at the south side of Sebastopol was like the roof of a house. To the south faced one steep slope covered with houses and batteries and ruined works and battered suburbs. The other descended to the sea, and was covered by public buildings, fine mansions, warehouses, and government edifices. This part had then suffered very little. The

ships took refuge below this slope when pressed by our fire; the workmen and soldiers and sailors found snug quarters in the well-protected buildings in its vicinity.

CHAPTER V.

New Works—A Ghastly Procession—Reinforcements—Havoc amongst Horses—A Reconnaissance of Sebastopol—Russian Defences—Camps—Red Tape and Routine—Changes of Weather—Sickness—Sufferings of the French—Effect of the Author's Statements—Facts—Continual Drain of Men—Affair of Musketry between the Russians and the French—Sharp-shooting—State of our Batteries—Orders with reference to Flags of Truce—A Spy in the Trenches—Good Fellowship at the Outposts.

THE new works thrown up inside the Malakoff (Round Tower) seemed very perfect and well made. They consisted of three intrenchments, with broad ditches in front, and revetted slopes to the parapets, rising with the ground one over the other, so that the rear of the first was under the fire of the second, and the rear of the first and of the second under fire of the third.

Before spring the French relieved the Guards of their outpost duties, and gradually extended themselves towards Inkermann from our right attack. What a difference there was in the relative position of the two armies from that of which we talked so much on the evening of the 17th of October, when the French fire had been completely snuffed out, and our own fire still maintained its strength under the batteries of the enemy! We gradually relinquished ground to our allies, and the front, which it had cost so much strength and so much health to maintain, was gradually abandoned to the more numerous and less exhausted army. Some of our regiments were reduced below the strength of a company.

The Russians towards Baidar seemed to be melting gradually away. A Tartar who had passed through their lines assured a friend of mine they were not numerous, and that they had suffered fearfully from the cold and from sickness and scarcity.

There was a white frost on the night of the 22nd of January, and the next morning the thermometer was at 42°. The activity of the heads of departments, became more largely and beneficially developed every day. A large number of sick and, I feared dying men, were sent into Balaklava on the 23rd on French mule litters and a few of our bât horses. They formed one of the most ghastly processions that ever poet imagined. Many of these men were all but dead. With closed eyes, open mouths, and ghastly attenuated faces, they were borne along two and two, the thin stream of breath, visible in the frosty air, alone showing they were still alive. One figure was a horror—a corpse, stone dead, strapped upright in its seat, its legs hanging stiffly down, the eyes staring wide open, the teeth set on the protruding tongue, the head and body nodding with frightful mockery of life at each stride of the mule over the broken road. No doubt the man had died on his way down to the harbour. As

the apparition passed, the only remarks the soldiers made were such as this,—"There's one poor fellow out of pain, any way!" Another man I saw with the raw flesh and skin hanging from his fingers, the naked bones of which protruded into the cold air, undressed and uncovered. That was a case of frost-bite, I presume. Possibly the hand had been dressed, but the bandages might have dropped off. All the sick in the mule litters seemed alike on the verge of the grave.

The French army had received an important reinforcement. The Eighth Division had arrived at Kamiesch; it consisted of 10,000 good troops. The Ninth Division, under General Brunet was at the same time expected. Our allies might then muster upwards of 75,000 bayonets. The Turks in the Chersonese did not seem to amount to more than 5000 or 6000, judging from the size of their encampments. These unfortunate troops were becoming a little less unhealthy. They had received supplies of new clothing and uniforms from Riza Pasha, the War Minister at Constantinople, and were assuming a respectable appearance.

It would have astonished a stranger riding out from Balaklava to the front to have seen the multitudes of dead horses all along the road. In every gully were piles of the remains of these wretched animals, torn to pieces by wild dogs and vultures. On a lone hill-side I beheld the remnants of the gallant grey on which Mr. Maxse rode to the mouth of the Katcha, in company with Major Nasmyth, on the eve of the flank march to Balaklava, and many of the equine survivors of the desperate charge at Balaklava lay rotting away by the side of the cavalry camp. The attitudes of some of the skeletons were curious. Some had dropped down dead, and were frozen stiff as they fell; others were struggling, as it were, to rise from their miry graves. Nearly all of the carcasses had been skinned, by the Turks and French, who used the hides to cover their huts; and many suspicious-looking gaps, too, suggestive of horse-steak, had been cut out in their flanks. For about six miles the country was dotted all over with these carcases, in every stage of decay. Had it been spring or summer time, the Chersonese would have been one great pesthouse, and I trembled to think of Balaklava and its hill-side, full of festering trunks, should there be an army there when the hot weather arrived. There were only eight Russian battalions in the gorges about Tchorgoun. Four of these battalions were constantly on the road between Sebastopol and Bakschiserai, carrying supplies and provisions to the town and to their camp.

There was very smart fighting in the trenches and advanced works between the French and Russians on the night of the 23rd and the morning of the 24th.

About midday on the 24th, Lord Raglan, attended by Major-General Airey and a few staff officers, rode over to Balaklava. He then went on board the "Caradoc," and had a long interview with Sir E. Lyons alone, previous to which there was a kind of council of war, at which several officers were present. Lord Raglan did not return from the town to head-quarters till it was nearly dusk.

I had a long *reconnaissance* of Sebastopol on the same day, in com-

pany with an officer of the Horse Artillery. It was a beautifully clear day, and at times it was almost warm. We went up to the mound in advance and on the left of the French white picket-house, and for a long time we swept every inch of ground visible under the glass. The aspect of the place itself had changed very little, considering the hundreds of tons' weight of shot and shell thrown into it; but the suburbs, of low whitewashed houses, roofed with tiles, and at most two stories high, were in ruins. The enemy had dismantled them as much as we had done. All the streets of such houses were broken down and blocked up with masses of rubbish. The roofs, doors, and windows of the houses were all off, but the puffs of smoke from the empty frames showed that the shells were used as covers for the Russian riflemen. In front of us, and to our left, lay a most intricate and complicated-looking series of covered ways, traverses, zigzags, and parallels thrown from the seaside, close to the Quarantine Battery, and advancing gradually over the undulating land from the first lines, where the French fire was so cruelly snuffed out on the 17th of October, to the distance of sixty-five metres from the outer works of the Russians. The French works were admirably made—very solid and thick, and formed of abundance of strong gabions and sapperoles. Swarms of *Franctireurs* lined the advanced parallel, and kept up a continual pop, pop, pop, in reply to the spirts of white smoke from the Russian riflemen behind their advanced works.

The advanced Russian works from the Quarantine Fort to the crenelated wall, and thence to the Flagstaff Battery, seemed to me very much in the same state as the first day I saw them, with this exception, that the guns were, as far as I could discern, withdrawn from the embrasures, and the defence of the line left to riflemen. The Flagstaff parapets had been knocked to atoms long before, and the large buildings around it were all in ruins; but, on looking towards the ridge behind it, from which the streets of the town descended rapidly towards Fort Nicholas, and which sheltered that part of the place from our fire, I could see but little difference in its appearance to that which it presented on the 26th of September. People were walking about the streets, and relief parties were coming up from the sea-side towards the front, carrying baskets of provisions. Between the rear of the Flagstaff Battery and this ridge the presence of earth-works, covered ways, and various defensive works, could be detected in the openings along the lines of streets, and immediately behind the first Russian intrenchment a formidable work armed with guns, which at two o'clock convinced us they had pretty good range and were very well laid, by thundering forth an astounding broadside in answer to some insulting fire from the French lines. The balls tore up the ground in piles of earth and dust, and dashed into the parapets, or, ploughing over their top, went roaring across the works in the rear. In an instant there was a rattling fire of rifles from the French *enfans perdus* directed at the embrasures, and the Russians slackened their fire in a few minutes, and replied to the French sharpshooters only. When the smoke cleared away, I could see the enemy and the French carrying away a few bodies on each side to the rear.

The Russians not only used "cohorns" against the advanced French

line, but they annoyed our allies very considerably by a constant fire of grenades—a projectile which seemed rather neglected in our service, though there were great authorities in favour of its use when the enemy approached very closely. At the other side of the harbour, Fort Constantine was shining brightly in the sun, its white walls blackened here and there under the line of embrasures by the smoke of the guns on the 17th of October. Behind it the new Russian forts were visible—dark walls of earth rising up through the snow, and notched like saws by the lines of embrasures. The waters of the harbour, as smooth as glass, were covered with boats, plying from one side to the other, and a small boat full of men came round the head of the Dockyard Creek towards Fort Alexander, with her white flag and blue St. Andrew's cross at the peak, as we were gazing down upon the place.

The Rocket Battery, on the left side of the deep ravine which ran down towards the Dockyard Creek, and widely separated our right attack from the French left attack, had been withdrawn. The large pile of Government buildings by the side of the Dockyard Creek was much injured and dismantled, large pieces of the roof and some of the windows being quite destroyed. The crenelated wall opposite the French appeared to be quite uninjured. Close to the buildings by the Dockyard Creek there was a large two-decker, with a spring upon her cable, lying so as to sweep the western slope of the town, should the French have made a lodgment there. A small steamer with her steam up was near at hand, either for the use of the garrison or to carry off the two-decker, in case heavy guns were unmasked upon her. To the right, at the other side of this creek, we could see into the rear of our left attack, the earthworks and batteries of which were in beautiful order, though the guns were quite silent. The Redan and Garden Batteries, our old enemies, were silent also. The houses near them, as well as those in front of the right attack, and in the rear of Malakoff Tower, were in ruins. The part of the city beyond them seemed untouched. To the rear of the Round Tower of Malakoff, which was still split up, and rent from top to bottom, as it was the first day of our fire, there was a perfect miracle of engineering.

It would be impossible to speak too highly of the apparent solidity, workmanship, and finish of the lines of formidable earthworks, armed with about eighty heavy guns, which the Russians had thrown up to enfilade our attack, and to defend this position, which was indeed the key of their works in front of us. One line of battery was neatly revetted with tin boxes, supposed to be empty powder cases. This was the mere wantonness and surplusage of abundant labour. Behind this work I could see about 2000 soldiers and workmen labouring with the greatest zeal at a new line of batteries, and labouring undisturbedly.

There was a camp at the rear of Malakoff, and another camp was visible at the other side of the creek, close to the Citadel, on the north side. Most of the men-of-war and steamers were lying with topgallantmasts and yards down, under the spot of land inside Fort Constantine. Our third parallel, which was within a few hundred

yards of the enemy's advanced works, seemed unoccupied, except by riflemen and sharpshooters, who kept up a constant fire upon the place, but from my position over the British lines I could not see so well into our approaches as I could look upon those of the French from the mounds on the left of their picket-house. On the whole the suburbs were destroyed, though still susceptible of being used by the enemy to check our advance.

A circumstance occurred in Balaklava on the 25th, which I stated for the calm consideration of the public at home without one single word of comment. The "Charity," an iron screw steamer was in harbour for the reception of sick British soldiers, who were under the charge of a British medical officer. That officer went on shore and made an application to the officer in charge of the Government stoves for two or three to put on board the ship to warm the men. "Three of my men," said he, "died last night from choleraic symptoms, brought on in their present state from the extreme cold of the ship; and I fear more will follow them from the same cause."

"Oh!" said the guardian of stoves, "you must make your requisition in due form, send it up to head-quarters, and get it signed properly, and returned, and then I will let you have the stoves."

"But my men may die meantime."

"I can't help that; I must have the requisition."

"It is my firm belief that there are men now in a dangerous state whom another night will certainly kill."

"I really can do nothing; I must have a requisition properly signed before I can give one of these stoves away."

"For God's sake, then, *lend* me some; I'll be responsible for their safety."

"I really can do nothing of the kind."

"But, consider, this requisition will take time to be filled up and signed, and meantime these poor fellows will go."

"I cannot help that."

"I'll be responsible for anything you do."

"Oh, no, that can't be done!"

"Will a requisition signed by the P. M. O. of this place be of any use?"

"No."

"Will it answer, if he takes on himself the responsibility?"

"Certainly not."

The surgeon went off in sorrow and disgust. Such were the "rules" of the service in the hands of incapable and callous men.

I append another special fact for Dr. Smith, the head of the British Army Medical Department. A surgeon of a regiment stationed on the cliffs above Balaklava, who had about forty sick out of two hundred men, had been applying to the "authorities" in the town for three weeks for medicines, all simple and essential, and could not get one of them. The list he sent in was returned with the observation, "We have none of these medicines in store." Again this poor surgeon came down with his last appeal:—"Do, I beg of you, give me any medicine you have for diarrhœa."

"*We haven't any.*"

"Anything you may have, I'll take."

"*We haven't any.*"

"Have you any medicine for fever you could give? Anything you can let me have, I'll take."

"*We haven't any.*"

"I have a good many cases of rheumatism among my men. Can you let me have any medicines for them?"

"*We haven't any.*"

Thus, for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhœa, the most prevalent complaints of the army, there were no specifics whatever, and the surgeon returned up the hill-side with the bitter reflection that he could give no aid to the unfortunate men under his care. Dr. Smith could prove, no doubt, that there were granaries full of the finest and costliest drugs and medicines for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhœa at Scutari, but the knowledge that they were there little availed poor fellows dying for want of them.

The weather, thanks to Heaven, continued, during the last days of January, to be extremely favourable to us. Cold, clear nights, with a bright, unclouded moon, were followed by warm, sunny, genial days. The thermometer generally fell to eighteen or twenty degrees at twelve every night, and rose to forty-four degrees of Fahrenheit at noon the following day. At first the more immediate effect of this change of weather was the facility of communication between Balaklava and the camp. The surface of the country and the roads, or mud tracks, were hardened by the frost for several hours each morning, and remained in a state fit for travelling over, with more or less difficulty, till the influence of the sun had resolved them into cloggy, sticky swamps. Towards dark the frost set in again, and enabled the late return parties to get out to camp with forage and stores. But with all this, the hand of the plague was *not* stayed.

Sickness clung to our troops, and the poor worn-out soldiers who climbed the bloody steeps of the Alma in the splendour of manly strength, and who, full of the noblest courage and devotion, defended in broken file the heights over the Tchernaya against the swarming multitudes of the Muscovite, weak, exhausted, and "washed out" by constant fatigue, incessant wet, insufficient food, want of clothing and of cover from the weather, died away in their tents night after night. Many of these men were too far gone to recover. Doctors, and hospitals, and nurses, came too late, and they sank to rest unmurmuringly, and every week some freshly-formed lines of narrow mounds indicated the formation of a new burial-place.

It must not be by any means inferred that the French escaped sickness and mortality altogether. On the contrary, our allies suffered to a degree which would have been considered excessive, had it not been compared with our own unfortunate standard of disease and death. They also lost great numbers of horses; and to the diminution caused by illness and overwork in their ranks, must be added that which accrued from the nightly sorties of the Russians and the heavy fire to which they were continually exposed from the enemy's batteries and sharp-shooters. Nevertheless, the loss of the French was very much less than our own. Whole regiments

had vanished as if by magic. In some cases the men had not fallen in action, nor had they been exposed to the labours of the army beginning the campaign. No wonder, then, that the old soldiers of the Crimea, the men of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava, should have gone at last, and thus shared the fate of the raw levies, and of the unacclimatized regiments.

According to what I heard from a few people in the Crimea who were eccentric enough to purchase a stray number of the obscurer London journals, I was honoured by a good deal of abuse from some of them at home for telling the truth. I really would have put on my Claude Lorraine glass, if I could. I would have clothed skeletons with flesh, breathed life into the occupants of the charnel-house, subverted the succession of the seasons, and restored the legions which had been lost: but I could not tell lies to "make things pleasant." Any statements I had made I have chapter, and book, and verse, and witness for. Many, very many, that I did *not* make, I could prove to be true with equal ease; and I could make public, if the public interest required it. There was not a single man in the camp who could put his hand upon his heart and declare he believed that one single casualty had been caused to us by information communicated to the enemy by me or any other newspaper correspondent. The only thing the partisans of misrule could allege was, that I did not "make things pleasant" to the authorities, and that, amid the filth and starvation, and deadly stagnation of the camp, I did not go about "babbling of green fields," of present abundance, and of prospects of victory.

Suppose we come to "facts." Do people at home know how many bayonets the British army could muster at the period to which I am referring? Do they believe we had 25,000, after all our reinforcements? They might have been told—nay, it might have been proved to them by figures at home—that the British army consisted of 55,000 men. The grave and the hospital had swallowed them up by thousands. Just think of this "fact,"—that from the first day of December, 1854, down to the 20th January, 1855, 8000 sick and wounded men were sent down from camp to Balaklava, and thence on shipboard! Shall I state how many returned?

Yet people at home, who gloated over the horrors of Walcheren, and considered disaster the normal end of British expeditions, told us it was "croaking" to state the facts in such cases as these, or even to allude to them! The man who could have sat calmly down and written home that all was hope, that our troops were healthy, that there was only an average mortality, that every one was confident of success, that our works were advancing, that we were nearer to the capture of Sebastopol than we were on the 27th of October, that transport was abundant, and the labours of our army light, might be an agreeable correspondent, but assuredly he would not have enabled the public to form a very accurate opinion on the real state of affairs in the camp before Sebastopol. But the worst was this, that we had no hope of receiving reinforcements of a serviceable or enduring description. The wretched boys sent out to us were not even fit food for powder. They died away ere a shot was fired against them. Some-

times a good draught was received; and if there were more of the same description as the draught of the 77th Regiment, then recently arrived, our army would have been in a much better position. Even they, however, could not endure the severe work of long vigil and exposure to cold and wet in the trenches.

And now for another "fact." The battle of Inkermann was fought on the 5th of November, as the world will remember for ever. About 40 per cent. of the Brigade of Guards were killed or wounded on that occasion. They received reinforcements, and the brigade which mustered about 2500 men when it left England, had received some 1500 men in various draughts up to the end of the year. What was the strength in the last week of January of the Brigade of Household troops—of that magnificent band who crowned the struggle of the Alma with victory, and beat back the Russian hordes at Inkermann? I think they could have mustered, including servants and all available soldiers, about 950 men in the whole brigade. Here is another fact. Since the same battle of Inkermann, at least 1000—1000 men of the Brigade of Guards had been "expended," absorbed, used up, and were no more seen. The official returns will show how many of that thousand were killed or wounded by the enemy. Another fact. There were two regiments so shattered and disorganized—so completely destroyed, to tell the truth, that they had to be sent away to be "re-formed." Now, mark, one of these regiments was neither at the Alma nor at Inkermann—the other was engaged in the latter battle only, and did not lose many men.

Sunday, January 28, was celebrated by an extremely heavy fire of musketry between the Russians and the French covering parties and sharp-shooters. The volleys which rolled through the less massive reports of the continual rifle practice, were as heavy as those we heard at the Alma or Inkermann, and from the numbers of Russian infantry thrown into the works, it was evident the enemy intended to dispute the small space of ground between the last French trench and the broken outworks of their late batteries with the greatest vigour and obstinacy. Possibly, indeed, orders had been received instructing the commanding officer to resist any nearer approaches on the part of the French, who had burrowed up, trenched, zig-zagged, paralleled and parapetted the whole of the country from the shore below the Quarantine Fort to the rising ground close to the Flagstaff Fort, for two miles in depth, by five or six miles in length.

The storm of musketry upon these advanced works never ceased during the night, and the constant flashes of the heavy guns lighted up the sky till daylight. The French replied by small-arms, and scarcely returned a cannon shot. Many of their guns were as yet masked, but nearly all of them were in position, and each gun was to be provided with 250 rounds of ammunition. The Russians had discovered some of the guns, and their fire was particularly directed upon those pieces, but they did little damage. It was not to be expected that such an affair could take place without considerable loss on both sides. After daybreak the fire recommenced with great fury, and about eight o'clock a regular battle was raging in the trenches between the French and Russians. There could not have been less than 3000

men on each side firing as hard as they could load and pull trigger, and the lines of the works were marked by thick curling banks of smoke. The fire slackened about nine o'clock.

Not a night at this period passed without severe skirmishing, or rather sharp-shooting, behind the parapets and in the broken ground between the lines. The works were, indeed, almost into the town, and dominated its suburbs, but the ruined houses of these suburbs were turned into defences for riflemen, and the town itself was almost one formidable battery, from the glacis up to the ridge over the sea on which the south side is situated.

By general orders dated 29th of January, Lord Raglan communicated the intelligence to the army that the Russian commanders had entered into an agreement with the allied generals to cease firing along the lines whenever a white flag was hoisted to indicate that a burying-party was engaged in front of the batteries. This order was required, for several accidents had taken place among burying-parties on both sides from the fire of the riflemen. Admiral Boxer arrived to assume the command of the harbour of Balaklava; and that gallant and energetic old sailor, by his incessant personal exertions, succeeded in carrying out many improvements, and in introducing some order in the internal economy of that focus of feebleness, confusion, and mismanagement, where the head-quarters of the Circumlocution office were for a long time established.

On the 31st, a spy *walked through some of our trenches*, counted the guns, and made whatever observations he pleased in addition to information acquired from the men with whom he conversed. He was closely shaven, and wore a blue frockcoat buttoned up to the chin, and he stopped for some time to look at Mr. Murdoch, of the "Sans-pareil," "bouching" the guns, or putting new vents into them. Some said he was like a Frenchman, others that he "looked like a doctor," no one suspected he was a Russian till he suddenly bolted away down the front of the battery towards the Russian pickets, under a sharp fire of musketry, through which he had the singular good luck to pass unscathed.

Strict orders were issued, in consequence of this daring act, to admit no one into the trenches or works without a written permission from the proper authorities, and all persons found loitering about the camp were arrested and sent to divisional head-quarters for examination. As hostilities were relaxed by winter, the allies became on better terms with their enemies. The French were in the habit of sending out working parties through our lines, towards the valley of Baidar, to cut wood for gabions and fuel, along the sides of the romantic glens which intersect the high mountain-ranges to the south-east of Balaklava. They frequently came across the Cossack pickets, and as it was our interest not to provoke hostilities with them, a kind of good fellowship had sprung up between our allies and the men of the Russian outposts. One day the French came upon three cavalry horses tied up to a tree, and the officer in command ordered them not to be touched. On the same day a Chasseur had left his belt and accoutrements behind him in the ruined Cossack picket-house, and naturally gave up all hope of

recovering them, but on his next visit he found them on the wall untouched.

To requite this act of forbearance, a French soldier, who had taken a Cossack's lance and pistol, which he found leaning against a tree, was ordered to return them, and leave them in the place in which he had found them. The next time the French went out, one of the men left a biscuit in a cleft stick, beckoning to the Cossacks to come and eat it. The following day they found a white loaf of excellent bread stuck on a stick in the same place, with a note in Russian, which was translated in Balaklava, to the effect that the Russians had plenty of biscuits, and that, though greatly obliged for that which had been left, they really did not want it; but if the French had bread to spare like the sample left in return, it would be acceptable. The sentries on both sides shouted and yelled to each other, and one day a Russian called out, as the French were retiring for the day, "Nous nous reverrons, mes amis—Français, Anglais; Russes, nous sommes tous amis." The cannonade before Sebastopol, the echoes of which reached the remote glades distinctly, must have furnished a strange commentary on the assurance.

CHAPTER VI.

French Demonstration—Opinions on the Siege—Suffering and Succour—The Cunning Cossack—The Navvy's Barrow—Appearance of Balaklava—Supply of Water—Struggle between the French and the Russians—General Niel—Canards—A Spy—Omar Pasha's Visit—The Bono Johnnies—Doing nothing—Change in the Temperature.

EARLY on the 1st of February the French made a demonstration on our right and two divisions were marched down towards Inkermann, consisting of about 16,000 men; but the Russians, who had been cheering loudly all along our front, did not meet them. The preparations for laying down the electric telegraph from head-quarters were going on rapidly and with success.

Every day strengthened the correctness of Sir John Burgoyne's homely saying about Sebastopol—"The more you look at it, the less you will like it." Three months before, that officer declared his opinion to be that the place ought to be assaulted. Then came General Niel, and we heard that he laughed at the notion of our reducing the place by the fire of artillery. General Canrobert was losing popularity among his soldiers; but General Bosquet, who commanded the French at Inkermann, was rising in favour, as he was known to advocate active movements in the field. But our army suffered severely from illness, notwithstanding the exertions of the medical officers, who were materially aided by the stores purchased by *The Times* Commissioner, Mr. Macdonald, out of "*The Times* Fund." In addition to this, arrow-root, sugar, and medical comforts were supplied at Balaklava to each sick man as he arrived from the front to be put on board ship from Scutari. An

officer said to me one day, with tears in his eyes, "The things I've got from '*The Times*' Fund' out of the 'Bride' (a transport) will save many of my poor fellows' lives. My God! what would I have given for them a month ago! If I had had them, many of our best men would now be alive."

The thermometer on the morning of the 4th of February stood at 22°. There was a sharp frost in the night, but the sun's rays softened the ground during the daytime, though they did not temper the wind, which was very keen and searching. The enemy fired very little during the day, and the French followed their example, so that we had a little rest, only the riflemen on both sides kept up the usual fusillade from their pits and covered works. In the afternoon a small party of Cossacks, with two light field-pieces, were observed crossing the head of the valley towards Inkermann, but no considerable movement of the Russians was visible throughout the day. Their men mustered in force, however, over the heights of Inkermann, and on the ridges between the Belbek and the south side of Sebastopol. They must have suffered very severely during these cold nights, for they were less able to bear the severity of the climate than our own soldiers, being accustomed, as I was informed, to spend their winters in hot close barracks, in which they remain as long as the hard weather lasts. The Cossacks alone are employed in the open country during frost and snow.

As the spring advanced and the severity of the snow abated, all kinds of aid began to arrive, and even luxuries were distributed to the remnants of our army. The Government sent out stores to be sold at cost price. The Crimean Army Fund opened their magazines, and sold excellent articles of all kinds to the soldiers. Our parcels and boxes and Christmas presents turned up very slowly in the chaos of Balaklava. The presents sent by the Queen and Prince to the Guards, in the "St. Jean d'Acre," were after a time delivered to the men. Poor fellows! Those who lived must have had ample comforts if they divided the share of their departed comrades among them. Lord Rokeby was affected to tears when the three regiments paraded, on his taking the command. His lordship communicated a most gratifying letter from the Queen to the officers, in which her Majesty expressed her admiration of the conduct of "her beloved Guards."

Lord Raglan rode into Balaklava on the 5th, and remained in the town some time, inspecting the arrangements of the various departments of the service. A house took fire while his lordship was there, but the fire was soon extinguished. Nearly the whole of the newly-landed French division was pushed over towards our right. To the great dismay of the commissariat officers, a portion of the harbour of Balaklava was assigned for French ships to unload stores for those regiments which were nearer to Balaklava than to Kamiesch. The harbour was full of ships, packed as close as herrings in a barrel.

As I was riding out on the same day towards the camp from Balaklava with an officer of the Scots Fusileer Guards, I witnessed a refreshing instance of the vigilance of our men. We rode out along the valley towards the Woronzoff road, and kept a little too much to

our right, so that, happening to look towards the top of a mound about 300 yards distant, the first thing that struck us was the head of a Cossack as he crouched down to escape observation, in the hope with the aid of his picket to make us prisoners. A little in advance of and keeping towards the mound on our right was an English soldier, as if walking towards Canrobert's Hill; behind him, at the distance of some 400 yards, another soldier was seen running, shouting at the top of his voice, with his firelock at the present. The first man kept walking rapidly on. The other halted and fired, and the ball knocked up the earth close to him. Still the fellow kept on, and we were riding up to see what he was, when a Heavy Dragoon dashed at a gallop from the cavalry picket-house, and rode between the man and the hill. The foot soldier turned back at once with the Dragoon, who marched him to the picket-house, and then went up to the other man. We found he was a sentry from the hill in front of the Highland Battery, and that he had run all the distance after the would-be deserter, whom he had seen edging up towards the Russian lines along the plain. He returned at once to his post, and in a quarter of an hour more he was on his bleak beat, pacing up and down, with his eye fixed on the enemy. It was amusing to watch the Cossack all this time. Nothing could be seen of him for the time but his little bullet head over the bank. He evidently imagined that by lying close he might get one of us, but he was disappointed, for the Dragoon requested us to go more to the left, and thus debarred us the use of a path which many of the men of the regiments on the right of the camp had been in the habit of taking for a long time.

The only great type of life and motion visible to me, in the early part of February, was "the navvy's barrow." That potent engine of civilization was lying in stacks on the water's edge at Balaklava. The principal depot for the railway stores was in the horrible squalid space in the rear of the Post-office. When we first arrived in Balaklava this house was in good order, and was whitewashed and scrupulously clean; a neat wooden balcony, reached by a flight of steps from the garden, led to the principal rooms on the upper floor, and from this balcony a strong but light trellis-work, extending far down the garden, scarce sustained the rich masses of glowing grapes which burst through the thick foliage of the vines. The garden itself was enclosed by a whitewashed wall, and a gate at the end led out upon the quay—garden, and walls, and gate, and trellis-work, and balcony, soon disappeared, and the soil was for months a liquid abomination, so that it was a glad sight to behold barrows, and sleepers, and blocks of wood laid over it.

It is strange that the first use—perhaps the only use—the Crim-Tartar will ever witness for centuries of the great invention of recent days should be to facilitate the operations of war and to destroy life.* After the expedition leaves the shores of the Crimea, and when it has become a tradition among its people, the works of our unfinished railroad may serve to exercise the ingenuity of future Cimmerian

* Since this was written, it appears that the Crimea is to be blessed with a Russian railroad to Theodosia; but it is doubtful whether it will be used for other and better objects than that for which the rail was first laid down on its soil.

antiquaries, and may form the only permanent mark of our presence on this bloodstained soil. The pick was at work, and the peculiar idiom of the navvy struck the ear as he saluted "the sojer," and asked after "the foitin afore Sebastopowl" from his perch up among the rocks outside Balaklava.

The entrance to Balaklava presented a most extraordinary appearance. After descending into the valley from the plateau on which the camp stands, and passing over the plain, all torn and trodden into mud by incessant traffic of horses, men, and carts and camels, which extended up to Kadikoi, the wanderer suddenly turned round by a mound on which stood a battery, sweeping the plain, and he beheld a new wooden world that had arisen by magic in a few days in early February along the hill-side over the road to Balaklava. Rows of white huts strewed the ground. A little town was erected on the right-hand side of the path, about three-quarters of a mile outside Balaklava, for the sutlers expelled from the town, in which fires had been suspiciously frequent; and, from the din and clamour, one might imagine he was approaching some well-frequented English fair. A swarm of men, in all sorts of grotesque uniforms, French, English, and Turks, thronged the narrow lanes between the huts and tents, and carried on bargains in all the languages of Babel with Greek, Italian, Algerine, Spaniard, Maltese, Armenian, Jew, and Egyptian, for all sorts of merchandize. Here I beheld my runaway servant—a vagabond Italian—selling small loaves of bread for 2*s.* each, which he had purchased from a French baker in Balaklava for 1*s.* 6*d.* As the authorities did not interfere in such cases, I was left to solace myself with the poor revenge of seeing him break his shins over a tent-stick as he ran away to escape my horsewhip.

In the camp one might see all the scoundrels of the Levant who could get across the Black Sea making little fortunes by the sale, at the most enormous prices, of the vilest articles of consumption, which necessity alone forced us to use; and a few honest traders might also be seen sitting moodily in their stalls and mourning over their fast-departing probity. There was not one Englishman, so far as I know, among these sutlers of the British army, though the greatest vein of nuggets that ever charmed multitudes to a desert was as dross and dirt to the wealth to be realized in this festering crowd. Camel-drivers, arabajees, wild-eyed, strange-looking savages from out-of-the-way corners of Asia Minor, dressed apparently in the spoils of the chorus of "*Nabucco*" or "*Semiramide*," stalked curiously through the soldiery, much perplexed by the conflicting emotions of fear of the Provost-Marshal and love of plunder. There were about 150 huts and tents clustered together on this hill-side. Close beside it was the new battery. Then more huts and tents, occupied by the cavalry.

On the other side of the cleft in the mountain ridge through which the town was approached, were the huts and tents of the Highlanders, Turks, French, Marines, and Rifles, guarding the lines towards Kamara, and rising one above the other till they covered the tremendous crag which frowned down at the sea, 1200 feet below. Then there was an odd-looking acre or two of ground, with a low

wall round it, which looked as if all the moles in the world lived beneath it, and were labouring night and day—so covered was it with mounds of earth, through which peered rags and bones. This was the Turkish burying-ground, and full well frequented was it. Little parties might be seen flocking to it down the hill-sides all day, and returning with the empty litters gravely back again. They also turned one or two vineyards into graveyards, and they also selected a quiet nook up among the hills for the same purpose. Our own more decent graveyard was situated outside the town, in low ground, close to the sea. It was soon afterwards crossed by the railway, and covered by sheds, so that all traces of the graves were obliterated.

The huts and tents of the 14th, and long rows of wooden sheds for the mules, and the tents of the sailors guarding stores, and the huts of the landing-wharf, were all crowded along the steep and at the edge of the bay on the other side of the town, so that the place altogether gave one the idea that he was looking at some great migratory population just settled for a week, or had fallen across one of the mushroom canvas cities of Australia. Of course those who were nighest to the harbour got first served to the huts, and were best able to put them up. If Birnam Wood had been formed of white deal boards, Macbeth might have seen his worst suspicions realized, could he but have witnessed the moving forest of timber marching up to the front. He would have beheld literally miles of men, and of mules and ponies, all struggling along through the mud with boards—nothing but boards. In calm weather they got on well enough, but a puff of wind put an end to all progress, and a strong gust laid men and horses in the mire. However, they were slowly working up towards the camp, but it could not be conceived by a person not on the spot how hard it was to take up even one hut, and what a great quantity of timber had to be moved ere the building was complete.

The cold and frost had almost disappeared; the only traces of winter remaining were patches of snow on the hill-sides and in the ravines, and the blanched mountain ridges in the far distance, or the rotten roads, in which the blackened snow still lay in masses, perforated by deep holes, dangerous to horse and man. The birds were singing around us; the sun was generally bright and warm for several hours in the day. It was, in fact, one of those Crimean proto-springs of not unfrequent occurrence, wherein even the trees and vines, and grass are deceived for a short time, and think they may put forth their young buds and shoots. But the inhabitants warned us not to be misled by this transient calm; March was still to be endured, and we heard that he roared right royally, and came in, and remained in, with bitter cold and very strong winds, and heavy falls of rain, sleet, and snow. The month of March was, in truth, like the month of November in the Crimea, and we all know what disasters we endured during twenty terrible days of that month in 1854. The climate, indeed, was beyond all conception fickle. A bird might be singing under the impression that he had done with foul weather, and might soon be getting ready his nest, and very shortly afterwards he would be knocked down by a blow on the head from a hailstone.

It must be observed that the articles most essential to the health and comfort of the men were of the most disgraceful description. I was told by the principal medical officer of one of the divisions of the army that the surgeons of the various regiments had complained to him that the ammunition boots served out to the men were not only too small, but "that the soles dropped off after a week's wear." The long waterproof boots were generally of better quality, and lasted very well, but the "ammunition boots," as they were called, were infamously made, out of bad materials. The health of the camp improved a little, but there were a great number of men in hospital. A low fever, a kind of bilious attack, arising from a disordered liver, prevailed rather extensively. The men's stomachs were, in fact, disorganized, and their whole system exhausted, by the labours and fatigues to which they had been subjected. An order had been issued some time before to supply charcoal to each man in the trenches; but it was found impossible to carry it out, as the commissariat could not furnish either the charcoal or transport. In default of charcoal or wood, the men were obliged to grub out of the soil, by the most painful labour, the roots of brushwood or of vines, and they were often obliged to go down the hill-sides right under the enemy's fire, in order to gather enough to cook their meals.

The "navvies" worked away heartily, pulling down the rickety houses and fragments of houses near the post-office of Balaklava, so as to form the terminus of the first bit of the Grand Crimean Central Railway (with branch line to Sebastopol). They landed a large quantity of barrows, beams, rails, spades, shovels, picks, and other materials. The frail houses dissolved into heaps of rubbish under their vigorous blows, and the more friable remains were carted off and shot into and over the ineffable horrors and nastinesses of the Turkish plague and charnel-houses.

It was sickening to think of it, but it was nevertheless true: the wells in the town of Balaklava must have been filled with water that had trickled through the earth down the hill, from and through the layers of Turkish corpses that lay festering above, barely covered from sight by a few inches of earth. Our allies allowed the precincts of their camp to remain in a very foul condition. The French were worse—they left their dead horses unburied close to their tents. The Turks paid greater apparent regard to cleanliness when in the field, but at the best of times a camp is a strong-smelling place, and must necessarily be somewhat dirty. All we can do is to make it as little offensive as possible. However, the French displayed some regard to cleanliness of person, and took opportunities (which our men did not or could not) to wash their clothes wherever there was a running brook or a supply of water.

There was an extremly hot contest on the night of the 6th, between the French and Russians: the cannonade, which sounded all over the camp, lasted about an hour. The enemy, not satisfied with what they had done, were labouring hard at the works in the rear of the Malakoff (or the Round Tower), and at three o'clock on the 6th I saw they had about 1200 men employed on the earth slopes and parapets of the batteries. While I was examining the place there was scarcely

a shot fired for two hours. The small steamers and boats were particularly active, running across the creek and to and fro in the harbour, and everything seemed to go on in the town much the same as usual. One portion of the place containing some fine buildings, and a large church with a cupola, as seen from the picket-house, put one in mind of the view of Greenwich from the Park Observatory through a diminishing glass. Lord Raglan ordered ten of our 13-inch mortars to be lent to the French from the "Firefly." Our left attack seemed in very fine order as seen from the hill over the French right, at the other side of the ravine. The parapets and trenches were said to be in better order than they were on the first day of the siege.

I should state, however, that the French engineer, General Niel, expressed a decided opinion that the batteries were too far off to produce any substantial results. When we first sat down before the place, it was proposed that the first parallel should be at the usual distance of from 600 to 800 yards from the defences; but to this it was objected that there would be great loss of life in making it so near, and that the old rule of war which fixed the distance of the lines of the besiegers from those of the besieged was abrogated by recent improvements in gunnery, and by the increased power and range of siege guns. Our batteries were constructed at upwards of 1000 and 1200 yards from the enemy, and the steadiness of our artillerymen and the activity of our sailors were frustrated by the length of the range.

On the 7th of February a very decisive and remarkable movement was effected by the French, who numbered about 80,000 or certainly three times our force. The French took the whole of the Malakoff attack—the key of the position—and constructed two batteries on our right, under the direction of M. St. Laurent. It was said that Lord Raglan objected to this movement on the part of the French, and suggested that the British should move towards the right, and that in order to enable them to do so the French should take our left attack; but his lordship failed to persuade our allies to accede to his propositions, and they were permitted to overlap and surround the English army.

"General Rumour" is a very efficient officer in the management of "*alertes*." He is never surprised, and errs rather on the safe side of caution than otherwise. On the morning of the 8th of February he turned out all the troops in and about Balaklava, manned his guns, roused up Admiral Boxer, awakened Captain Christie, landed the seamen, mercantile and naval, and, taking Sir Colin Campbell and his staff out on the hills, awaited an attack which never was made, but which, no doubt, would have been repelled with signal energy and success. It appeared that a spy passing through the lines of the Rifle Brigade on his way to the head-quarters of the French army, on being interrogated by a young officer, informed him that the Russians had small bodies of men—about a sotnia or demi-troop, in several of the villages towards the eastward of Balaklava, such as Tchorgoun, and a large body of Russians, whom he estimated at 35,000 men, were in their rear, moving round to the south-east of Baidar, so as to approach our right on the heights over Balaklava. Having com-

municated this intelligence, the spy went on his way, and the rifleman, in the course of the day, imparted the result of his inquiries to an officer in a Highland regiment. There is no place in the world like a camp for the hatching and development of "*canards*." The egg thus laid was very soon matured, and the young bird stalked forth, and went from tent to tent, getting here a feather and there a feather, till it assumed prodigious dimensions and importance. How it became "official" did not come to my knowledge, but at half-past ten o'clock at night orders were sent from Sir Colin Campbell to the regiments along the intrenchments up the heights to hold themselves in readiness for an attack, and the 71st Regiment was marched up to strengthen the bold crest occupied by the Rifles and Marines. Later at night, or early next morning, Colonel Harding, the Commandant of Balaklava, roused up the Quartermaster-General, Major Mackenzie, who at once repaired to Sir Colin Campbell's quarters, and learned that this attack was fixed to come off at half-past four or five o'clock among the Russians. The alarm spread—the harbour was soon involved in it. Captain Christie sent orders round to the large merchant steamers to be in readiness to render all the aid in their power, and Admiral Boxer ordered the men of the "Vesuvius" to be landed, and the sailors of the transports to be armed and in readiness for service. The "Wasp" and "Diamond," cleared for action and moored so as to form a floating battery, commanded the approach of the harbour from the land side. At four o'clock Sir Colin Campbell and his staff mounted the heights up to the Rifle camp. It was bright moonlight. A deep blue sky sparkling with stars was streaked here and there by light fleecy clouds of snowy whiteness, which swept slowly across the mountain crags, or darkened the ravines and valleys with their shadows, like masses of infantry on march. Scarcely a sound was audible near us, except at long intervals the monotonous cry of the sentries, "Number one, and all's well," or the bells striking the hours on board the ships; but terrible salvos of artillery and incessant volleys of musketry from the front before Sebastopol told that the French and Russians had availed themselves of the moonlight to continue their contest with renewed vigour. The sullen roar of the heavy mortars which came booming upon the ear twice or thrice in every minute bespoke the deadly use which our allies were making against the city of the beauty of the morning. In the rear, around the deep valleys and on the giant crags towards the sea, all was silent. The men behind the trench which defended our position from Balaklava to the seaboard scarcely spoke above a whisper, and were almost lost to sight, but the moonlight played on long lines of bright barrels and sparkling bayonets, which just crested, as it were, the dark outlines of the breastwork, beneath which English, French, and Turk were lying in readiness for the enemy. The guns in the redoubts and earth-work batteries were prepared for instant service. All the batteries were fully manned, and, had the enemy come on at that time, he would have met with an astonishingly warm reception. I had been roused out before four o'clock in the morning, but, being rather incredulous in the matter of

alertes, I had contented myself with getting on my clothes and having the horses saddled, till the firing from Sebastopol became so very heavy that the echoes from the heights sounded as if there was really a conflict taking place above. An hour and a half of anxious vigil brought the dawn. All eyes peered through the strange compound of light, formed by the rays of the rising sun and the beams of his fast-declining satellite, to discover the columns of the enemy, but there were none in sight. Just as the sun rose, the eternal Cossack vedettes came in view on the hill-tops to the east, each figure standing out sharp and black against the glowing background. A few Russians were seen about Kamara, but it was evident there was no preparation for an attack, and Sir Colin Campbell gave orders for the men to return to their tents. The fact was, that the story of the Tartar had been magnified and distorted to such an extent before it came to the General's ears that he believed it was quite certain the Russians would attack us.

The events of the day, however, proved that the spy brought trustworthy intelligence. The Russians actually returned to the heights over the valley of Balaklava towards the left of the Tchernaya, and reoccupied the hills and ravines about Kamara and Tchorgoun in some force.

There was no telling the exact force of Russians in our rear, but the spy fixed them at 35,000 men.

Omar Pasha arrived at Kamiesch on the 8th, in the "Colombo," and the next day his Highness visited General Canrobert and Lord Raglan, and had lengthened interviews with them. These interviews, in effect, constituted a council of war, and it is reasonable to suppose that the operations of the campaign were finally determined upon and arranged between the allied Generals.

It rained heavily all night on the 9th, and the ground was reduced to such a state in a few hours, that the *reconnaissance* which Sir Colin Campbell, aided by the French, intended to have made with the men under his command, was postponed. The atmosphere was so obscure, that it was all but impossible to catch a glimpse of the enemy's movements; but a break in the rain and a lift in the haze now and then enabled us to see them working at some earthworks on the brow of the hills before Kamara. They also pushed a vedette up to the top of Canrobert's Hill (formerly the site of Redoubt No. 1, held by the Turks previous to the 25th of October.) About the middle of the day three columns of men were observed moving round from their right by the back of Kamara towards the hills over Baidar; they took with them some field-guns, and their numbers were estimated at 3000 men. There was a swarm of Cossacks between Kamara and the road to Mackenzie's farm, moving about in all directions, and their vedettes were posted along the heights over the Woronzoff-road. Our heavy dragoon vedettes on the last mound over that road nearest to our lines had also been doubled. Some of the Cossacks came so close to our front looking out for stragglers, that a shell was fired at them from No. 4 Battery, near Kadekeeva (Kadikoi).

As an instance of the good feeling of our poor allies, the Bono Johnnies, I may mention a circumstance very creditable to them,

and which was, I am sorry to say, illustrative also of the disposition of some of the French and English soldiers towards the Turks, and of practices which became so common that they had to be forbidden by special orders. An English artilleryman, for some fancied slight, set upon a Turk, and gave him a beating, and attacked "outrageously" a Turkish officer who came to his countryman's assistance. He was found guilty of the double offence by general court-martial, and sentenced to fifty lashes. Osman Pasha, the commander of the Turkish troops, and the officer who had been struck, interceded with Lord Raglan for the remission of the man's punishment, and his lordship, who is one of the most clement and merciful of men, yielded to their request, and in general orders rescinded the sentence of the court-martial.

A considerable number of sick men (217) were sent down on the 10th from the camp to Balaklava. There were many bad cases of scurvy and of scorbutic dysentery among the men; and yet vegetables of all sorts, and lemons and oranges, were to be found in abundance, or could have been purchased in any quantities, all along the shores of the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. No one could say there were no ships to bring them. Balaklava contained ships which had been lying here for weeks—ay, for months—*doing nothing*. The splendid screw steamer "Jason," fitted up especially as a horse transport, came in many days before from Ismed laden *with a cargo of wood for fuel*. The expenses of such a large vessel must have been enormous, and yet she had been in harbour for nearly a fortnight doing nothing. Many cases like this—many stronger (if one is not at liberty to say grosser) cases than this could be adduced, if necessary, but it would serve no good purpose to bring them forward, because every one seems tolerably well persuaded that there was very great mismanagement inside and outside Balaklava.

The 11th was a day quite worthy of "General Février's" gratitude—bleak, raw, and stormy; the wind raging furiously between intervals of profound calm—the sky invisible in a murky sheet, from which fell incessant showers of rain, sleet, or snow alternately, or altogether—and the landscape shut out of sight at a few yards' distance by the grey walls of drizzling clouds and vapour. It might be imagined that no one who could help it stirred out; a few drenched fatigue parties and some artillery wagons sent down for shot and shell were all one could see between Balaklava and the camp, and in the front all was silent—not a gun was fired the greater part of the day, and the popping of rifles also nearly ceased.

CHAPTER VII.

Sickness in the French Camp—Their System of Cooking—Ingenuity—A Crimean Dinner—Receipts—Cost of a Soldier—Lord Lucan's Recal—A Reconnaissance—Disappointment—An Adventure—Lose the Way—Russian Attack—Activity in the Harbour—Good View of Sebastopol—General Appearance—A Furious Cannonade—An Armistice—Pen-and-ink Work.

THERE was a good deal of sickness in the French camp, and one regiment was said to have suffered as much from scorbutic diseases as any of our own, and to have ceased to exist, like the 63rd Regiment. But the French had no large steamers which they could send to forage in all the ports of Asia Minor; and, with their deficient transport, they had less sickness and less loss of life from disease cent. per cent. than our troops, while they were better provided with food and soldiers' luxuries. Had the French army undergone the same amount of vigil, labour, and fatigue to which our army was exposed, I am convinced it would have been in as bad a plight, and that it would have suffered very nearly the same losses. Their system of cooking was better; their system of hutting was better; instead of having twelve or fourteen miserable, gloomy fellows, sitting moodily together in one tent, where each man ate his meal, cooked or uncooked, as best he could, they had four men together in a tent, who were neither miserable nor gloomy as a general rule, because they had a good dish of soup and bouilli well made at the mess fire, and carried away "piping hot" in the camp kettle of the tent. The canvas of the *tente* was in bad weather only a roof to a deep pit in the shape of the parallelogram formed by the flaps of the canvas. This pit was dug out of the earth; it contained a little fireplace at one end, with a mud chimney outside, and was entered by a flight of two or three steps, which descended to the dry floor. Our men rarely dug out the earth, and their tents were generally pitched on the surface of the ground. They had no time to do any better.

In cooking, our neighbours beat us hollow. I partook of a sumptuous banquet in the tent of an officer of the Guards one night, the staple of which was a goose, purchased for a golden egg in Balaklava, but which assumed so many forms, and was so good and strange in all—coming upon one as a *pièce de résistance*, again assuming the shape of a *giblotte* that would have done credit to Philippe, and again turning up as a delicate little *plat* with a flavour of woodcocks, that the name of the artist was at once demanded. He was a grisly-headed Zouave, who stood at the door of the tent, prouder of the compliments which were paid to him than of the few francs he was to get for his services, "lent," as he was, by the captain of his company for the day.

A few days after—these were Christmas times, or were meant to be so—there was a dinner in another friendly tent. A Samaritan sea-captain had presented a mess with a leg of English mutton, a case of preserved turnips, and a wild duck. Hungry as hunters, the little

party assembled at the appointed hour, full of anticipated pleasure and good fare from the fatherland. "Bankes, bring in dinner," said the host, proudly, to his *chef de cuisine*. The guests were seated—the cover was placed on the table—it was removed with enthusiasm, and, lo! there lay the duck, burnt black, and dry as charcoal, in the centre of a mound of turnips. "I thout vowls wor alays ate vurst," was the sole defence of the wretched criminal as he removed the sacrifice for the time. Then he brought in the soup, which was excellent, especially the bouilli, but we could not eat soup all night, especially when the mutton was waiting. "Now, then, Bankes, bring in the leg of mutton." "The wawt, zur?" "The leg of mutton, and look sharp; do you hear? I hope you have not spoiled *that* too." "Woy, zur, thee's been atin no't." The miserable being had actually *boiled* down the leg of mutton in the soup, having cut large slices off it to make it fit the pot!

We had great fun with the receipts for cooking rations which appeared in the papers. M. Soyer's were good and simple, but every one of them had been found out by experiment months before, and were familiar, however little successful, to every camp cook. The recipes which taught the men how to make rations palatable by the help of a "sliced turkey," nutmegs, butter, flour, spices, and suet, were cruel mockeries. Can any one tell us why the army was *compelled* to eat salt pork? Why was this the only meat except beef that was served out? The lean was always very hard and tough, and required great care and trouble in cooking to make it masticable—the fat was ever in undue proportion to the lean, and was far too "rich" for a debilitated stomach. Are "pigs" a national institution, to be maintained at any cost? Is the flesh of the bull a part of the constitution? A soldier is a very dear animal. A crop of them is most difficult to raise, and once they have been fully grown, and have become ripe soldiers, they are beyond all price. Had we not abundance of meats in our warehouses, of vegetables, of all kinds of nutritious preparations, to bestow on those who were left to us, and who were really "veterans," for in the narrow limits of one campaign they had epitomized all the horrors, the dangers, and the triumphs of war? The ration, with its accessories of sugar, tea, or coffee, tobacco and rice, was sufficient, as long as it was unfailing, and while the army was in full health, but it was not sufficient, or, rather, it was not suitable, when the men were debilitated from excessive labour and

What was the cost to the country of the men of the Brigade of Guards who died in their tents or in hospital of exhaustion, overwork, and deficient or improper nutriment? The brigade mustered in the middle of February very little over 400 men fit for duty. It would have been *cheap* to have fed the men we had lost on turtle and venison, if it could have kept them alive—and not only those, but the poor fellows whom the battle spared, but whom disease took from us out of every regiment in the expedition. It was the *men* who were to be pitied—the officers could, in comparison, take care of themselves; they had their bat-horses to go over to Kamiesch and to Balaklava for luxuries; their servants to send for poultry, vegetables, wine, preserved meats, sheep, and all the luxuries of the sutlers' shops; and

they had besides abundance of money, for the pay of the subaltern is ample while he is in the field.

Sir George Brown arrived on the 12th, and Lord Raglan went down to meet him, and returned with him to head-quarters. The gallant old officer seemed to have quite recovered from the effects of his Inkermann wound, and was well received by his Division. The weather changed again. The sun came out, the rain was over, and a cold, drying wind swept over the plain.

The great topic of conversation and gossip on the 14th was the recal of the Earl of Lucan from the command of the Cavalry Division. On the previous forenoon Lord Raglan sent the noble Lord a despatch which he had received from the Duke of Newcastle, who stated that as he had thought fit to find fault with the terms used in his General's despatch respecting his conduct on the 25th of October, the Government had resolved on recalling him. The impression, as far as I could ascertain, was that Lord Lucan was harshly and unjustly dealt with.

The drying winds continued during the middle of February, and the plateau to the south of Sebastopol could be traversed easily on horse or foot, even at the bottom of the ravines. With this fine weather the good spirits and energies of our men returned, but I regret to say the warm wind brought with it, or developed, the seeds of typhus fever, which broke out in several regiments and marked some of the strongest men as its victims. The aspect of Balaklava was greatly altered for the better. The wretched hovels in which the Turkish soldiery propagated pestilence and died, were cleaned out or levelled to the earth; the cesspools and collections of utter abomination in the streets were filled up; and quicklime was laid down in the streets and lanes, and around the houses. The railway, which swept right through the main street, very effectually cleared away the crowds of stragglers who used to infest the place. It was inexpressibly strange to hear the well-known rumbling sound of the carriages and wagons as they passed to and fro with their freights of navvies, sleepers, and rails; it recalled home more strongly than anything we had then heard in the Crimea. But the Cossacks were riding about the hills in front; our vedettes were watching them; vast masses of men in long lines carrying planks of wood or fascines intersected the plain, and seemed at a distance like armies of ants migrating. The thunder of cannon from the front boomed through the air; the martial music of the French regiments, interrupted by the creaking of cart-wheels, the cries of camels, the yells of drivers in nearly every language of the east or west,—worse than all, by the terrible instruments of the Turkish bands,—spoke of war, which no Englishman had ever known at home in his day. Even the railway could not bring thoughts of peace. It was a very effective engine of war.

On Monday night, 19th February, extensive preparations were made very secretly for a *reconnaissance*, to be conducted by Sir Colin Campbell on our side, and by Generals Bosquet and Vinoy on the part of the French, against the enemy between the Tchernaya and Kamara. The weather, the most important condition of action in a winter

campaign, had been unfavourable, but the few fine days from the 15th to the 19th had made the country in tolerable order for the movements of artillery and cavalry. The French were to furnish 11,600 men; Sir Colin Campbell's force was to consist of the 42nd, 79th, 93rd Highlanders, the 14th, 71st, detachments of cavalry, and two batteries. Soon after dark the French on the left of the head-quarters camp began to get in readiness, and the hum of men, and the peculiar dull sound of armed masses on the march, betrayed the movement of our allies. By degrees the rumour spread from one confidant to the other, and by midnight a good number of outriders and amateurs were aware of what was going on, and strict orders were issued for early calls and saddling of horses "to-morrow morning at dawn."

Nothing excited such interest as a *reconnaissance*. Our army was deprived of the peculiar attractions of most wars in Europe. There was none of the romance of the Peninsular campaigns about it. We were all shut up in one dirty little angle of land, with Cossacks barring the approaches to the heavenly valley around us. There were no pleasant marches, no halts in town or village, no strange scenes or change of position; nothing but the drudgery of the trenches and of fatigue parties, and the everlasting houses and works of Sebastopol, and the same bleak savage landscape around. The hardest-worked officer was glad, therefore, to get away on a *reconnaissance*, which gave him an excitement, and varied the monotony of his life; it was a sort of holiday for him—a hunt at Epping, if there be such a thing, to cockney existence.

Before midnight the French assembled in columns of companies close to head-quarters. About the same time the wind changed, and began to blow with some violence, and the stars were overcast by clouds. About one o'clock in the morning the rain began to fall heavily, and continued to descend in irregular torrents for an hour. Then the wind chopped round to the north and became intensely cold, and the rain at once crystallized and fell in the form of hail, and at last the snow drifted all across the camp, while the gale rose higher and higher, and increased in severity every moment. It was evident that no good could come of exposing the men, and that the attack would be a failure; it certainly would not have enabled us to form any accurate conception of the numbers or position of the enemy, inasmuch as it was impossible for a man to see a yard before him. Major Foley was therefore despatched by General Canrobert from the French head-quarters, to inform Sir Colin Campbell that the French would not move, and the regiments under arms were ordered back to their tents, which they found with difficulty. When Major Foley, who had lost his way, arrived after many devious wanderings at head-quarters, one of Lord Raglan's aides-de-camp was at once despatched to acquaint Sir Colin Campbell that the French were not coming, and to desire him to postpone any movement of the troops under his command. This officer had to set out about six o'clock in the morning for the heights over Balaklava. On passing through the French camp over the valley, he called upon Brigadier-General Vinoy to inform him of the change which the weather had

effected in the plans agreed upon, but the General said he thought it would be better to move down his men to support Sir Colin in case the latter should have advanced before the counter-orders reached him. When our aide-de-camp, after a struggle with the darkness, reached Sir Colin's quarters, the General was gone. Another difficult ride at last enabled him to overtake the General, who was waiting for the French to begin the attack, and had his troops drawn up near Kamara.

It may be imagined the news was not very pleasing to one who was all on fire, cold as he was, for a brush with the enemy, but the news of Brigadier Vinoy's promise put him into excellent spirits. These troops had been under arms from a very early hour. It was four o'clock when they moved down towards the plain, and proceeded towards Kamara and Tchorgoun through the snow-storm, which increased in violence and severity as the morning dawned, and protracted the darkness of night. The Rifles preceded the advance, with the Highland Light Infantry, in skirmishing order. Strict orders had been given that there was to be no firing in case the troops came upon the enemy, and it was hoped that we might surprise them; but the density of the falling snow prevented our men from seeing more than a few yards before them, and after daylight it was impossible to make out an object six feet in advance. However, the skirmishers managed to get hold of three Russian sentries, belonging probably to the picket at Kamara, and their comrades gave the alarm, for as our troops advanced, the Cossacks and infantry vedettes fell back, firing their carbines and muskets into the darkness. The drums of the enemy were heard beating, and they had time to turn out while we were making our way towards them. Through rifts in the veil of snow their columns could be observed slowly moving back towards the heights over the Tchernaya, and it was quite impossible to form a notion of their strength or position, but it is thought they mustered about 5000 men.

By this time our men had begun to suffer greatly from the cold, to which they had been exposed for several hours. Their fingers were so cold they could not "fix bayonets" when the word was given, and could scarcely keep their rifles in their hands. The cavalry horses almost refused to face the snow—frostbites began to occur, and men's ears, noses, and fingers gave symptoms of being attacked. The Highlanders, who had been ordered to take off their comfortable fur caps, and to put on their becoming but less suitable Scotch bonnets, suffered especially, and some of them were severely frostbitten in the ears—indeed, there was not a regiment out in which cases of "gelatio," chiefly of the ears and fingers, did not occur. Scarcely had the enemy appeared in sight before the snow fell more heavily than ever, and hid them from our view.

Under these circumstances, it would have been exceedingly unwise to proceed with the *reconnaissance*. The attempt had been defeated by the weather, and by the strange resolution of General Bosquet not to aid us; it was a *coup manqué*, and the best thing to be done was to retire as soon as possible. Sir Colin very unwillingly gave the order to return, and the men arrived at their quarters about

ten o'clock a.m., very much fatigued and exhausted by the cold. Had the movement succeeded, the greater part of their force must have fallen into our hands.

Such a day I never witnessed. Being anxious to get a letter off by the post ere it started from Kamiesch, and not being aware that the expedition had been countermanded, I started early in the morning for the post-office marquee through a blinding storm of snow. The wind howled fiercely over the plain; it was so laden with snow that it was quite palpable, and had a strange *solid* feel about it as it drifted in endless wreaths of fine small flakes, which penetrated the interstices of the clothing, and blinded horse and man. For some time I managed to get on very well, for the track was beaten and familiar. I joined a convoy of artillerymen, but at last the drifts became so thick that it was utterly impossible to see to the right or left for twice a horse's length. As I fancied the artillerymen were going too much to the right, I bore away a little, and soon after met a solitary pedestrian, who wanted to know the way to Balaklava. I sincerely trust he got there by my directions. As he was coming from Lord Raglan's he confirmed me in the justice of my views concerning the route, and I rode off to warn my friends, the artillerymen, of their mistake. They were not to be found. I had only left them three or four minutes, and yet they had passed away as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. So I turned on my way, as I thought, and, riding right into the wind's eye, made, at the best pace I could force the horse to put forth, for my destination.

It was not above an hour's ride on a bad day, and yet at the end of two hours I had not only not arrived, but I could not make out one of the landmarks which denoted an approach to it. Tents, and hill-sides, and jutting rocks, all had disappeared, and nothing was visible, above, around, below, but one white sheet drawn, as it were, close around me. This was decidedly unpleasant, but there was no help for it but to ride on, and trust to Providence. The sea or the lines would soon bring one up. Still the horse went on snorting out the snow from his nostrils, and tossing his head to clear the drift from his eyes and ears; and yet no tent, no man—not a soul to be seen in this peninsula, swarming with myriads of soldiery.

Three hours passed!—Where on earth, said I to myself, can I be? Is this enchantment? Has the army here, the lines and trenches, and Sebastopol itself, gone clean off the face of the earth? Is this a horrible dream? The horse stopped at last, and refused to go on against the storm. Every instant the snow fell thicker and thicker. A dark form rushed by with a quick snarling bark—it is a wolf or a wild dog, and the horse rushed on affrighted. The cold pierced one's bones as he faced the gale, and now and then he plunged above the knees into snow-drifts, which were rapidly forming at every hillock and furrow in the ground; a good deep fallow—a well or pit—might have put a speedy termination to one's fears and anxiety at a moment's notice. Minutes became hours, and my eyes were bleared and sore striving to catch a glimpse of tent or man, and to avoid the new dangers in our path. Suddenly I plunged in amongst a quantity of brushwood—sure and certain sign that I had gone far astray indeed,

and that I was at some place removed from the camp and the wood-cutters. The notion flashed across me that the wind might have changed, and that in riding against it I might have shaped my course for the Tchernaya and the Russian lines. The idea of becoming the property of a Cossack picket was by no means a pleasant ingredient in one's thoughts at such a moment. Still what was to be done? My hands and feet were becoming insensible from the cold, and my face and eyes were exceedingly painful.

There was no help for it but to push on before night. That would indeed have been a serious evil. At this moment there was a break in the snowdrift for one moment, and I saw to my astonishment a church dome and spire on my right, which vanished again in a moment. My impression was, that I must either be close to Kamara or to Sebastopol, and that the church was in either of those widely separated localities. Either way the only thing to do was to bear to the left to regain our lines, though I could not help wondering where on earth the French works were, if it was indeed Sebastopol. I had not ridden very far when, through the ravings of the wind, I could hear a hoarse roar before me, and I could just make out a great black wall as it were rising up through the snow-drift. I was on the very edge of the tremendous precipices which overhang the sea near Cape Fiolente! The position was clear at once. I was close to the Monastery of St. George. Dismounting, and carefully leading my horse, I felt my way through the storm, and at last arrived at the monastery. The only Zouave in sight was shooting larks out of a sentry-box, but he at once took my horse to the stable, and showed me the way to the guardhouse, where his comrades were enjoying the comforts of a blazing fire, each waiting for his turn to be shaved by the regimental barber.

Having restored circulation to my blood, and got the ice out of my hair, I set out once more, and a smart Zouave undertook to show me the way to head-quarters; but he soon got tired of his undertaking, and having first adroitly abstracted my Colt's revolver out of my holster, he deserted me on the edge of a ravine, with some very mysterious instructions as to going on always "*tout droit*," which, seeing that one could not see, would have been very difficult to follow. By the greatest good fortune I managed to strike upon the French tents of the wagon train, and halting at every outburst of the tempest, and pushing on when the storm cleared away a little, I continued to work my way from camp to camp, and at last arrived at head-quarters, covered with ice, and very nearly "done up," somewhat before four o'clock in the afternoon. It was some consolation to find that officers had lost themselves in the very vineyard, close to the house, that day, and that aides-de-camp and orderlies had become completely bewildered in their passage from one English divisional camp to another.

To the men in the trenches, who were necessarily obliged to keep quiet, and whose supply of fuel was scanty, the cold must have been very trying; but the warm clothing and long boots enabled them to bear the severity of the weather, which would have been fatal to many of them had they been in the same state as those poor fellows

on whom winter fell with all its rigour while they had but the rag of a regimental coat and the regimental blanket.

The Russians during the night made a slight demonstration against us, thinking that the sentries and advanced posts might be caught sleeping or away from their posts. Their usual mode of conducting a sortie was to send on some thirty men in advance of a party of 500 or 800, in loose skirmishing order. These men advanced stealthily, *en tirailleur*, up to the line of our sentries and pickets, and felt their way cautiously, in order to ascertain if there was a weak and undefended point for the advance of the main body. If the firing was slack, the latter immediately pushed on, rushed into the trenches, bayoneted as many as resisted, and, dragging off all the men they could get as prisoners, returned to the town as rapidly as possible. Any man, however weak, can rush across a landing into the nearest room, and do damage in it before he is kicked out. The French were so close to the Russians, they might be said to live next door to them. The latter could form in a small body, under cover of their works, at any hour in the night, and dash into the works ere our allies could get together to drive them back again. On the 20th of February, some thirty-five men advanced upon the sentries stationed in front of Major Chapman's batteries (the left attack), but they were instantly perceived and challenged. They replied "Ruski!" and were at once fired upon. The Riflemen in the pits which have been made in front of these lines gave them a spattering volley, and the Tirailleurs at once retreated, and, with the body in reserve, returned to their lines. It was strange they should have given such a reply to the sentries' challenge, but the men all declared that the Russians used the word, which would seem to be the Russians' notion of their own name in the English tongue.

Next day the sun came out, the aspect of the camps changed, and our French neighbours filled the air with their many-oathed dialogues and snatches of song. A cold Frenchman is rather a morose and miserable being, but his spirits always rise with sunshine, like the mercury of a thermometer. In company with two officers from the head-quarters camp, I had a long inspection of Sebastopol from the ground behind the French position, and I must say the result was by no means gratifying. We went up to the French picket-house first (*la Maison d'Eau* or *Maison Blanche* of the plans), and had a view of the left of the town, looking down towards the end of the ravine which ran down to the Dockyard-creek, the buildings of the Admiralty, the north side of the harbour, and the plateaux towards the Belbek and behind Inkermann. As the day was clear one could see very well through a good glass, in spite of the dazzling effect of the snow and the bitter wind, which chilled the hands so as to render it impossible to retain the glass very long in one position. The little bridge of boats from the Admiralty buildings across to the French side of the town was covered with men, who were busily engaged passing across supplies, and rolling barrels and cases to the other side of the creek, showing that there was a centre of supply or some kind of depôt in the Government stores behind the Redan, and opposite to the fire of our batteries.

Several large lighters, under sail and full of men, were standing over from side to side of the harbour, and dockyard galleys, manned with large crews of rowers all dressed in white jackets, were engaged in tugging flats laden with stores to the south-western side of the town. A tug steamer was also very active, and spluttered about in all directions, furrowing the surface of the water, which was scarcely "crisped" by the breeze, so completely was the harbour landlocked. The men-of-war, with their large white ensigns barred by a blue St. Andrew's cross flying from the peak, lay in a line at the north side, the top-gallant yards and masts of two out of four being down; a two-decker with bare topmasts lay on the south side, with her broadside towards the Ville Civile; and the white masts of three vessels peered above the buildings of the town further away on the right towards Inkermann.

The inner part of the town itself seemed perfectly untouched, the white houses shone brightly and freshly in the sun, and the bells of a Gothic chapel were ringing out lustily in the frosty air. Its tall houses running up the hill sides, its solid look of masonry, gave Sebastopol a resemblance to parts of Bath, or at least put one in mind of that city as seen from the declivity which overhangs the river. There was, however, a remarkable change in the look of the city since I first saw it—there were no idlers and no women visible in the streets, and, indeed, there was scarcely a person to be seen who looked like a civilian. There was, however, abundance of soldiers, and to spare, in the streets. They could be seen in all directions, sauntering in pairs down desolate-looking streets, chatting at the corners or running across the open space from one battery to another; again in large parties on fatigue duty, or relieving guards, or drawn up in well-known grey masses in the barrack-squares. Among those who were working on the open space, carrying stores, I thought I could make out two French soldiers. At all events, the men wore long blue coats and red trousers, and, as we worked our prisoners and made them useful at Balaklava, where I had seen them aiding in making the railway, I suppose the Muscovite commanders adopted the same plan.

Outside the city, at the verge of the good houses, the eye rested on great walls of earth piled up some ten or twelve feet, and eighteen or twenty feet thick, indented at regular intervals with embrasures, in which the black dots which are throats of cannon might be detected. These works were of tremendous strength. For the most part there was a very deep and broad ditch in front of them, and wherever the ground allowed of it, there were angles and *flèches* which admitted of flanking fires along the front, and of cross fires on centre points of each line of attack or approach. In front of most of the works on both the French and English sides of the town, a suburb of broken-down white-washed cottages, the roofs gone, the doors off, and the windows out, had been left standing in detached masses at a certain distance from the batteries, but gaps had been made in them so that they might not block the fire of the guns. The image of misery presented by these suburbs was very striking—in some instances the havoc had been committed by our shot, and the houses all round to the rear of the Flagstaff Bat-

tery, opposite the French, had been blown into rubbish and mounds of beams and mortar. The advanced works which the Russians left on the advance of our allies still remained, and it was hard to say whether there were any guns in them or not, but they were commanded so completely by the works in their rear that it would have been impossible to hold them, and they would have afforded a good cover to the Russians, while the latter could fire through the embrasures of the old works with far greater ease than the enemy could get at them.

They threw up their new earthworks behind the cover of the suburb; when they were finished, they withdrew their men from the outer line, blew down and destroyed the cover of the houses, and opened fire from their second line of batteries. Their supply of gabions seemed inexhaustible—indeed, they had got all the brushwood of the hills of the South Crimea at their disposal. In front of the huge mounds thrown up by the Russians, fore-shortened by the distance, so as to appear part of them, were the French trenches—mounds of earth lined with gabions, which looked like fine matting. These lines ran parallel to those of the enemy. The nearest parallel was not "armed" with cannon, but was lined with riflemen. Zigzags led down from trench to trench. The troops inside walked about securely, if not comfortably. The covering parties, with their arms piled, sat round their little fires, and smoked and enjoyed their coffee, while the working parties, spade in hand, continued the never-ending labours of the siege—filling gabions here, sloping and thickening the parapets there, repairing embrasures, and clearing out the fosses. Where we should have had a thin sergeant's guard at this work, the French could afford a strong company.

It was rather an unpleasant reflection, whenever one was discussing the range of a missile, and was perhaps in the act of exclaiming, "There's a splendid shot," that it might have carried misery and sorrow into some happy household. The smoke cleared away—the men got up—they gathered round one who moved not, or who was racked with mortal agony; they bore him away, a mere black speck, and a few shovelsfull of mud marked for a little time the resting-place of the poor soldier, whose wife, or mother, or children, or sisters, were left destitute of all solace, save memory and the sympathy of their country. One such little speck I watched that day, and saw quietly deposited on the ground inside the trench. Who would let the inmates of that desolate cottage in Picardy, or Gascony, or Anjou, know of their bereavement?

We descended the hill slope towards Upton's house, then occupied by a strong picket of the French, under the command of a couple of officers. From the front of this position one could see the heights over Inkermann, the plateau towards the Belbek, the north side, the flank of the military town opposite the English, our own left attack, and the rear of the redoubtable Tower of Malakoff. The first thing that struck one was the enormous preparations on the north side, extending from the sea behind Fort Constantine far away to the right behind Inkermann towards the Belbek. The trenches, batteries, earthworks, and redoubts all about the citadel (the North Fort) were

on an astonishing scale, and indicated an intention on the part of the Russians to fall back on the north side, in case of our occupying the south side of the place.*

Major-General Jones is said to have declared the position was not so strong as he expected to find it from the accounts he had heard, but it was only to the eye of a practised engineer that any signs of weakness presented themselves, for the earth was furrowed as far almost as the eye could reach by enormous banks, pierced with embrasures. The heights over the sea bristled with low batteries, with the guns couchant and just peering over the face of the cliffs. Vast as these works were, the Russians were busy at strengthening them. Not less than 3000 men could have been employed on the day in question on the ground about the citadel. One could see the staff-officers riding about and directing the labours of the men, or forming into groups, and warming themselves round the camp fires. About three o'clock three strong bodies of cavalry came down towards the fort, as if they had been in the direction of the Alma or the Katcha. They halted for a time, and then resumed their march to the camp over Inkermann. In this direction also the enemy were busily working, and their cantonments were easily perceptible, with the men moving about in them. At the rear of the Round Tower, however, the greatest energy was displayed, and a strong party of men were at work on new batteries between it and the ruined suburb on the commanding hill on which the Malakoff stood.

Our own men in the left attack seemed snug enough, and well covered by their works; in front of them, on the slopes, were men, French and English, scattered all over the hill side, grubbing for roots for fuel; and further on, in front, little puffs of smoke marked the pits of the Riflemen on both sides, from which the ceaseless crack of the Minié and Liège smote the ear; but the great guns were all silent, and scarcely one was fired on the right during the day; even Inkermann and its spiteful batteries being voiceless for a wonder. As one of the officers began to rub his nose and ears with snow, and to swear they were frostbitten, and as we all felt very cold, we discontinued our *reconnaissance*, and returned to camp. The wind blew keenly, and at night the thermometer was at 16°. There were few cases of illness in the trenches; but sickness kept on increasing. Typhus fever, thank God! nearly disappeared.

I was woke up shortly after two o'clock on the morning of the 24th of February by the commencement of one of the most furious cannonades we had then heard since the siege began. The whole line of the Russian batteries from our left opened with inconceivable force and noise, and the Inkermann batteries began playing on our right; the weight of this most terrible fire, which shook the very earth, and lighted up the skies with incessant lightning flashes for an hour and a half, was directed against the French.

The cannonade lasted from a quarter-past two to half-past three a.m. When first I heard it, I thought it was a sortie, and up I started and rode into the moonlight towards the fire; but ere I

* This was written on the 22nd of February, 1855. On the 9th of September the enemy retired to the north side, where they remained when we left the Crimea.

could get over the ground to Inkermann, the horrid tumult ceased, and it was only next morning that we found out the cause of such a tremendous exhibition of power. It appeared that the activity of the French in making their approaches against the Malakoff had rendered the Russians so uneasy that they began to make counter approaches, and pushed out trenches to rifle-pits placed on the Mamelon and on the head of Careening Creek ravine. These were observed by the French, and General Bosquet, acting by order of General Canrobert, directed General de Monet and General de Meyran to attack these works with 1000 2nd Zouaves, a battalion of the 6th of the Line, a battalion of the 10th of the Line, and a strong body of Marines; and that operation was effected about two a.m. The Russians offered a very vigorous resistance, and the Zouaves were not properly supported by the Marines or the troops of the Line. De Monet was badly wounded. In the desperate conflict the Zouaves lost 3 officers killed, 13 wounded, 1 missing, 69 men killed and 159 wounded.

The Russian riflemen showed in front with uncommon boldness, and in great numbers. The Zouaves were exceedingly irritated against the marine infantry, whom they threatened in detail with exceedingly unpleasant "quarters of an-hour" at some time to come for their alleged retreat on the morning of the 24th. The poor fellows came in for hard language, for the Zouaves had got it into their heads not only that the marines bolted, but that they fired into those before them, who were the Zouaves aforesaid. In their excessive anger and energy they were as unjust to their comrades, perhaps, as they were complimentary to ourselves, and I heard more than two of them exclaim, "Ah, if we had had a few hundred of your English we should have done the trick; but these marines—bah!" General Monet lost one hand, and the other was much mutilated; but he was not so dangerously wounded as was imagined.

On the night after this contest the enemy sunk four or five ships inside the booms, so as to present a fourth barrier across the roads.

An armistice took place for an hour on the 27th. In the orders for the day, Lord Raglan notified that at the request of General Osten-Sacken, an armistice was granted from twelve till one o'clock, to enable the Russians to bury their dead. There was not much firing in the morning previously. At twelve o'clock precisely, white flags were run up on the battery flagstaffs on both sides, and immediately afterwards a body of Russians issued from their new work near the Malakoff, which had been the object of the French attack of the 24th, and proceeded to search for their dead. The French were sent down from Inkermann on a similar errand. A few Russian officers advanced about half-way up towards our lines, where they were met by some of the officers of the allies, and extreme courtesy, the interchange of profound salutations, and enormous bowing, marked the interview. The officers sauntered up and down, and shakos were raised and caps doffed politely as each came near an enemy.

The exact object of the armistice it would have been hard to say, for neither French nor Russians seemed to find any bodies unburied. Shortly before one o'clock, the Russians retired inside their earthwork. At one o'clock the white flags were all hauled down in an instant,

and the last fluttering bit of white bunting had scarcely disappeared over the parapet, when the flash and roar of a gun from Malakoff announced that the war had begun once more. The French almost simultaneously fired a gun from their batteries also; in a minute afterwards the popping of rifles commenced as usual on both sides. The Cossacks about Balaklava were particularly busy, and, having nothing better to do, I spent an hour watching them through my glass from the artillery camp at Kadikoi. They had a picket of ten horsemen at Kamara, from which the vedettes on the top of Canrobert's Hill were furnished, and they had a similar body of eight horsemen on the slope at the back of No. 2 Redoubt. There were a few regular Hussars in a handsome dark blue or green uniform, with white belts, on duty as sentries. The horses seemed to follow the Cossacks about like dogs. The men all wore long loose grey coats and round fur caps. They could not be very badly off for provisions, inasmuch as the fields behind them towards the slope of the hill to Mackenzie's farm were tolerably well filled with cattle.

From the top of Canrobert's Hill their vedette could see everything that went on in the plains, from the entrance to Balaklava to the ridges on which the French right rested. Not a horse, cart, or man, could go in or out of the town which this sentinel could not see if he had good eyesight, for he was quite visible to any person who gazed on the top of Canrobert's Hill. The works of the railway must have caused this Cossack very serious discomposure. What on earth could he think of them? Gradually he saw villages of white huts rise up on the hill-sides and in the recesses of the valleys, and from the Cavalry Camp to the heights of Balaklava, he could behold line after line of snug angular wooden buildings, each with its chimney at work, and he could discern the tumult and bustle of Vanity Fair. This might have been all very puzzling, but it could have been nothing to the excitement of looking at a long line of black trucks rushing round and under the hill at Kadikoi, and running down the incline to the town at the rate of twenty miles an hour. A number of the Cossacks did gallop up to the top of the hill to look at a phenomenon of that kind, and they went capering about, and shaking their lances, in immense wonderment and excitation of spirits when it had disappeared.

In addition to the old lines thrown up by Liprandi close to the Woronzoff-road, the Russians erected, to the rear and north of it, a very large hexagonal work, capable of containing a large number of men, and of being converted into a kind of intrenched camp. The lines of these works were very plain as they were marked out by the snow, which lay in the trench after that which fell on the ground outside and inside had melted. There were, however, no infantry in sight, nor did any movement of troops take place over the valley of the Tchernaya. Emboldened by the success of the 24th, the Russians were apparently preparing to throw up another work on the right of the new trenches, as if they had made up their minds to besiege the French at Inkermann, and assail their right attack. They sent up two steamers to the head of the harbour, which greatly annoyed the right attack, and it occurred to Captain Peel, of the "Diamond," that it would be quite possible to get boats down to the water's edge

and cut these steamers out, or sink them. Lord Raglan and Sir Edmund Lyons reconnoitred their position, but on reflection the latter refused to sanction an operation which would have gone far to raise the prestige of our navy, and to maintain their old character for dash and daring.

Lord Raglan went out to one or other of the divisions every day he could spare from his desk. Perhaps there was no clerk in England who had so much writing to get through, *ipsâ manu*, as the Field-Marshal in command of the forces. I believe his lordship was frequently up till two or three o'clock in the morning, looking over papers, signing documents, preparing orders and despatches, and exhausting his energies in secretary's work. Such a life could with most men afford little opportunity for energy or action. The system that necessitated such labours on the part of a Commander-in-Chief must be faulty; it certainly was unsuited for the field or for times of war, and was cumbrous and antiquated. General Estcourt had also to get through an enormous quantity of writing, and General Airey was much occupied in the same way. The requirements of home authorities obliged the heads of departments to perform a great deal of writing. They had to fill up innumerable forms, requisitions, abstracts and returns, and every motion in the House for papers overwhelmed them with fresh matter for pen, ink, and paper.

BOOK V.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF ACTIVE OPERATIONS—THE SPRING—REINFORCEMENTS—THE SECOND BOMBARDMENT—ITS FAILURE—THIRD BOMBARDMENT, AND FAILURE—PERIOD OF PREPARATION.

CHAPTER I.

Preparations—The Railway in use—Vanity Fair, or Buffalo Town—Intrusion—Flowers and Birds—Exciting Sport—First Spring Meeting—Rumours—The Turkish Levies—The Electric Telegraph—News of the Death of Nicholas—Mismanagement—Progress of the Siege Works—Jack in Clover—Improved Condition of the Army—Admiral Boxer—Council of War—Affair between the Russians and the French.

About 240 sick men were sent in from the front to Balaklava on the 1st of March on French ambulance mules, and were received and refreshed at the Caradoc restaurant. The preparations for the renewal of our fire were pressed on with rapidity; and arrangements were made to send up at least 2000 rounds a-day to the front from the harbour. About 200 mules were pressed into this service in addition to the railway, and the Highlanders and the artillery horses were employed in the carriage of heavy shell to the front, a duty which greatly distressed and disabled them. The men of the Fourth Division, the 17th and 18th Regiments, were armed with the Minié or with the new rifle.

It froze on the night of the 1st of March. The thermometer was at twenty-four degrees at two a.m. next morning, the wind strong and very cold. It was scarcely to be believed that, with all our immense stores of warm clothing, boots and shoes were at that time by no means plentiful in the army. About three hundred pairs of boots were served out to the 14th Regiment, which was employed in fatigue duty in and near Balaklava; but the thick heavy clay sucked the soles off, and for a week some of the men went about without any soles to their boots—*ergo*, their feet were on the ground, with the thermometer at thirty degrees: that was not agreeable locomotion.

The silence and calm were but the omens of the struggle which was about to be renewed for the possession of Sebastopol. The Russians were silent because the allies did not impede their works. The allies were silent because they were preparing for the contest, and were using every energy to bring up from Kamiesch and Balaklava the enormous mounds of projectiles and mountains of ammunition which were required for the service of the new batteries, and to extend, complete, and strengthen their offensive and defensive lines and trenches.

The railway had begun to render us some service in saving the hard labour attendant on the transport of shot and shell, and enabled us to form a sort of small terminal depôt at the distance of two miles and three quarters from Balaklava, which was, however, not large enough for the demands upon it, and it was emptied as soon as it was formed by parties of the Highland Brigade, who carried the ammunition to the camp depôt, three miles and a half further on. The railway was not sufficiently long to induce Mr. Filder to avail himself of it largely for the transport of provisions to the front, as he conceived a partial use of it would impede the formation of the rail, derange his own commissariat transport, and produce endless confusion at the temporary terminus. The commissariat officers of the Second Division were, however, allowed to use the rail between six and eight o'clock every morning.

The navvies, notwithstanding the temptations of the bottle and of strange society in Vanity Fair or Buffalo-town, worked honestly and well, with few exceptions, and the dread of the Provost-Marshal had produced a wholesome influence on the dispositions of the refractory. The Croat labourers astonished all who saw them by the enormous loads they carried, and by their great physical strength and endurance. Broad-chested, flat-backed men, round-shouldered, with long arms, lean flanks, thick muscular thighs, and their calfless legs—feeding simply, and living quietly and temperately—the Croats performed daily an amount of work in conveying heavy articles on their backs which would amaze any one who had not seen a Constantinople "hamal." Their camp, outside the town, was extremely picturesque, and, I am bound to add, dirty. A rich flavour of onions impregnated the air for a considerable distance around, mingled with reminiscences of ancient Parmesan, and the messes which the nasty-handed Phillises dressed for themselves did not look very inviting, but certainly contained plenty of nutriment, and were better, I dare say, than the tough pork and tougher biscuit of our own ration. The men were like Greeks of the Isles in dress, arms, and carriage, but they had an expression of honest ferocity, courage, and manliness in their faces, which at once distinguished them from their Hellenic brethren. We had also a number of strong "hamals" in our service, who were very useful as beasts of burden to the commissariat.

Parties of men were lent to Mr. Beatty to assist in the works of the railway, and 200 men of the Naval Brigade detailed in order that the construction of it might be hastened and facilitated as much as possible. I was favoured by a striking proof of the energy of the proceedings of the navvies one day. I had left my quarters in Balaklava, as I did each week, to spend some days going from division to division, and regiment to regiment, and left my delectable premises in their usual condition: outside my den a courtyard of abominations unutterable, the favourite resort of Tartar camel-drivers, when they had a few moments to devote to the pursuit of parasites, and of drunken sailors, who desired dignified retirement from the observation of the Provost-Marshal's myrmidons, was surrounded by a wall which enclosed a ruined shed, in which stood some horses and a few old poplar trees. I left on one post-day and returned on another, and it was

with difficulty I recognised the spot. A railway was running right across my court-yard, the walls were demolished, a severance existed between the mansion and its dependencies, and just as my friends and myself entered the saloon and bedchamber—a primitive apartment, through the floor of which I could investigate the proceedings of my quadrupeds below—the navvies gave us a startling welcome by pulling down a poplar right on the roof, which had the effect of carrying away a portion of the balcony, roof, and pent-tiles, and smashing in two windows.

Whatever the cause, it was quite evident that unusual energy became visible in most of the public departments connected with the army. The word "must" was heard. Whether its use was attributable to the pressure of the French, to instructions from home, to the necessity which existed for it, or to any specific cause, I am unable to surmise. Certain it is that officers were told that so many guns *must* be in the batteries on such a day, and that such a work *must* be finished by such a time. A Chef d'Etat-Major was appointed, and General Simpson was then expected every day, to assume that important office, and to harmonize the operations of the Quarter-master-General's and Adjutant-General's departments. A sanatorium was established on Balaklava heights, the hospitals were in order, and a *General* visited the trenches every day, and saw that the men did not neglect their duty.

We had had only a few warm days, and yet the soil, wherever a flower had a chance of springing up, poured forth multitudes of snowdrops, crocuses, and hyacinths. The Chersonese was covered with bulbous plants, some of great beauty, and the shrubs contained several rare species. The finches and larks had a Valentine's-day of their own, and congregated in flocks. Very brilliant goldfinches, large buntings, golden-crested wrens, larks, linnets, titlarks, and three sorts of tomtits, the hedge sparrow, and a pretty species of wagtail, were very common all over the Chersonese; and it was strange to hear them piping and twittering about the bushes in the intervals of the booming of cannon, just as it was to see the young spring flowers forcing their way through the crevices of piles of shot, and peering out from under shells and heavy ordnance. The insides of our huts were also turned into gardens, and grapes sprouted out of the earth in the window-sills, the floor, and the mud walls.

Cormorants and shags haunted the head of the harbour, which was also resorted to by some rare and curious wildfowl, one like the *Anas sponsa** of Linnæus, another the golden-eyed pocher, and many sorts of widgeon and diver. The eagles, vultures, kites, buzzards, and ravens wheeled over the whole plateau in hundreds at a time for two or three days, and all at once disappeared for the same time, when they returned, as before, to feast on the garbage. Probably they divided their attention between the allies and the Russians. The Tchernaya abounded with duck, and some of the officers had little decoys of their own, where they went at night, in spite of the Russians. It was highly exciting sport, for the Russian batteries over

* Mr. Gould, the ornithologist, informs me that the Crimea is not, to his knowledge, among the habitats of the "summer duck."

Inkermann sent a round shot or shell at the sportsman if he was seen by their sentries; but even that did not deter them. In the daytime they adopted the expedient of taking a few French soldiers down with them, who actually, out of love of the thing, and for the chance of a *bonnepain*, were only too happy to go out and occupy the attention of the Cossacks in front, while their patrons were engaged in looking after mallard. There were bustards and little bustards on the steppes near the Monastery of St. George, and the cliffs presented appearances which led two or three officers acquainted with Australia to make some fruitless searches for gold ore. The cliffs were principally of granitic porphyry, and the ravines near them abounded with pebbles of jasper, bloodstone, &c. There was abundance of "black sand" in the interstices of the rocks, which were of exceeding hardness, and were perfectly useless for building; but south-west of St. George, and all along the plateau, there were great quantities of the finest blue limestone.

The French and Russians had a severe brush about daybreak on the 4th of March. The volleys of musketry lasted an hour, mingling with the roar of a cannonade. The sortie was repulsed.

Generals Canrobert, Niel, Bosquet, Bizot, and staff, rode over to the English head-quarters in the course of the day. The French Generals were closeted with Lord Raglan for some time, and, assisted by Sir George Brown, Sir John Burgoyne, and General Jones, they considered a proposition made by General Canrobert to attack the north side of the harbour, by the aid of the Turks, as it seemed to him quite hopeless to attempt to drive the Russians from Inkermann.

Early on the morning of the 5th of March there was a repetition of the affair between the French and Russians. They were throwing up a new redoubt towards the Victoria Redoubt. In order to strengthen our right, which the enemy menaced more evidently every day, the whole of the Ninth Division of the French army was moved over there.

The sports of the camp commenced. Dog-hunting was "open," and the curs of Karanyi had several hard but successful runs for their lives. On the 5th our first spring meeting took place, and was numerously attended. The races came off on a little piece of undulating ground, on the top of the ridges near Karanyi, and were regarded with much interest by the Cossack pickets at Kamara and on Canrobert's Hill. They evidently thought at first that the assemblage was connected with some military demonstration, and galloped about in a state of excitement to and fro, but it is to be hoped they got a clearer notion of the real character of the proceedings ere the sport was over.

In the midst of the races a party of twelve Russians were seen approaching the vedette on No. 4 Old Redoubt in the valley. The Dragoon fired his carbine, and ten of the men turned round and fled, and when the picket came up to the man, they found two deserters had come in. One of them was an officer; the other had been an officer, but had suffered degradation for "political causes." They were both Poles, and the ex-officer spoke French and German fluently and well. They expressed great satisfaction at their escape, and the

latter said, "Send me wherever you like, provided I never see Russia again." They stated that they had deceived the men who were with them into the belief that the vedette was one of their own outposts, and, as they belonged to a party which had only just arrived, they believed it was so, and advanced boldly till the Dragoon fired on them, when they discovered their mistake and fled. As the Poles were well mounted they dashed on towards our post; the Cossacks galloped down to try and cut them off, but did not succeed. On being taken to Sir Colin Campbell, they requested that the horses they rode might be sent back to the Russian lines, for, as they did not belong to them, they did not wish to be accused of theft. Sir Colin granted the request, and the horses were taken to the brow of the hill and set free, when they at once galloped off towards the Cossacks. The races proceeded after this little episode just as usual, and subsequently the company resolved itself into small packs of dog-hunters. The deserters state, that a corps of about 8000 men had joined the army between Baidar and Simpheropol.

The weather was extremely mild and fine. The nights were clear, and the moon shone so brightly that it was not easy, without being observed, to carry on the works which were usually performed during a siege at night-time. Nevertheless, certain important alterations and amendments took place in the construction of our offensive line; our defensive line over Balaklava was greatly strengthened, and its outworks and batteries were altered and amended considerably. The health of the troops was better, mortality and sickness decreased, and the spirits of the men were good. The wreck of Balaklava was shovelled away, or was in the course of removal, and was shot into the sea to form piers, or beaten down to make roads, and stores and barracks of wood were rising up in its place. The oldest inhabitant would not have known the place on his return. If war is a great destroyer, it is also a great creator. The Czar was indebted to it for a railway in the Crimea, and for new roads between Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Sebastopol. The hill-tops were adorned with clean wooden huts, the flats were drained, the watercourses dammed up and deepened, and all this was done in a few days, by the newly awakened energies of labour. The noise of hammer and anvil, and the roll of the railway train, were heard in these remote regions a century before their time. Can anything be more suggestive of county magistracy and poor-laws, and order and peace, than stone-breaking? It went on daily, and parties of red-coated soldiery were to be seen contentedly hammering away at the limestone rock, satisfied with a few pence extra pay. Men were given freely wherever there was work to be done. The policeman walked abroad in the streets of Balaklava. Colonel Harding exhibited ability in the improvement of the town, and he had means at his disposal which his predecessors could not obtain. Lord Raglan was out about the camps every day, and Generals Estcourt and Airey were equally active. They visited Balaklava, inspected the lines, rode along the works, and by their presence and directions infused an amount of energy which went far to make up for lost time, if not for lost lives.

The filthy heaps accumulated by the wretched Turks who perished in

the fœtid lanes of Balaklava, and the masses of abomination unutterable which they left behind them, were removed and mixed with stones, lime, manure, and earth, to form piers, which were not so offensive as might have been expected. The dead horses were collected and buried beneath lime and earth. The railway extended its lines by night and by day. A little naval arsenal grew up at the north side of the harbour, with shears, landing-wharf, and storehouses; and a branch line was to be made from this spot to the trunk to the camp. The harbour, crowded as it was, had assumed a certain appearance of order. Cesspools were cleared out, and the English Hercules at last began to stir about the heels of the oxen of Augæus.

The whole of the Turks were removed to the hill-side. Each day there was a diminution in the average amount of sickness, and a still greater decrease in the rates of mortality. Writing at the time, I said a good sanitary officer, with an effective staff, might do much to avert the sickness to be expected among the myriads of soldiers when the heats of spring began.* Fresh provisions were becoming abundant, and supplies of vegetables were to be had for the sick and scurvy-stricken. The siege works were in a state of completion, and were admirably made. Those on which our troops were engaged proceeded uninterruptedly. A great quantity of mules and ponies, with a staff of drivers from all parts of the world, was collected together, and lightened the toils of the troops and of the commissariat department. The public and private stores of warm clothing exceeded the demand. The mortality among the horses ceased, and, though the oxen and sheep sent over to the camps would not have found much favour in Smithfield, they were very grateful to those who had to feed so long on salt junk alone. The sick were nearly all hutted, and even some of the men in those camps which were nearest to Balaklava had been provided with similar comforts and accommodation.

The electric telegraph had also been established between headquarters and Kadikoi, and the line was ordered to be speedily carried on to Balaklava. It was rather singular that the French preferred the old-fashioned semaphore. They had a telegraphic communication by semaphore established between the camps and naval stations for some time back. The camps of the allies were rapidly concentrated, as it were, by these means of communicating with each of its parts with rapidity.

The news of the death of the Emperor Nicholas produced an immense sensation, and gave rise to the liveliest discussions as to the effect which such an event was likely to produce upon the contest in which we were engaged, and we were all wrong in our surmises. The enemy fired very briskly all the day the intelligence arrived, as if to show they were not disheartened at the news.

We had about sixty garrison carriages at the artillery depôt, and the stores of shot and shell seemed inexhaustible, but, in reality, were not too much for thirty hours' firing. The story of the guns of position, at this time available, was instructive. It will be remembered that the Russians inflicted great loss upon us by their guns of position at the

* This suggestion was acted on, and sanitary commissioners were sent out later in the year.

Alma, and that we had none to reply to them. Indeed, had they been landed at Kalamita Bay, it is doubtful if we could have got horses to draw them. However, if we had had the horses, we could not have had the guns. The fact was, that sixty fine guns of position, with all their equipments complete, were shipped on board the "Taurus" at Woolwich, and sent out to the East. When the vessel arrived at Constantinople, the admiral in charge, with destructive energy, insisted on trans-shipping all the guns into the "Gertrude." The captain in charge remonstrated, but in vain—words grew high, but led to no result. The guns, beautifully packed and laid, with everything in its proper place, were hauled up out of the hold, and huddled, in the most approved higgledy-piggledy *à la Balaklava ancienne*, into the "Gertrude," where they were deposited on the top of a quantity of medical and other stores. The equipments shared the same fate, and the hold of the vessel presented to the eye of the artilleryman the realization of the saying anent the arrangement of a midshipman's chest, "everything uppermost and nothing at hand." The officer in charge got to Varna, and in vain sought permission to go to some retired nook, discharge the cargo, and restow the guns. The expedition sailed, and when the "Gertrude" arrived at Old Fort, had Hercules been set to clear the guns, as his fourteenth labour, he could not have done it. And so the medicines, that would certainly have done good, and the guns, that might have done harm, were left to neutralize each other!

The weather continued during the early part of March to be so mild and fine, that it was scarcely generous to notice the few Black Sea fogs which swept over us now and then like shadows and so departed. Our siege works were a kind of Penelope's web. They were always approaching completion, and never (or at least very slowly) attaining it. The matter was in this wise:—Our engineers now and then saw a certain point to be gained by the erection of a work or battery at a particular place. The plans were made and the working parties were sent down, and after a few casualties the particular work was executed; but, as it generally happened that the enemy were quite alive to our proceedings, without waiting for their copies of *The Times*, we found that the Russians had, by the time the work was finished, thrown up another work to enfilade or to meet our guns. Then it became necessary to do something to destroy the advantageous position of the enemy, and fresh plans were drawn up, and more trenches were dug and parapets erected. The same thing took place as before, and the process might have been almost indefinite but for the space of soil.

The front of Sebastopol, between English, French, and Russians, looked like a huge graveyard, covered with freshly-made mounds of dark earth in all directions. Every week one heard some such gossip as this—"The Russians have thrown up another battery over Inkermann."

"Yes, the French are busy making another new battery in front of the redoubt;" and so on, day after day, till all confidence in the power of artillery and batteries was destroyed, and the strenuous assurances that "Our fire will most positively open about the end of

next week" were received with an incredulous smile. We were overdoing our "positively last nights."

The French constructed two new batteries on the right of the position, and were pushing forward the works on their own left and centre.

On the 8th, early in the morning, a small work armed with three heavy guns, which had been constructed very quietly, to open on the two steamers near Inkermann, under the orders of Captain Strange, began its practice at about 1700 yards, and drove them both away after about sixty rounds, but did not sink, or, as far as we knew, seriously disable them.

Every material for carrying on a siege—guns, carriages, platforms, powder, shot, shell, gabions, fascines, scaling-ladders—we had in abundance. The artillery force was highly efficient, notwithstanding the large proportion of young gunners. Our engineers, if not quite so numerous as they ought to have been, were active and energetic; and our army must have consisted of nearly 20,000 bayonets, owing to the great number of men discharged from the hospitals, and returned fit for duty, and to the draughts which had been received. With the exception of the Guards, who were encamped near Balaklava, quite exhausted and reduced to the strength of a company, nearly every brigade in the army could muster many more men than they could have done a month before.

Of all the Guardsmen who were sent down to Scutari to recover from disease or wounds, not more than sixty or seventy were in such a state of convalescence as to permit them to join their regiments, and do duty once more. The men in Balaklava fared better, and the weather effected a marked improvement in the health of the men in the field hospitals. Perhaps the huts which had been provided for medical purposes had something to do with that most desirable result. The artillerymen, who were better fed and clothed than any body of men except the sailors, were in excellent condition.

As for Jack, he was as happy as he would allow himself to be, and as healthy, barring a little touch of scurvy now and then, as he could wish; but it must be remembered that he had no advanced trenches, no harassing incessant labour to enfeeble him, and that he had been most successful in his adaptation of stray horseflesh to camp purposes, in addition to which he had a peculiar commissariat, and the supplies of the fleet to rely upon. It is a little out of place, perhaps, to tell a story here about the extraordinary notions Jack had imbibed concerning the ownership of chattels and the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, but I may not have a better chance. A mild young officer went up one day to the sailors' camp, which he heard was a very good place to purchase a horse, and on his arrival picked out a likely man, who was gravely chewing the cud of meditation and tobacco beside the suspension bridge, formed of the staves of casks, which leads across a ravine to their quarters. "Can you tell me where I can get a good horse to buy, my man?"

"Well, sir, you see as how our chaps aint come in yet, and we don't know what we may have this evening, if your honour could wait."

"Then you haven't got anything to sell now?"

"Ah! how I does wish your honour had a comed up yesterday. We had five regular good 'uns—harabs some on 'em was, but they was all bought up by a specklator from Ballyklava."

"So they're all gone?"

"All, your honour. But," with his face brightening up suddenly, "if you should happen to want a sporting out-and-out dromeydairy, I've got one as I can let you have cheap." As he spoke, Jack pointed in great triumph to the melancholy-looking quadruped, which he had "moored stem and stern," as he expressed it, to the ground, and was much disappointed when he found there was no chance of a sale.

The cavalry and artillery horses began to look a little better—the mange and sore backs were decreasing. So far, then, the condition of the army was vastly improved, and what was more, it was beginning to *look* like an army, instead of resembling an armed mob, with sheepskin coats, and bread-bag and sand-bag leggings, and butchers' fur caps, the men of which scarcely saluted an officer, no matter how high his rank, unless he belonged to their own regiments. The weather was too warm for sheepskins, and the red coat was seen once more, and the influence of "uniform" returned.

Again, as regarded food and shelter, our men were better off every day than they were the day before; but it was, unfortunately, just in proportion as they did not want them that comforts and even luxuries were showered upon them. In such weather a tent was as good as—some say better than—a hut. Where were the huts when the snow was on the ground, and where was the warm clothing, when cold rains and bitter winds racked the joints? Just where our fresh meat and vegetables were when scurvy and scorbutic dysentery were raging in the canvas cantonment before Sebastopol.

From hunger, unwholesome food, and comparative nakedness, the camp was plunged into a sea of abundance, filled with sheep and sheepskins, wooden huts, furs, comforters, mufflers, flannel shirts, tracts, soups, preserved meats, potted game, and spirits. Nay, it was even true that a store of Dalby's Carminative, of respirators, and of jujubes, had been sent out to the troops. The two former articles were issued under the sanction of Dr. Hall, who gave instructions that the doctors should report on the effects. Where the jujubes came from I know not; but had things gone on at this rate, we might soon have heard complaints that our Grenadiers had been left for several days without their Godfrey's Cordial and Soothing Syrup, and that the Dragoons had been shamefully ill supplied with Daffy's Elixir.

"Hit high—hit low—there is no pleasing him;" but really, the fact is, that the army was overdone with Berlin wool and flannel, and was ill-provided with leather. The men wanted good boots and waterproofs, for there was a rainy season. Medicine was not deficient, and there was an unfortunately large demand for the remedies against the ravages of low fever. Mutton and beef were so abundant, that the men got fresh meat about three times a-week. Some of the mutton, &c. brought to the Crimea ready killed, was excellent. Potatoes, cabbages, and carrots, were served out pretty frequently,

as the cargoes arrived, and the patients in hospital were seldom or never left short of vegetables. Admiral Boxer was most anxious to clear the harbour, and exerted himself very much to reduce the number of adventurers' ships, and he applied himself also with success to the improvement of the wharfage and of the roads to the north side of the harbour. In fact, the dreamers had awakened, and after a yawn, a stretch, a gape of surprise to find that what they had been sleeping over was not a horrid nightmare, they set to work with a will to clear away the traces of their sloth. But while all this improvement was taking place, the enemy were gathering strength in proportion. The Russians, on the night of the 11th, developed their works on the hill in front of the Malakoff, called the Mamelon Vert, under cover of their rapidly-increasing works at Mount Sapoune, called by the French "les ouvrages blancs." The French stated they were ready to begin their fire on the 13th, but that Lord Raglan informed General Canrobert he was not prepared. Meantime our right attack was connected by a trench with the French Inkermann attack.

On the 12th, Omar Pasha arrived from Eupatoria, and a council of war was held, at which it was decided that 20,000 Turks should be at once landed from the latter place to co-operate in the attack on the city.

On the 14th there was an affair with the Russians which was not so fortunate for our allies as might be desired. The Russians had advanced some riflemen in front of the French battery and lines before and on the right of our Second Division, which caused considerable annoyance by their fire. A body of French, consisting of a demi-brigade, went down and drove the Russians out of the pits. All the batteries opened at once along the front with a tremendous crash, and for half an hour there was a furious cannonade directed against the darkness. In the midst of this fire a strong body of Russians advanced on the French with much impetuosity, and obliged them to retire. Assistance was sent down to the French, who again drove the Russians back; but the French lost about sixty-five men, killed and wounded.

CHAPTER II.

Spring Weather—Abundance of Provisions—Fourth Division Races—A Melancholy Accident—Struggles for the Rifle-pits—Reinforcements enter Sebastopol—Departure of Sir John Burgoyne—A Curious Fight—A Hard Struggle—More Contests for the Rifle-pits—Killed and wounded.

ABOUT the middle of March we were blessed with all the genial influences of a glorious spring. Vegetation struggled for existence beneath the tramp of armed men and the hoof of the war horse, and faint patches of green herbage dotted the brown expanse in which the allied camps had rested so long. The few fruit-trees which had been left standing near Balaklava were in blossom. The stumps on the hill-sides were throwing out green shoots as outlets for the welling

sap; the sun shone brightly and warmly from blue skies streaked with clouds, which were borne rapidly along by the breeze that never ceased to blow from the high lands. Of course, the beneficial effects of this permanent fine weather on the health and spirits of the army were very great, and became more striking day after day. The voice of song was heard once more in the tents, and the men commenced tuning up their pipes, and chanting their old familiar choruses. The railway pushed its iron feelers up the hill-side to the camp. The wire ropes and rollers for the trains had been partially laid down. Every day the plains and hill-sides were streaked with columns of smoke, which marked the spots where fire was destroying heaps of filth and corrupt animal and vegetable matter as sacrifices on the altar of Health. The sanatorium was working in the most satisfactory manner, and had produced the best results. The waters of little streamlets were caught up in reservoirs to provide against drought.

Provisions were abundant. Vegetables for the sick, and fresh meat several times a-week, stopped the ravages of scorbutic disease. Up to this date about 700 of the huts had been sent to camp and erected. The army, animated by the constant inspection of Lord Raglan, and by the supervision of the heads of the great military departments, was nearly restored, in all but numbers, to what it was six months before. Balaklava was fast resolving itself into lines of huts. Bakeries, under the control of Government, were established in the town, and the troops were fed on wholesome bread. The silence and gloom of despondency had passed away with the snows and rains and the deadly lethargy of our last terrible winter. The blessed sounds of labour—twice blessed, but that they spoke of war and bloodshed—rang throughout the camp, from the crowded shore to the busy lines of batteries in front.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the enemy derived equal advantage from the improvement in the weather. Valley and plain were now as firm as the finest road, and the whole country was open to the march of artillery, cavalry, infantry, and commissariat wagons. Each day the Russian camps on the north of Sebastopol increased and spread out. Each night new watchfires attracted the eye. We heard that a formidable army had assembled around Eupatoria, and it was certain that the country between that town and Sebastopol was constantly traversed by parties of horse and foot, who were sometimes seen from the sea in very great numbers. The actual works of the siege made no progress to justify one in prophesying. Actual increase of lines and batteries and armament there was no doubt, but it existed on both sides, and there had been no comparative advantage gained by the allies. The impression which had long existed in the minds of many that Sebastopol could not be taken by assault, considering the position of the north forts, the fleet, and the army outside, gained ground. It was generally thought that the army outside ought to have been attacked and dispersed, or that the investment of the place should have been completed, before we could hope to reduce the city and the citadel.

But coupled with this impression was the far stronger conviction that, had our army marched upon the place on the 25th of September,

it would have fallen almost without resistance. A Russian officer, who was taken prisoner some time before, and who knew the state of the city well, declared that he could not account for our "infatuation" in allowing the Russians to throw up works and regain heart, when we could have walked into the place, unless under the supposition that the hand of the Almighty was in it, and that He had blinded the vision and perverted the judgment of our generals. "And now," said he, "He has saved Sebastopol, and we, with His help, will maintain it inviolate."

However, let bygones be bygones on this and other points as well —they will be matters for history and posterity.

Several sea-service mortars, with a range of 3500 yards, were sent up to the front, and the new batteries had the heaviest armament ever used in war. On the 13th General Simpson arrived, he was appointed chief of the Staff; and Lord Raglan, who rode into Balaklava, saw for the first time that day Sir John M'Neill and Colonel Tulloch, the commissioners sent out by Lord Panmure to inquire into the commissariat condition of the army.

The Fourth Division had excellent races on the 17th of March. The meeting was well attended, and the Fourth Division had this advantage over the races at Karanyi, that the course was almost under long range fire of the forts, and that the thunder of the siege-guns rose now and then above the shouts of the crowd in the heat of the sport. It was St. Patrick's Day, and many an officer had a bit of some sorry green substitute for a shamrock in his cap, and the cries of the applauding multitude had now and then a particular "chique" about them which showed that the Hibernians who owned the voices had not forgotten the peculiar rites and ceremonies by which this once celebrated day was remembered in times gone by.

Not a drunken man was visible on the course. Every face beamed with good humour and joy and high spirits. Some thoughtful people at home had actually sent out to their friends real shamrocks by post, which arrived just in the nick of time, and an officer of my acquaintance was agreeably surprised by his servant presenting himself at his bedside with a semblance of that curious plant, which he had cut out of some esculent vegetable with a pair of scissors, and a request that he would wear it, "and nobody would ever know the differ."

A melancholy accident occurred on the night of the 17th. Mr. Edward Leblanc, surgeon of the 9th Regiment, was coming home after dark, and got outside the French lines on our right and rear. He was challenged by a sentry, and either did not hear or understand what the man said. The Frenchman challenged again, and, receiving no satisfactory reply, shot the unfortunate officer dead on the spot. Heavy firing was going on at the time, and sorties on our lines; and a serious affair on our right, another struggle for the pits, which the enemy had thrown up on the right opposite the French, and which our allies carried gallantly, but did not succeed in retaining. As the Russians succeeded in making good their ground against us on the right, they advanced their riflemen, who kept up a most galling fire against the exposed parts of our works.

These rifle-pits, which cost both armies such a quantity of ammunition, and led to so considerable a sacrifice on the part of our allies, were placed in front and to the right and left of the Tower of Malakoff, about 600 yards from our works. They were simple excavations in the ground, faced round with sandbags, which were loopholed for rifles, and banked round with the earth which had been thrown up from the pit. Each of these pits contained about ten men. They were, in fact, little forts or redoubts for offensive proceedings against the besiegers, armed with rifles instead of cannon. Practice made the men placed in them expert, and it was likely they were picked shots, for their fire was exceedingly good, and if a man showed for a moment above the works in front of these pits he had a small swarm of leaden hornets buzzing round his ears.

They were so well covered and so admirably protected by the nature of the ground that our riflemen could do nothing with them, and the French sharpshooters were equally unsuccessful. It was determined to try a round shot or two at them from one of the English batteries. The first shot struck down a portion of the bank of one of the pits, the second went slap into the sand-bags, right through the parapet, and out at the other side, and the riflemen, ignorant of Sir John Burgoyne's advice to men similarly situated to adhere the more obstinately to their work the more they are fired at by big-guns, "bolted," and ran across the space to their works. The French sharpshooters, who were in readiness to take advantage of this moment, at once fired on the fugitives, but did not hit one of them. All the riflemen left the pits, and they were deserted for the rest of the day, as the allies could not approach them under the guns of the works till dark. It was probable that, silent as the enemy had been, he would have opened upon them at once with case and grape had they attempted to occupy them.

As it was made a point of honour by General Bosquet that our allies should take these pits, a strong force of about 5000 men at least were marched up to the base of the hills in front of our position, close to the Second and Light Divisions, before dusk on the night of the 17th, and shortly afterwards they were sent down to the advanced trenches on our right occupied by the French. At half-past six o'clock their skirmishers and riflemen were ordered out to occupy the pits. The Zouaves advanced with their usual dash and intrepidity, but they found the Russians had anticipated them, and that the enemy were already in possession. A fierce conflict immediately commenced, but it was evident that the Russians were in great strength. The French could not drive them back from their position, notwithstanding their repeated attempts to do so. It is stated that some misapprehension led the men in the trenches to fire two heavy volleys of musketry before their comrades reached the pits, and that the enemy at once despatched a large force to the assistance of the troops already engaged with the French, so that the latter were at last forced back by the weight of fire. The contest was carried on by musketry, and the volume of volleys which rang out incessantly for four hours and a half roused up the whole camp. From the almost ceaseless roll and flashing lines of light in front one would have ima-

gined that a general action between considerable armies was going on, and the character of the fight had something unusual about it owing to the absence of any fire of artillery.

About half-past seven o'clock the Fourth Division was turned out by the General, Sir John Campbell, and took up its position on the hill nearly in front of its tents, and Sir George Brown at the same time marched the Light Division a few hundred yards forward to the left and front of their encampment. These Divisions remained under arms for nearly four hours, and were marched back when the French finally desisted from their assault on the pits. The Second and Third Divisions were also in readiness for immediate action. Had our allies required our assistance they would have received it, but they were determined on taking and holding these pits, which, in fact, were in front of their works, without any aid. I heard that the reserve, owing to some mistake, did not come into action, and was not where the advanced troops expected to have found it at the most critical moment. The Zouaves bore the brunt of the fight. Through the night air, in the lulls of the musketry, the voices of the officers could be distinctly heard cheering on the men, and encouraging them—"*En avant, mes enfans!*" "*En avant, Zouaves!*"—and the tramp of feet and the rush of men generally followed; then a roll of musketry was heard, diminishing in volume to rapid file-firing—then a Russian cheer —then more musketry—a few dropping shots—and the voices of the officers once more. This work went on for about four hours, and the French, unassisted by their reserve, at length retired, with the loss, they say, of about 150 men killed and wounded, and a few taken prisoners.

A large force of men entered Sebastopol on the 18th from the north side. It was computed to number about 15,000 men. This force might have been a relief to the garrison from the army of the Belbek, and might only have been a change of men, but it was more likely that it was a reinforcement from the north. The very remarkable silence of the Russian batteries continued all day. Large trains of carts and wagons were seen moving round towards the Belbek, and a considerable force bivouacked by the waterside below the citadel.

About the same time that the Russians received the reinforcement to the army north and north-east of the town a portion of the army of Inkermann, numbering 15,000 according to the best calculations, marched down towards Mackenzie's Farm road, and was reported to have crossed the Tchernaya and to have gone towards Baidar.

About four o'clock p.m., General Canrobert, attended by a small staff and escort, passed down the Woronzow-road by our right attack, and carefully examined the position of the "pits," and the works of the Mamelon and of the square redoubt to its right. At nightfall a strong force of French, with six field-guns of "12," were moved down on the left of their extreme right, and another attempt was made to take the pits from the Russians, but it was not successful. Both parties retired after the contest was over.

During the course of the 18th our batteries pitched shot and shell right into the Mamelon, which the Russians were fortifying rapidly, and they also threw some excellently-aimed missiles into the

new pits which the Russians had erected on the ground where the French were so severely handled some nights before. This redoubt had been armed. It was square, and mounted sixteen guns on the three faces visible to us. The fire at Inkermann, of the forts across the Tchernaya, and of the works of the Malakoff covered this redoubt, and converged on the approaches in front.

The firing during the night of the 19th was nearly all from the French mortars. We also opened a few guns. The enemy scarcely replied at all.

Sir John Burgoyne left the camp on the 21st and proceeded to Kamiesch, where he took a passage by the mail steamer, on his way to England. All kinds of opinions and acts had been attributed to Sir John while he was here superintending the earlier operations of the siege, but no one ever denied the entire devotion and zeal which the veteran General displayed in the prosecution of the works so far as he could control them. If his manner exhibited that stoical apathy and indifference which distinguish the few remaining disciples of "the Great Duke," his activity and personal energy were beyond his years. Whether he was for an immediate assault after we arrived before the place—whether he allowed the enemy's defences to grow up under his eyes uninterruptedly—whether he left our right at Inkermann undefended,—whether he did all these things or not, he was, no doubt, able to state to those who had a right to ascertain the truth; but it must in justice be remembered that Sir John Burgoyne was in an anomalous and difficult position from the time he joined the army at Varna, when Brigadier-General Tylden was in command of the Royal Engineers, up to the moment that he was relieved from responsibility by the arrival of Sir H. Jones.

The Orders were at this time signed by General Simpson, and the name of the Adjutant-General Estcourt was no longer appended to them. It was the Chief of the Staff who waited on Lord Raglan each day to ascertain his wishes, and to receive orders, and he communicated those orders to the Quartermaster and Adjutant-General, and saw that they were duly executed. General Simpson was very active for his years, and walked as well as most men. He was on foot in all directions about the camp. Major-General Jones possessed activity and energy, and it was hoped that these two appointments would contribute to the improvement of the social and internal economy of the army, and to the accomplishment of the objects of this expedition. At that time the lines of our batteries remained very nearly identical with those from which we opened fire on the 17th of October.

The Engineer officers alleged there was great difficulty in finding men to execute the necessary works, notwithstanding the improved condition of our army and the diminution of work and labour which had taken place since the co-operation of the French on our right. We frequently had not more than 900 men for duty in the trenches of the left attack, although it was considered that they ought to be defended by at least 1200 men, and that 1500 men would be by no means too many for the duty. I saw one parallel in which the officer on duty

was told to cover the whole line of work. He had about 340 men with him, and when he had extended his line they were each nearly thirty paces apart. This was in a work exposed to attack at any moment. Notwithstanding the ground taken by the French, we were obliged to let the men stay for twenty-four hours at a time in the trenches. On an average the men had three or four nights out of seven in bed. The French had five nights out of seven in bed. With reference to the observations which were made at home on the distribution of labour between the two armies, it must be borne in mind that when the French and English first broke ground before Balaklava we were as strong as our allies, and that it was some time after the siege began ere the relative proportions of the two armies were considerably altered to the advantage of the French by the arrival of their reinforcements.

A furious fight raged all along our front on the 22nd. To a person standing on Cathcart's Hill, in front of the 4th Division, the whole of the Russian lines were revealed in successive glimpses by bursts of red flame, and the bright star-like flashes of musketry, twinkling all over the black expanse between us and the town for three or four miles in length, showed that a fierce contest was going on before the trenches of the allies. Shells, each marked by a distinctive point of fire where the fusee was burning, described their terrible curves in the air, and seemed to mingle with the stars; and fiery rockets with long trails of dropping sparks rushed like comets through the air. Above all, the pale crescent moon was shining from a deep blue sky, covered with the constellations of heaven. The roar of the cannon, the hissing of the shells, the intermittent growl of the musketry, the wild scream of the rockets, and the whizzing of the round shot, formed a horrid concert. It was curious to note the eagerness of the men on such occasions; they swarmed out of their tents to the lines in front, and watched the progress of the fight as far as they could make it out, with the deepest interest; and their whispered comments were most amusing—"That's a lively shell from the French." "Mossoo is getting his bellyful." "I wish they'd let us go at that, and we'd not waste so much powder," &c.

The particulars of the fight were as follows:—About nine o'clock, about 8000 Russians issuing out of Sebastopol disposed themselves in the hollows of the ground, and waited patiently till nightfall, when they rushed in masses on the French works in front of the Mamelon, and made a dash at the trench connecting our right with the French left. Between eleven and twelve o'clock their columns came suddenly upon the men in our advanced trenches, and rushed in upon them on the right with the bayonet before we were quite prepared to receive them. When they were first discerned, they were close at hand; and, on being challenged, replied with their universal shibboleth, "Bono Franciz." In another moment they were bayoneting our men, who had barely time to snatch their arms and defend themselves. Taken at a great disadvantage, and pressed by superior numbers, the 77th and 97th guarding the trenches made a vigorous resistance, met the assault with undaunted courage, and drove the

Russians out at the point of the bayonet, but not until they had inflicted on us serious loss, not the least being the death of the good and gallant Captain Vicars of the 97th.

The attack was general along the line. At half-past eight o'clock the French batteries began to shell the town, while their rockets were poured every five minutes in streams into the place. At ten o'clock, our sentries in advance of Chapman's attack gave notice that the Russians were assembling in force in front of the works. The 20th, 21st, and the 57th Regiments were in the trenches on the left attack, and they were, to a certain extent, prepared for the assault of the enemy.

The gallant old 7th Fusileers had to run the gauntlet of a large body of the enemy, whom they drove back *à la fourchette*. The 34th Regiment had an enormous force to contend against, and their Colonel, Kelly, was carried off by the enemy. In the midst of the fight, Major Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, displayed that cool courage and presence of mind which never forsook him. With a little switch in his hand, he encouraged the men to defend the trenches, and standing up on the top of the parapet, unarmed as he was, hurled down stones upon the Russians. He was struck by a ball which passed through the lower part of his arm, and at the same time received a bullet through the shoulder. All rejoiced that he was not dangerously wounded. After an hour's fight the enemy were driven back, but not without serious fighting and heavy casualties: 3 officers and 14 rank and file were killed, 2 officers and 44 rank and file wounded, and 2 officers taken prisoners. Captain Chapman of the 20th Regiment—Lieutenant Marsh, 33rd—Major Browne, 21st—Lieutenant Jordan 34th (killed)—Captain Cavendish Browne, 7th (killed), and Captain Vicars, 97th (killed), particularly distinguished themselves.

The French lost 13 officers and 171 men killed, 12 officers and 359 men wounded, and 4 officers and 83 men missing. Prince Gortschakoff admitted a loss of 8 officers and 379 men killed, and 21 officers and 982 men wounded. The bodies of twelve men and of one officer remained in the trenches of our left attack. The hill-sides below the Round Tower and the Mamelon were covered with their dead, mingled with the bodies of the French. The corpse of a Zouave officer was distinguishable on the slope, close up to the abattis of the Round Tower, where the gallant soldier fell as he led on his men in pursuit of the Russians. No flag of truce was at first sent in from either side to demand permission to bury the dead. They were lying about among the gabions which had been knocked down in front of the French sap towards the rifle-pits in great numbers.

CHAPTER III.

Position of the Rifle-pits—Action at the Mortar Battery—Details of the Struggle—Flag of Truce—Civilities—Sad Scenes—Third Division Races—A Dangerous Mistake—Two "Little Affairs"—Russian Losses—Captain Christie superseded—Rumours—Cathcart's Hill—Relative Position of the Rival Forces—Preparations for the Second Bombardment.

THE rifle-pits so hardly contested were in front of the Mamelon. Three of them were occupied by the Russians, and three of them belonged to the French; but the latter were obliged to abandon them for a time, during the first rush of the enemy. The enemy opened guns from the Mamelon, which they directed against the French approaches towards the pits.

The Russian engineers displayed consummate ability in their works, and it was well for us their artillerymen were not as expert as those who placed them in the batteries. The practice of our artillerymen was splendid. Scarcely a shot failed in striking the top of the parapet just at the right place, and a black pillar of loose earth shot up into the air from the work after every discharge from our guns; but the Russians held it, and they were determined to keep their hold as long as they could. The defence of the place was conducted on a new principle, and we were severely tried, with our small numbers, in doing the work out for us.

When the Mortar Battery was carried by an enormous force of the enemy, they held it for about fifteen minutes. At the time the heavy fire between the French and Russians was going on, a portion of the 90th Regiment were employed on fatigue duty on the right of the new advanced works on our right attack. They were in the act of returning to their posts in the Gordon Battery just at the moment the heavy firing on the right had ceased, when a scattered irregular fusillade commenced in the dark on the left of their position close to the Mortar Battery. Captain Vaughton, who commanded the party of the 90th, ordered his men to advance along the covered way to the works. They moved up in double time, and found the Russians in complete possession of the Mortar Battery. The 90th at once opened as heavy a fire of musketry as they could upon the enemy, who returned it; when an alarm was given that our men were firing upon the French; but the mistake was speedily discovered by the enemy's fire being poured in with more deadly effect, and the small party of the 90th were thrown into great confusion. With a loud "hurrah" the gallant little band sprang with the bayonet upon the enemy, who at once precipitately retired over the parapet, followed by our rifle-balls, which were poured in upon them incessantly, till every round in the men's pouches was expended. In order to keep up the fire, the men groped about among the dead Russians, and exhausted all the cartridges they could find in the enemy's pouches. At the first charge at the Mortar Battery, the Russian leader, who wore an Albanian costume, and whose gallantry was most conspicuous, fell dead. As an act of justice, the names of the officers and men of the party of

the 90th Regiment whose conduct was distinguished in this affair should be recorded. They are—Clarke, Brittle, and Essex (sergeants), Caruthers, severely wounded (corporal), Fare, Walsh, Nicholson (wounded), and Nash. Captain Vaughton received a severe contusion in the affair. The courage displayed by Captain Cavendish Browne, of the 7th, in another part of the works, was most conspicuous. He was severely wounded at the commencement of the attack, but he refused to go to the rear, though nearly fainting from loss of blood. He led on his men, encouraging them by voice and gesture, to the front. When his body was found, it lay far in advance of our line, with three balls in the chest.

It was not known how many Albanian chiefs there were with the Russians; but certainly the two who were killed led them on with intrepidity and ferocious courage. One of them, who struggled into the battery in spite of a severe wound, while his life-blood was ebbing fast, rushed at a powder-barrel and fired his pistol into it before he fell. Fortunately the powder did not explode, as the fire did not go through the wood. Another charged with a cimeter in one hand and a formidable curved blade, which he used as a dagger, in the other, right into our ranks twice, and fell dead the second time, perforated with balls and bayonets. They were magnificently dressed, and were supposed to be men of rank.

Early on Saturday morning a flag of truce was sent in by the allies with a proposition to the Russians for an armistice to bury the dead, lying in numbers—five or six Russians to every Frenchman and Englishman—in front of the Round Tower and Mamelon, and, after some delay, an answer in the affirmative was returned, and it was arranged that two hours should be granted for collecting and carrying away the dead on both sides. The news spread through the camps, and the races which the Chasseurs d'Afrique had got up in excellent style were much shorn of their attractions by the opportunity afforded of meeting our enemies upon neutral ground. The day was beautifully bright and warm. White flags waved gently in the faint spring breeze above the embrasures of our batteries, and from the Round Tower and Mamelon. Not a soul had been visible in front of the lines an instant before the emblems of peace were run up to the flagstaffs, and a sullen gun from the Mamelon and a burst of smoke from Gordon's batteries had but a short time previously heralded the armistice. The instant the flags were hoisted, friend and foe swarmed out of the embrasures. The Riflemen of the allies and of the enemy rose from their lairs in the rifle pits, and sauntered towards each other to behold their grim handiwork. The whole of the space between the Russian lines and our own was filled with groups of unarmed soldiery. Passing down by the Middle Picket Ravine, which was then occupied by the French, and which ran down in front of the Light Division camp, I came out upon the advanced French trench, within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon. The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation, and a constant

interchange of little civilities, such as offering and receiving cigar-lights, was going on in each little group. Some of the Russian officers were evidently men of high rank and breeding. Their polished manners contrasted remarkably with their plain, and rather coarse clothing. They wore, with few exceptions, the invariable long grey coat over their uniforms. The French officers were all *en grande tenue*, and offered a striking contrast to many of our own officers, who were dressed *à la* Balaklava, and wore uncouth head-dresses, catskin coats, and nondescript paletots. Many of the Russians looked remarkably like English gentlemen in "style" of face and bearing. One tall, fine-looking old man, with a long grey beard and strangely shaped cap, was pointed out to us as Hetman of the Cossacks in the Crimea, but it did not appear as if there were many men of very high military rank present. The Russians were rather grave and reserved, but they seemed to fraternize with the French better than with ourselves, and the men certainly got on better with our allies than with the few privates of our own regiments who were down towards the front.

But while all this civility was going on, we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape—shattered gabions and sandbags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home. I counted seventy-seven litters borne past me in fifteen minutes—each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy. The Russians appeared to treat their dead with great respect. The soldiers I saw were white-faced and seemed ill-fed, though many of them had powerful frames, square shoulders, and broad chests. All their dead who fell within and near our lines were stripped of boots and stockings. The cleanliness of their feet, and, in most cases, of their coarse linen shirts, was remarkable. Several sailors of the "equipages" of the fleet of Sebastopol were killed in the attack. They were generally muscular, fine, stout fellows, with rough, soldierly faces. In the midst of all this stern evidence of war, a certain amount of lively conversation began to spring up, in which the Russian officers indulged in a little badinage. Some of them asked our officers "when we were coming in to take the place," others "when we thought of going away?" Some congratulated us upon the excellent opportunity we had of getting a good look at Sebastopol, as the chance of a nearer view, except on similar occasions, was not in their opinion very probable. One officer asked a private confidentially in English how many men we sent into the trenches? "Begorra, only 7000 a night, and a covering party of 10,000," was the ready reply. The officer laughed and turned away.

At one time a Russian with a litter stopped by a dead body, and put it into the litter. He looked round for a comrade to help him. A Zouave at once advanced with much grace and lifted it, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders; but the joke was not long-lived, as a Russian brusquely came up and helped to carry off his dead comrade. In the town we could see large bodies of soldiery in the streets, assembled at the corners and in the public places. Probably they were ordered out to make a show of their strength. Owing to some misunderstanding or other, a little fusillade began among the riflemen on the left during the armistice, and disturbed our attention for a moment, but it was soon terminated. General Bosquet and several officers of rank of the allied army visited the trenches during the armistice, and staff officers were present on both sides to see that the men did not go out of bounds. The armistice was over about three o'clock. Scarcely had the white flag disappeared behind the parapet of the Mamelon before a round shot from the sailors' battery went slap through one of the embrasures of the Russian work, and dashed up a great pillar of earth inside. The Russians at once replied, and the noise of cannon soon re-echoed through the ravines. Five dead Russians and two dead Zouaves were lying far in rear of our lines, in the Middle Picket Ravine. Every look at the rifle pits satisfied me that the Russians meant them as rudiments of advanced works against us, and that they were likely to prove very troublesome. The Mamelon was a most serious ingredient in calculating the chances of an assault. The work on the east of it was also very dangerous. The Russians had begun to arm them with heavy guns, and their fire bid fair to prove extremely harassing.

The Third Division races came off on the 26th, and were "numerously and fashionably attended." The day's sport was excellent. Lord Raglan was present, and all the divisional generals—Sir George Brown, Sir Richard England, Sir John Campbell, &c., and a great number of staff officers came over to see the running. The wretched dogs had some unpleasant moments afterwards, but they had by this time got into the habit of running straight for the Russian batteries. A sergeant and private of the 79th Regiment deserted. The sergeant belonged to the light company, and it was supposed his head was affected by excessive drinking. The Russians carried off all the men's rum in one attack. In another, two of them got drunk in a traverse, and were found in friendly intercourse with one of our soldiers, all three flapping their arms and floundering in rum like stranded turtles.

On the night of the 26th of March, Captain Hill, 89th Regiment, in proceeding to post his pickets, made a mistake in the dark, and got too near the Russian pickets. He was not very well acquainted with the country, and the uncertain light deceived him. The Russians challenged, "Qui va là?" "Français!" was the reply. The two pickets instantly fired, and Captain Hill dropped. There were only two or three men with him, and they retired, taking with them the Captain's great-coat. They went a few yards to the rear to get assistance, and returned at once to the place where Captain

Hill fell, but his body had been removed, and the Russian pickets had withdrawn.

Two little "affairs," calculated to break the monotony of Balaklavan existence, occurred on Monday. *Imprimis*, a fight broke out among the Croats. These gentry were all armed when they landed, and it was judged inexpedient to deprive them of their stomachs-full of pistols and yataghans. It was known for some time that ill-blood existed between various little sections of these wild mountaineers; Montenegrins, Albanians, Croats, Arnauts, Greeks, even Affghans and Koords—all had their quarrels. Some of the men accused the head men of cheating them. They drew their pistols and daggers, and a regular fight ensued. Thirty or forty shots were fired, and men fell wounded, two of whom afterwards died. Colonel Harding, the commandant, with a party of men, proceeded to the spot and quelled the riot, and disarmed all the Croats on the spot. *Secundo*, a fire broke out in the harbour on board a vessel (No. 113), laden with combustible stores. The alarm-bell was rung, the "Leander" sent round her boats, and after an immense deal of excitement, the fire was extinguished.

The Russians were greatly puzzled, and exceedingly angry, with the proceedings of our lime-burners in front of the Third Division. The volumes of smoke arising from the kilns attracted their notice, and they shelled the spot at intervals, to the discomfiture of Major-General Barnard's poultry in the rear of the quarries. One shell grazed the General's tents, another burst among the little temporary establishment of cocks, hens, and sheep, and was said to have injured some of them, and the General had to shift his quarters. The navvies who were burning the lime took the exigencies of their position with great coolness, and contented themselves with expressing a wish for a private cannon to themselves to fight the Russians with in the intervals of lime-burning. The Russians evidently thought the smoke arose from some works connected with the railway, and although the kiln, which was concealed by the quarried stone before it, was full two miles from their batteries, they directed shells at it occasionally during the day.

As a proof of the extreme severity with which the war pressed on the Russians, and of the losses to which they were subject, I may mention a fact, on excellent authority, that out of seven Admirals who were in command at Sebastopol, no less than five were dead or had been killed since the siege began. General Osten-Sacken commanded the army in the field outside Sebastopol, and it was understood that he had expressed a confident belief that his position was impregnable to assault. From the town itself we heard that the men were not on full rations, and that they got no pay. The soldiers were exceedingly discontented at the non-fulfilment of the promises held out to them that their arrears of pay should be made up to them.

Our allies sent down very large parties and reserves. Not less than 12,000 or 14,000 men were marched on duty for the right alone every night, and the French massed large bodies of men in rear of all their working and covering parties. We could not afford to send

the full complement of men to our batteries, and the engineers and the officers in command of the trenches had frequent difficulties respecting the disposal of the troops, and complaints and reports were not unfrequent in consequence.

It was about this time that Captain Christie, R.N., was superseded by Captain Heath as Principal Agent of Transports, and died soon afterwards, the scapegoat of his superiors, weighed down and broken-hearted by the sense of wrong and injustice.

The Russians sometimes used very heavy charges of powder, and propelled their shot with extraordinary force. As an instance of this I may mention that on the 31st of March a 68-pound shot from the Redan passed right through the parapet of our battery, where it was from eighteen to twenty feet thick, and struck down, but did not kill, a gunner inside the work. They had some excellent artillerymen, and their practice with different charges of powder was very good; but their shell-firing was indifferent, principally owing to their bad fusees.

There was another alarm of fire in Balaklava on the night of the 1st of April. About eleven o'clock the engineer's storehouse at the entrance to the town was found to be on fire. The alarm bells rang in all the ships in harbour. The crews hastened on shore; the Guards, who were on duty, went down to the spot, and were speedily followed by a fatigue party of the 71st Regiment, but the seamen and people on shore pulled down the shed, and the fire was extinguished within the building in the space of half an hour, after destroying or damaging a considerable quantity of stores. It was observable that this fire broke out to windward, and that had it spread, the whole town might have been burnt, and the shipping could scarcely have escaped. How it originated no one knew.

On the 2nd of April the greatest activity was displayed in Balaklava. The quays swarmed with labourers engaged in piling up shot and shell and loading the railway carriages with ammunition, of which immense quantities were sent up to the front. The first human cargo—one of sickness and suffering—was sent down to Balaklava on that day. Four waggons, filled with sick and wounded soldiers, ran from head-quarters to the town in less than half an hour. The men were propped up on their knapsacks, and seemed very comfortable. What a change from the ghastly processions one met with during the winter, formed of dead or dying men, hanging from half-starved horses, or dangling about on French mule-litters!

The Sanatorium, under the care of Dr. Jephson, was at this period becoming a great curative establishment, and promised to afford great benefits to our sick and wounded men, who were thus saved the evils of the voyage to Scutari, or of the longer passages of Abydos and Smyrna. It presented the appearance of a little village, with small patches of garden in front of the huts, and its position, on an elevated plateau among the rocks and savage crags of the ravine which wound up past the old Genoese castles of Balaklava to the heights of our camp over the sea, was strikingly picturesque.

The total strength of the British army at this time was 22,600 men. Of these about 6000 only were available *in extremis*, and the ordinary

strength of the whole army *in bayonets* did not exceed 15,000 men.

M. St. Laurent, Commandant of French Engineers in the right attack, was mortally wounded by a rifle-ball on Monday the 2nd of April, as he was on duty in the French battery over Inkermann. One of the most important works of the right attack bore his name, and he did much to place that portion of our works in a most efficient state.

The Russians amused themselves by shelling the camp, but they did no harm. On the 4th, when there was a large crowd of French and English, including some of the staff, in front of the picket-house, near the Mortar Battery, the Russians suddenly threw a shell which fell right into the midst of the group. The greater part of the assembly threw themselves down and rolled away on the ground as fast as they could. At last the shell burst with a loud report, and one of the fragments struck and wounded a French sentry about fifty yards off. Then the crowd got up and ran away. Led horses broke loose or were let go and scampered off in all directions, and as the few officers who had nerve to remain and enjoy the discomfiture of the runaways were enjoying the joke, down came another shell into the very centre of them. The boldest could not stand this, and in a few minutes not a soul was to be seen near the ground. The Military Secretary lost his cap, owing to the eccentric evolutions of his frightened quadruped, but he speedily recovered it, and that was the only loss caused by the two shells, excepting the poor fellow put *hors de combat* for the time.

"Cathcart's Hill," a small rectangular mound in front of the Fourth Division camp, enclosed by the ruins of a wall just peering a foot above the grass, was a favourite resort for the officers belonging to the regiments behind the left attack. It commanded a view of the extreme French left towards Kamiesch, and of their approaches to the Flagstaff Battery and the crenellated wall. Taking up the view from this point on the left, the eye rested upon the mass of ruins in front of the French lines, seamed here and there with white banks of earth, dotted with embrasures, or banked up by walls of gabions. This part of Sebastopol was seen between the sea at Artillery Bay and the Dockyard Creek. It was exceedingly like portions of old London after the first burst of the wide-street commissioners upon it. This strip of ruin, the combined work of French and Russians, was about two miles long and 300 or 400 yards broad, and it swept round the town like a zone or girdle. The houses inside it and close to it were more or less injured, but as the distance from the French lines became greater the marks of injury were less perceptible; the tall white storehouses, with roofs of sheet iron, the domes of churches, the porticoes of palaces, and the stately outlines of great public buildings, shone pleasantly in the sunshine. Tier after tier of roofs rose up to the crest of the hill on which this portion of the town was built, and figures stole across the field of the glass as it swept over the space, as though they kept a keen look-out for shells. In front of this portion of the town the dun steppes were scarred all over by the lines of the French approaches, from which at in-

tervals arose the smoke wreaths of cannon or the puffs of the rifle, answered from the darker lines of the Russians in front of the city. At night this space was lighted up incessantly by the momentary twinkle of the flashes of the musketry. Then came a deep ravine, on the shoulder of which the French had established a battery, which could be directed against the Garden Battery on the other side, and the neck of the Dockyard Creek, in which the ravine terminated. This ravine ran from the hollow in which Lord Raglan's house was situated down to the Dockyard Creek. At the right of this creek was Fort Paul, with a long range of dockyard buildings. In the bend of the creek there was a two-decker, with her broadside presented to the town, so as to sweep the approaches from the left. She was out of the line of fire of our batteries, and the French could not touch her. Half-way up the creek, and closer to us than the man-of-war, was a bridge of boats leading from the French to the English side of the city, which the Russians used constantly. This bridge was also out of range.

The English left attack (Chapman's) began on the rise of the ridge from the right of this ravine, in front of Sebastopol, and the advanced works ran close up to the Garden Battery and to the Redan. The "attack" itself faced these two Russian batteries, and was directly opposite the pile of Government offices and dockyard buildings, many of which were "pitted" by the shot which had passed over the Redan. Between our left and our right attacks was another deep ravine, along the right side of which the Woronzoff-road wound into Sebastopol. On the ridge on the right side of this ravine was our right (Gordon's) attack, and on the right and rear of it was the Sea Service Mortar Battery. To the right front of this attack were the works of the Round Tower, flanked by the Mamelon on the right, and by the then newly-erected Russian works on the right of the Mamelon, on Mount Sapoune. To the right of the right attack, springing from the plateau between the Fourth and Light Divisions, there was another deep ravine called the Middle Picket Ravine, which was occupied by the French, and their works on their right attack began at the fall of the hill, at the right of this ravine opposite the rifle pits of the Mamelon, and thence spread away to the right to Inkermann. Cathcart's Hill commanded a view of the whole position, with the exception of a portion of the left attack, which was concealed from sight by the ridge called the Quarry, where our lime-burners were at work in rear of Chapman's batteries.

The place derived its name from the circumstance of General Cathcart using it as a look-out station, and as his resort of a morning during the siege. The flag of the division, a red and white burgee, floated from a staff on the left front angle of the parallelogram, and two stands were erected for telescopes in the centre of the front. A look-out man with a telescope was stationed here to observe the movements of the enemy, and he could sweep their front from the west to the east, and observe what was going on upon the north side almost up to the Belbek. Somewhat to the front of the flagstaff on the left was a cave in which Sir John Campbell lived. He found it a welcome refuge during the storm of the 14th of November, and since then it had been

enlarged. It was marked by a little wooden fence resting on cannon shot, around which there was an impromptu flower garden. The General's marquee and the tents of his staff were close at hand.

It was exciting enough to look at the beleaguered city (that was the melodramatic phrase which seemed to be popular), and to watch the siege operations on a calm day. The ground in rear of the dark lines, serrated with black iron teeth which marked our batteries, was almost deserted. The soldiers sauntered about in groups just below the cover of the parapets, and a deep greyish blue line denoted the artillerymen and covering parties, whose heads appeared just above the trench. In front were the whitish mounds of the Russian intrenchments and batteries with the black muzzles of the guns peering through the embrasures. The grey-coated Russians stalked about on the inner slopes of the parapets, busily engaged in carrying up gabions and repairing the damaged works. Suddenly a thick spirt of white smoke burst from the face of the Mamelon, the shot bounded into Gordon's Battery and knocked up a pillar of earth, and then darted round, throwing up a cloud of dust at each ricochet. Scarcely had it struck the parapet before another burst of smoke rushed out of one of the embrasures of the Naval Battery, and a mass of whitish earth was dashed up into the air from the face of the Mamelon. Then came another puff from one of the French batteries on the right, and a shell burst right in the devoted work. "Bravo the sailors!" "Well done, French!" cried the spectators; and as the words left their lips two or three guns from the Round Tower, and as many from the Mamelon, hurled shot and shell in reply at their assailants. A duel of this kind sometimes lasted all day, with the occasional *divertissement* of a shell or round shot at working or covering parties on either side.

The Russians fired very well; but they were not generally equal as artillerymen to our men, nor was their practice so invariably good. Now and then our sea-service mortars spoke out with a dull roar that shook the earth, and after nearly a minute of expectation a cloud of smoke and dust at the rear of the Round Tower bespoke the effects of their terrible missiles. About twelve o'clock in the day the Russians left off work to go to dinner, and our men followed their example; silence reigned almost uninterruptedly for two hours or more, and towards four o'clock the firing began again. Meantime our officers walked about or lounged on the hill-side, and smoked and chatted away the interval between breakfast and the hasty dinner which preceded the turn-out for twenty-four hours' vigil in the trenches. Many a hospitable cigar and invitation to lunch were given, the latter with the surer confidence, and with the greater chance of a ready acceptance, after the Crimean Army Fund had been established, and one was tolerably sure of a slice of a giant game-pie, to be washed down by a temperate draught of that glorious Welbeck ale which made the Duke of Portland's name a household word in our army.

Our first railway trip on the evening of the 5th of April had rather an unfortunate termination. A party of the 71st Regiment, which had been sent up to work in the trenches, on the Land Transport mules, came down before dark to head-quarters, where they were

inspected by Lord Raglan, who kept them longer than Mr. Beatty, the engineer in charge of the line, desired or considered safe, as it was getting dark. The men at last got into the wagons, which proceeded down the incline towards Balaklava at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The breaks became useless, and the director of the train, who behaved very well, managed with great difficulty to check the wagons, but the concussion was such that one of them was broken, and many men were pitched out and severely injured. One man was killed upon the spot, and several had to undergo surgical operations.*

CHAPTER IV.

Second Bombardment—Results—Visit to Balaklava—Watching the Fire—Casualties—Attitude of the Allied Fleet—Effects of the Cannonade—Turkish Infantry—Contest for the Rifle-pits—A Golden Opportunity—The Fire slackens.

On Easter Monday, April 9, the allied batteries simultaneously opened fire on the defences of Sebastopol. The English works were armed as follows:—Twenty 13-inch mortars, sixteen 10-inch mortars, twenty 24-pounders, forty-two 32-pounders, fifteen 8-inch guns, four 10-inch guns, and six 68-pounders. A driving rain and a Black Sea fog whirled over the whole camp, which resumed the miserable aspect so well known to us during the winter. Tents were blown down, and the ground, as far as it was visible, looked like a black lake, studded with innumerable pools of dun-coloured water.

The firing slackened considerably after twelve o'clock. It was not easy, so murky was the sky and so strong the wind, to see the flashes or hear the report of the Russian guns or of the French cannon on either flank, though the hut in which I watched was within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy's range; but we could tell that our batteries in front were thundering away continuously in irregular bursts, firing some twenty-five or thirty shots per minute. Early in the morning they were firing from seventy to eighty shots per minute, but they reduced the rate of fire.

The enemy were taken completely by surprise when we opened fire. The Garden and Redan Batteries came into play soon after we opened fire, but some time elapsed before the Round Tower works or the Mamelon answered, and for half an hour their guns were weakly handled. The Inkermann and Careening Bay Batteries were almost silent for three quarters of an hour before they replied to the French batteries on our right.

In the course of the previous Saturday, General Canrobert and General Bosquet visited Lord Raglan at his quarters, and had a lengthened interview. At the conclusion of the conference Lord Raglan, attended by Sir George Brown, rode out by the camps of the 3rd, 4th, 2nd, and Light Divisions, and was warmly cheered by the men.

* Mr. Beatty, the able, kind, and deserving gentleman who was in charge of the line, received injuries which laid the foundation of a disease that afterwards, to the regret of all who knew him, proved fatal.

On the same day great exertions were made to complete platforms, mount guns, and get up ammunition, and it was evident that Lord Raglan was anxious to see to the final arrangements for an attack, supposing it to take place on Monday, for he inquired during his inspection into many matters connected with the disposition of the troops and the armament of the batteries.

Late in the day, hearing that there was nothing likely to take place on Monday, I left the front, and returned to Balaklava; but in the course of the evening I received an intimation at my quarters that fire would open at daybreak the following morning. It was then black as Erebus, and raining and blowing with violence; yet there was no choice for it but to take to the saddle again, and try to make for the front. No one who has not tried it can fancy what work it is to find one's way through a widely-spread camp over a difficult country in a pitch dark night. Each tent and each camp was so much alike that it was impossible to discriminate between it and its fellow; and all the landmarks, so familiar in the daytime, were lost in one dead level of blackness. So it was that my two companions and myself, after stumbling into holes and out of them—after forcing our horses into Turkish lines and French lines, found ourselves, after three hours' ride, very far indeed from our destination in the front, and were glad to avail ourselves of the hospitality of some friends at the head-quarters' camp to stop till dawn, wet and tired as we were.

The rain fell incessantly and heavily, and the wind blew with violence all night. At four o'clock on Monday morning a small party, disguised in waterproofs and long boots, left the camp for the front, as it was quite certain that orders had been sent to the batteries to open fire at daybreak. The horses could scarcely get through the sticky black mud, into which the hard dry soil had been turned by one night's rain; and although it was early dawn, it was not possible to see a man twenty yards off. A Scotch mist, mingled with rain, settled down on the whole camp. As we approached the front, a profound silence reigned in the camp. Suddenly three guns were heard on the left towards the French lines, and the whole line of our batteries opened at once. The volume of sound was not nearly so great or so deafening as that of the 17th of October, and the state of the weather rendered it quite out of the question to form a notion of the gradual effect of our fire, so that the most interesting portion of the day's proceedings was lost. Just as the cannonade opened, the sailors came streaming over the hills from the batteries, where they had been relieved, and a few men turned out of the huts of the 3rd Division to the front, evidently very much astonished at the sudden opening of the fire. On Cathcart's Hill only one or two officers were visible, with Sir John Campbell and an aide-de-camp on foot in front of the General's tent watching the fire. The rain then descended in torrents, and, as there was nothing to be seen, heard or learnt, every one withdrew to shelter after a long and hopeless struggle with the weather. Colonel Dacres was the only officer I saw out in front of Cathcart's Hill when I went up, with the exception of Sir John Campbell.

General Jones visited the batteries during the fire, and Lord Raglan stationed himself at his favourite place. The storm was so heavy

that scarcely a soul stirred out all day. It was dark almost as night. About 5 o'clock the sun slowly descended into a rift in the dark grey pall which covered the sky, and cast a pale yellow slice of light, barred here and there by columns of rain and masses of curling vapour, across the line of batteries. The outlines of the town, faintly rendered through the mists of smoke and rain, seemed quivering inside the circling lines of fire around and from them, but they were the same familiar outlines so well known to us—the same green cupola and roofs, and long streets and ruined suburbs, the same dockyard buildings, and dark trenches and batteries. The little details of ruin and destruction which must have taken place after the day's fire could not then be ascertained. The eye of painter never rested on a more extraordinary effect, and his art alone could have rendered justice to the scene which shone out for a moment, as the sickly sun, flattened out, as it were, between bars of clouds and rain, seemed to have forced its way through the leaden sky to cast one look on the conflict which raged below. The plateau beneath our standing-place was lighted up by incessant flashes of light, and long trails of white smoke streamed across it, spirting up in thick masses, tinged with fire, for a moment, till they were whirled away in broader volumes by the wind.

In the deep glow of the parting gleam of sunset the only image suggested to me calculated to convey the actual effect of the fire of the batteries to our friends at home was a vision of the Potteries' district as it is seen at night, all fervid with fire and pillars of smoke, out of the windows of an express train. This glimpse of the batteries, brief though it was, proved extremely satisfactory. On the extreme left the French batteries were firing with energy on the long line of batteries in front of the loopholed wall, and on the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries, which were replying very faintly and feebly by one or two scattered guns. Our left attack (Greenhill or Chapman's Batteries), working with vigour and precision, principally directed its fire against the Redan, which only answered by five or six guns, not remarkably well served nor aimed. Our right attack (Gordon's Batteries), aided by the advanced battery and by the French redoubts, had silenced the Mamelon and fired some three or four shots for every one from the Round Tower, and the Russian batteries to the right of the Mamelon were voiceless. So much could be seen, when rain and mist set in once more, and shut out all from view, save one faint blear of yellowish haze to the west.

It was nearly noon, on Tuesday, the 10th of April, before the Russians manned the whole of their guns, and we gained a decided advantage by the secrecy with which the day of opening fire was kept, and by the excellence of our arrangements. In the extreme right Inkermann Battery, manned by our artillerymen, the guns, in consequence of a message from our allies that they were suffering from our silence, were opened before all was quite in readiness, and the result was that the enemy inflicted some damage on us in consequence of their being able to concentrate their fire before it was taken off by the other batteries.

The casualties in the first day's cannonade on our side were not

numerous. In the Naval Brigade one most excellent and zealous young officer, Lieutenant Twyford, of the "London," lost his life. He was killed on the spot, and a piece of stone knocked up by the same shot struck Lord John Hay on the face, cut his mouth, and knocked two of his teeth down his throat, besides wounding him in the shoulder.

The practice from the left of the left attack and from the right of the right attack, which was more under observation than other parts of our works, was admirable, and at every shot the earth was knocked up out of the enemy's parapets and embrasures. Our shell practice was not so good as it might have been, on account of bad fusees. If the fusee burns properly, the direction and flight of the shells are unerring, but a large proportion burst in the air. Some of our fusees were made in 1802 and subsequently. I have heard of some belonging to the last century, but they were not the least reliable, and some of recent manufacture turned out the worst of all. At twelve o'clock at noon the fire slackened. The French had silenced eight or nine of the guns of the Bastion du Mât (Flagstaff), and had inflicted great damage on the outworks and on the buildings inside the batteries in the western tower. They had also almost shut up the Inkermann Batteries. On our side we had silenced half the guns in the Redan and Malakoff, and had in conjunction with the French left the Mamelon only one out of seven guns to reply to us, but the Garden, the Road, and the Barrack Batteries were comparatively uninjured, and kept up a brisk fire against us all day.

Our guns were restricted to eight shots an hour each. The sea-service mortars fired only once in every thirty minutes. The Russians, with great *sangfroid*, repaired the batteries outside under fire, and appeared to have acquired confidence and courage, but their fire was by no means so brisk as it was when the siege commenced. On our side six guns were disabled, including one large mortar. Then the French began to throw in shells five and six at a time, and discharged quantities of rockets into the town, and our mortars kept up a steady fire at the Redan and Mamelon till daybreak. His Excellency Omar Pasha visited Lord Raglan during the day, and a council of war took place at our head-quarters, at which the French generals assisted.

The expectation which the outsiders entertained that "the fleet would go in" on Wednesday morning was not realized. At daybreak I was up at Cathcart's Hill to witness the opening of our fire, and with some hope that I might see, too, the first broadsides of our wooden walls. It was a thick morning, and the view was obscured by vapours and drizzling rain, but the dark hulls and rigging of the steamers and line-of-battle ships were visible through the mist; and, though clouds of steam were flying from the funnel-pipes, it was quite evident that the fleet were only off the port, and had no intention of taking part in the bombardment. Only one officer, Captain Norcott, of the Rifle Brigade, was up at that part of the front which was close to the lines of his regiment, and a few stragglers had crept out of the adjoining tents to look at the town and its long lines of battery. Through the grey light the flashes of the guns lighted up the embra-

sures, and the shot cleft the air with a dull, hoarse roar, and struck with a heavy throb into the earthworks. Our shells were bursting right into and over the Mamelon, which the French were also plying from their Inkermann batteries. The Round Tower now and then fired one of the three or four heavy guns which are placed in the west angle works, but the Redan and Garden Batteries were worked with vigour.

On the left the whole of the outlines of the town and of the French batteries were obscured by the smoke from the guns, which hung in heavy white wreaths upon the ground. The fire was very heavy, and the riflemen in front of the batteries kept up a sharp fusillade on the embrasures, which was sometimes audible in the lulls of the cannonade. It was tolerably evident that the Russians had more than recovered from their surprise, and that they had laboured to recover the ground they had lost with all their might. Their batteries were fully manned; and their fire, if not so precise as our own, was very quick. They resorted to their old practice of firing six or seven guns in a salvo—a method also adopted by the French occasionally. As the rain set in again soon after six o'clock nothing more was to be seen, and we returned to our tents. The cannonade continued all day uninterruptedly, but irregularly, and as soon as the rain ceased and the batteries were visible, I returned to Cathcart's Hill. I could not see that any marked change had been made in the profile of the enemy's works. Several of the embrasures in the Redan had been destroyed, and the Round Tower works were a good deal "knocked about;" but there was no great reduction in the weight of the enemy's fire.

The allied fleet was quietly stationed to the south of the Quarantine forts. Their presence there had, however, the effect of drawing off a number of the Russian gunners, for the sea batteries on the north and south sides were all manned, and we could see the artillerymen and sailors inside the parapets standing by their guns. Large reserves of infantry were drawn up near the north forts, and the corps over Inkermann were under arms. The Russians could be seen carrying their wounded across to the north side in boats, and it is probable they also get the relief for the batteries in the same way, and that they keep the bulk of their magazines in the forts at the other side of the roads. General Bizot received a very severe and dangerous wound on the 11th, in our night attack, just as he was lamenting with General Niel to one of our officers the thinness of our parapets. He was struck by a rifle ball under the ear, and it tore right across his face and lodged close to his eye in the temple at the opposite side, and he died shortly afterwards, much regretted by our allies and by ourselves as a brave and skilful officer. The Royal Artillery had also to lament the death of Lieutenant Luce, an officer of much promise. A strange and almost unexampled accident occurred in one of our batteries. A 13-inch mortar, with a moderate charge and not over-heated, burst on being fired, and flew into two pieces, splitting up longitudinally. One of the huge masses was thrown thirty yards to the right, and another a great distance to the left, and yet, wonderful to relate, though the fragments flew along the traverses and parapet, not one

person was killed or wounded. We were less fortunate in the case of the Lancaster gun, which was struck by a shot and knocked to pieces, killing and wounding severely six men. Several engineer officers to whom I have spoken, while expressing regret at the accident, declared their satisfaction at getting rid of the gun, in which they could place no confidence, on account of its wild and uncertain firing. Omar Pasha visited Lord Raglan again on Wednesday, the 11th, and there was another council of war or conference, at which General Canrobert and General Bosquet were present.

Lord Raglan visited the front every day, and spent some time examining the effects of the fire; and Sir John M'Neill, Colonel Tulloch, General Pennefather, and Sir George Brown, were frequently visible among the spectators on the advanced mounds commanding a view of the siege operations. Every one who could manage it, got away, however, for a few hours, and gazed on this extraordinary spectacle from the ridges over Sebastopol. The firing during the afternoon was extremely heavy and irregular on the part of the Russians. In the early part of the day, an electric telegraph message was sent up to head-quarters to the effect that a body of Russians were marching from the heights of Mackenzie's farm towards Tchorgoun, but no one seemed to know what had become of them. During the night the French attacked some rifle-pits at the Quarantine Cemetery, but were repulsed after a very serious affair, in which they lost 300 men; not, however, without inflicting great loss and damage on the enemy.

At dawn on Thursday, the 12th, the allied batteries and the Russians re-commenced their terrible combat, and it was evident that the enemy had exerted themselves greatly to repair damages during the night, and that they had replaced four or five damaged guns, mended broken embrasures and injured parapets, and were, in fact, nearly as ready to meet our fire as they had been at any time for six months. On our side, four of the guns for the advanced parallel, which for the previous two nights we had failed to get into position, were brought down after dark, and it was expected that material results would be produced by their fire when they were in position. Broken platforms were removed and damaged guns replaced by others. The morning was hazy, and the rain fell at intervals, but towards the afternoon the weather cleared up again, and the heights were crowded with spectators, many of whom were Turkish officers then recently arrived from Eupatoria. An English lady on horseback, who rode up to Cathcart's Hill, attracted nearly as much attention from these gentlemen as the cannonade. Our batteries throughout the day fired steadily, and if their cannonade was less imposing in appearance than when they sent forth salvoes and irregular bursts of fire and smoke, it was probably more effective. Orders were sent to all the batteries to restrict the firing to 120 rounds per gun each day. The vivacity of the sailors' batteries had been diminished by that order, but their practice was splendid, and the enemy directed their heaviest fire on them in reply. The 13-inch mortar battery fired parsimoniously one round per mortar every thirty minutes, but it required a long time to cool the great mass of iron heated by the explosion of 12 or 16lb. of powder.

The English battery on the right at Inkermann was very well served, and caused great damage to the enemy, and the Round Tower was almost shut up; nor did the Mamelon fire a shot for the four hours that I was watching it. The portion of the town opposite the French was a heap of ruins. The incessant shelling at night did much mischief to the private houses. Our allies fired with great energy. Their Inkermann and Tchernaya batteries were admirably served, and they not only kept down the firing of the Mamelon, aided by Gordon's Battery, but they also answered the batteries on the north side of the harbour, the Inkermann Cave Batteries, and silenced the Lighthouse Battery No. 2. Our fire from Gordon's Battery and its advanced works swept away the Rifle-pits, damaged some six or seven guns in the Round Tower, and kept under the fire from one face of the Redan, while the fire from Chapman's Battery was very successful against the Redan, the Barrack, the Road, and the Garden Batteries. The French, also, on the left did great mischief to the Garden Battery, and their fire crushed the guns of the Flagstaff Battery, but they suffered considerably from the Quarantine Fort and its outworks, and from the Dockyard Harbour Battery.

The cannonade did not cease during the day, but it was not so heavy on the whole as it had been on the three previous days. At fifty minutes past four the batteries relaxed firing, but they renewed it at six, and the fire was very severe till *nightfall*, when the bombardment commenced and lasted *till* daybreak. Up to that date we had barely lost 100 men in killed and wounded, and we could see that the Russians suffered frightfully, judging by the wounded they sent across to the north side. On the night of Friday, the French again attacked the Cemetery of the Quarantine and the Rifle-pits, and again they were checked after a series of desperate combats lasting *till* daybreak, with a loss of more than 200 men.

At four o'clock, on Friday morning, April 13, the Russians opened a powerful and destructive fire on our six-gun advanced battery, which was in a very imperfect state, and by concentrating the fire of twenty guns upon it, dismounted some of the pieces and injured the works severely, so as to render the battery useless for the day. Our working party only succeeded in getting one gun into the new battery, although they worked till it was nearly dawn.

The Sailors' Brigade suffered very severely. Although they only worked thirty-five guns in the various batteries, they lost more men than all our siege train-working and covering parties put together, and up to half-past three o'clock on Friday, they had had seventy-three men killed and wounded, two officers killed, one wounded, and two or three contused. The sailors in No. 2 Battery, in Chapman's attack, silenced three of the best guns in the Redan on Thursday, but the Russians replaced them during the day, and actually opened fire at five p.m. from the very embrasures which had been knocked to pieces. One of our 24-pounders was burst by a shot which entered right at the muzzle as the gun was being discharged. Another gun was struck by a shot in the muzzle, split up to the trunnions, the ball then sprung up into the air, and, falling at

the breech, knocked off the button. There were only three guns firing from the Round Tower on Friday morning, but the enemy mounted a heavy gun in the Mamelon, at which we directed our fire. The Redan was very much damaged on the right face and front, and three of the embrasures, at least, were knocked to pieces. It was impossible to deny to the Russian engineers great credit for the coolness with which they set about repairing damages under fire; but words could not do more than justice to the exertions of our own men, and to the Engineer officers and Sappers engaged in this most perilous duty. When an embrasure was struck and injured, it was the business of the Sappers to get up into the vacant space and repair the damage, removing the gabions, &c., under fire, and without the least cover from shot, shell, or riflemen. Our Engineer officers had frequently set the example to their men in exposing themselves when not called upon to do so. In the very heat of the fire on the 12th, a Russian walked through one of the embrasures of the Round Tower, coolly descended the parapet, took a view of the profile of the work, and sauntered back again—a piece of bravado which very nearly cost him his life, as a round shot struck within a yard of him, and a shell burst near the embrasure as he re-entered.

Two divisions of Turkish Infantry marched from Kamiesch, where they arrived to take part in the siege, and were encamped near the English head-quarters. They mustered about 15,000 men, and finer young fellows than some of the soldiers of the crack regiments I never saw. Very few of the privates wore decorations or medals, but many of the officers had them, and had evidently seen service against the Muscovite. They had had a long march, and their sandal shoon afforded sorry protection against the stony ground; and yet it was astonishing that so few men fell out of the ranks or straggled behind. One regiment had a good brass band, which almost alarmed the bystanders by striking up a quick step (waltz) as they marched past, playing it in every excellent style, but the majority of the regiments were preceded by musicians with drums, fifes, and semicircular thin brass tubes, with wide mouths, such as those which may have tumbled the walls of Jericho, or are seen on the sculptured monuments of primæval kings.

The colonel and his two majors rode at the head of each regiment, richly dressed, on small but spirited horses, covered with rich saddle-cloths, and followed by pipe-bearers and servants. The mules, with the tents, marched on the right—the artillery on the left. The two batteries I saw consisted each of four 24lb. brass howitzers, and two 9lb. brass field-pieces, and the carriages and horses were in a very serviceable state. Each gun was drawn by six horses. The ammunition boxes were rather coarse and heavy. The baggage animals of the division marched in the rear, and the regiments marched in columns of companies three deep, each company on an average with a front of twenty rank and file. One of the regiments had Minié rifles of English make, the majority, however, were only armed with flint firelocks, but they were very clean and bright. They all displayed rich standards, blazing with cloth of gold, and many-coloured flags with the crescent and star embroidered upon them. All the men

carried their blankets, squares of carpet for prayer and sitting upon, and cooking utensils, and their packs were of various sizes and substances. As they marched along in the sunlight over the undulating ground they presented a very picturesque and warlike spectacle, the stern reality of which was enhanced by the thunder of the guns at Sebastopol, and the smoke-wreaths from shells bursting high in the air. On ascending the range of hills towards Balaklava, they must have been seen by the Russian army over the Tchernaya, and by the Cossacks on Canrobert's Hill.

A severe and protracted conflict on the left which kept us up on Cathcart's Hill beyond the small hours on Saturday night (14th), originated in a very resolute and angry contest for the rifle-pits in front of the Quarantine Works on the left of the French. At first, the weight of the torrent of armed men which swept out of the enemy's lines bore back the French in the advanced works, where the covering parties were necessarily thin, and many lost their lives by the bayonet. Our gallant allies contested the ground desperately, and, having received the aid of an inconsiderable reserve, charged the Russians and drove them right into their own lines, to which they fled with such precipitation that the French entered across the parapet along with them and reached their advanced guns, which they could have spiked had the men been provided with the proper means. The enemy poured such volleys of musketry, grape, canister, and round shot on our allies that they were obliged to retire to their own works; and, indeed, no steps had been taken to enable them to secure their hold of the place. As they were retiring under a heavy fire the enemy made a sortie in greater strength, determination, and fury than before. A sanguinary fight took place between the works, in which the bayonet, the musket-stock, and the bullet were used in a pell-mell struggle, but the French asserted their supremacy once more, and in spite of the fierce charges of the Russians, in defiance of the stubborn resistance evoked by the cries and example of the enemy's officers, and by repeated cheers, forced them battling back across their trenches once more, and took possession of the advanced works (rifle-pits or ambuscades), which they held all night, in defiance of the enemy's efforts to dislodge them by a vigorous cannonade, to which the allies replied by incessant shells.

In order to distract the attention of the enemy, and prevent too many of them crowding over to the left of the town, General Bosquet sent down word to the men in the trenches on our right to keep up a constant fusillade on the Russian works. The loss of our allies was considerable in this brilliant affair. The energy and spirit with which the French fought were beyond all praise. The next morning our advanced batteries were armed with fourteen guns by a working party under Colonel Smith, 68th Regiment. They opened with very great effect at daybreak, and directed so severe a fire against the Russian batteries throughout the day, that they were obliged to concentrate the fire of a considerable number of guns upon the two batteries in order to protect themselves from their destructive effect. We nevertheless maintained our fire, although the position of our batteries exposed them to considerable damage. At a council of war on

the 13th, the question of assaulting the place was discussed, but Lord Raglan and the other English generals who were in favour of doing so were overruled by General Canrobert and General Niell.

His Excellency Omar Pasha, attended by his suite, rode round the rear of our batteries on the 15th, and Lord Raglan visited the Turkish encampment on the hills to the west of the Col de Balaklava.

At half-past eight o'clock in the evening, three pillars of red flame hurtled through the air with an appalling crash in front of the batteries of the Flagstaff Bastion. These explosions were caused by the French mines, containing 50,000 pounds of powder, and seventy yards in front of the third parallel; the *etonnoirs* caused by which were, after several days' hard labour and nights of incessant combat, connected with the siege works. Next day the magazine of our eight-gun battery in the right attack was blown up by a shell, and seven of our guns were silenced, but the eighth was worked with great energy by Captain Dixon, R.A., who commanded in the battery. The fourth and principal mine was not exploded, as it was found to be close to the gallery of a Russian mine, and so far the explosion failed, and the French were unable to make such a lodgment as was anticipated; but they rushed in and established themselves in the course of the night in a portion of the outer work. The Russians, believing the explosion to be the signal for a general assault, ran to their guns, and for an hour their batteries vomited forth prodigious volumes of fire and smoke against our lines from one extremity to the other. The force and fury of their cannonade was astonishing, but notwithstanding the length and strength of the fire, it caused but little damage to the works or to their defenders.

A Polish deserter came in, who reported that we missed a golden opportunity on Easter Monday. It appeared that the Russians were apprised of the landing and march of the Turks, and received information which led them to believe we were about to attack Liprandi's army. Every available man was sent out of Sebastopol on the Sunday, and when we opened fire on Easter Monday they had only 8000 men in the place. This accounts for their silence and for their surprise. For two days they were working might and main to get their men back from Liprandi's army to the town again, and they soon had 28,000 men inside. The deserter said, "the place is a perfect hell." On the 17th, the 10th Hussars arrived, and five hundred sabres were added to the strength of our cavalry.

Our fire had very much diminished by the 18th of April. The Russian fire slackened just in proportion as they found our guns did not play upon them. The French batteries also relaxed a little in their energies. Even were there no considerations connected with the state of the siege and of our supplies of ammunition involved in this diminution of the weight of our bombardment and cannonade, it must be remembered that, unless with constant reliefs, four-hour spells at working heavy guns in the heat, dust, and blood of the trenches will wear out the strongest men. In the night we carried a rifle-pit in front of our right attack, and commenced a sap towards the Redan; and the Russians made heavy sorties on the French engaged in the construction of the third parallel, and were only repulsed after hard fighting and great loss.

CHAPTER V.

A Reconnaissance by the Turks—Relics of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade—Interior of a Church—A Brush with the Cossacks—Severe Struggles for the Rifle-pits—Gallantry of the French—Grand Military Spectacle—General Canrobert addressing the Troops—Talk in the Trenches—Rumours.

A RECONNAISSANCE was made by a strong division, consisting of twelve battalions of Turkish troops under the command of his Excellency Omar Pasha, assisted by French and English cavalry and artillery, on the 19th. Orders were sent to the head-quarters of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade and to the C troop of the Royal Horse Artillery to be in readiness to turn out at daybreak, and the 10th Hussars (Brigadier-General Parlby, of the Light Cavalry, in temporary command of the Cavalry Division, during General Scarlett's absence) received similar instructions. The Chasseurs d'Afrique and a French rocket troop, for mountain service, accompanied the *reconnaissance*, and rendered excellent service during the day. As the morning was fine and clear, the sight presented by the troops advancing towards Kamara across the plain from the heights was very beautiful. So little was known about the *reconnaissance*, that many officers at head-quarters were not aware of it, till they learnt that Lord Raglan, attended by a few members of the staff, and followed by only six orderlies, had started to overtake the troops. A great number of amateurs, forming clouds of very irregular cavalry, followed and preceded the expedition. His Excellency the Pasha, who was attended by his staff, by Behrem Pasha, (Colonel Cannon), and several Turkish officers of rank, had the control of the force.

The Turks marched in dense columns, bristling with steel, the sunlight flashing on the polished barrels of their firelocks and on their bayonets, relieved the sombre hue of the mass, for their dark blue uniforms, but little relieved by facings or gay shoulder-straps and cuffs, looked quite black when the men were together. The Chasseurs d'Afrique, clad in light powder-blue jackets, with white cartouch belts, and in bright red pantaloons, mounted on white Arabs, caught the eye like a bed of flowers scattered over the plain. Nor did the rich verdure indeed require any such borrowed beauty, for the soil produced an abundance of wild flowering shrubs and beautiful plants. Dahlias, anemones, sweetbrier, whitethorn, wild parsley, mint, thyme, sage, asparagus, and a hundred other different citizens of the vegetable kingdom dotted the plain, and as the Turkish infantry moved along, their feet crushed the sweet flowers, and the air was filled with delicate odours, which overcame the sweltering atmosphere around the columns. Rectangular patches of long, rank, rich grass, waving high above the more natural green meadow, marked the mounds where the slain of the 25th of October were reposing for ever, and the snorting horses refused to eat the unwholesome shoots that sprang there.

As the force moved on, evidences of that fatal and glorious day

became thick and painful. The skeleton of an English dragoon, said to be one of the Royals, lay extended on the plain, with tattered bits of red cloth hanging to the bones of his arms. All the buttons had been cut off the jacket. The man must have fallen early in the day, when the heavy cavalry were close up to Canrobert's Hill and came under the fire of the Russian artillery. There was also a Russian skeleton close at hand in ghastly companionship. The small bullet-skull, round as a cannon-ball, had been picked bare all save the scalp, which was still covered with grisly red locks. Further on, amid fragments of shells and round shot, the body of another Russian seemed starting out of the grave, which scarcely covered his lower extremities. The half-decayed skeletons of artillery and cavalry horses covered with rotting trappings, harness, and saddles, lay as they fell in the agonies of death, or had crumbled away into a *débris* of bone and skin, and leather straps, cloth, and buckles. From the numerous graves, the uncovered bones of the tenants had started up through the soil, as if to appeal against the haste with which they had been buried. With the clash of drums and the shrill strains of the fife, with the champing of bits and ringing of steel, man and horse swept over the remnants of their fellows in all the pride of life.

Not the least interesting part of the spectacle was furnished by the relics of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade passing over the scene of their grand encounter with the Muscovite cavalry. Scots Greys and Enniskillens, 4th Dragoon Guards and 5th Dragoon Guards, all had been there; and the survivors might well feel proud when they thought of that day. The 10th Hussars were conspicuous for the soldierly and efficient look of the men, and the fine condition of their light, sinewy, and showy horses. As the force descended into the plain they extended their right flank, and marched towards Kamara, spreading across the ground in front of Canrobert's Hill from No. 2 Turkish Redoubt up to the slope which leads to the ruined village. A party of Turkish infantry followed the cavalry in skirmishing order, and on approaching the village the column immediately in their rear halted, and Bono Johnny proceeded with great activity to cover the high wooded hill which overhung the village to the right. This they did without resistance, as the few Cossacks in the village abandoned it after firing a few straggling shots at the advanced skirmishers. One fellow had been taken so completely by surprise that he left his lance leaning against a wall. An officer of the 71st espied it just as the Cossack was making a bolt to recover it. They both rode their best, but the Briton was first, and carried off the lance in triumph, while the Cossack retreated with effective pantomime representing rage and despair. The Turks were preceded by a wretched man armed with a bow and arrows, who said he was a Tchergess. In addition to his bow and arrows, he carried a quaint old pistol, and his coat-breast was wadded with cartridges.

I looked into the church, the floor of which had formerly been covered an inch in depth with copper money, thrown there by the inhabitants when the expedition first came to Balaklava. The simple faith of the poor people in the protection of their church had not

been violated by us, but the Cossacks appeared to have had no such scruples, for not a copeck was to be seen, and the church was bare and desolate, and stripped of every adornment, even to the woodwork. The rest of the place was a heap of ruins, but the Cossacks had burrowed here and there into the stones, and made sleeping places and stables in the walls of the houses. As soon as the Turks on the right had gained the summit of the hill above Kamara, three of the columns advanced and took possession of the ruins, and then drew up on the slope in front of the church. A few men were sent further on towards Baidar, but could see no enemy, and they contented themselves with burning a building which the Cossacks had left standing, the smoke from which led some of us to believe that a little skirmish was going on among the hills.

Meantime the great bulk of the force, leaving three columns halted at Kamara, marched on past Canrobert's Hill, the sides of which were covered with the wigwams of the Russians—some recent, others those which were partially burnt when Liprandi retired. They passed by the old Turkish redoubts Nos. 1 and 2, towards a very steep and rocky conical hill covered with loose stones, near the top of which the Russians had thrown up a wall of rubbish about 2½ feet high. A group of Cossacks and some Russian officers had assembled on the top of this hill to examine our strength and watch our movements. As the Turkish skirmishers advanced, the French rocket troop accompanied them. The Turks ascended the hill with ardour and with great agility, firing their pieces as they advanced, to which the Cossacks replied by a petty fusillade. Suddenly an arch of thick white smoke rose from the ground with a fierce, hissing, rushing noise, throwing itself like a great snake towards the crest of the hill; as it flew onward the smoke disappeared, and the fiery trail was lost, but in a second, a puff of smoke burst out with a slight explosion on the hill top, and the Cossacks and Russians disappeared with precipitation. In fact, the French had begun their rocket practice with great accuracy and success. Nothing could be better for such work as this than their light rocket troops. The apparatus was simple and portable—a few mules, with panniers on each side, carried the whole of the tubes, cases, sticks, fusees, &c., and the effect of rockets, though uncertain, was very great, especially against irregular and ill-disciplined cavalry.

The skirmishers crowned this hill also, and the generals and officers of the staff, and numerous idlers and amateurs, followed them. The Russians rode rapidly down the hillside, and crossed the Tchernaya by the bridge and at one or two fords near Tchorgoun. Omar Pasha, Lord Raglan, and the French generals then spent some time in surveying the country, while the troops were halted in the rear, the artillery and cavalry first, supported by four battalions of Egyptians. At two o'clock the *reconnaissance* was over, and the troops slowly retired to the camp, the skirmishers of the French cavalry being followed by the Cossacks at a prudent distance, and exchanging long shots with them from time to time. Altogether, the *reconnaissance* was a most welcome and delightful interlude in the dull, monotonous "performances" of the siege. Every one felt as if he had beaten the Cossacks and got out of prison at last, and I never saw more cheering,

joyous faces at a cover side than were to be seen on Canrobert's Hill. It was a fillip to our spirits to get a gallop across the greensward once more, and to escape from the hateful feeling of constraint and confinement which bores us to death in the camp.

On the night of the 19th a very gallant and brilliant little feat of arms, attended by severe loss, was performed by the 77th Regiment in front of our right attack. There was nothing more remarkable in the active operations of this siege than the importance of the part played by the sharpshooters placed in those rifle pits which had been dug by the enemy, and which were constructed with great skill and daring, and defended with vigour and resolution. The pits were complete little batteries for riflemen, and the fire from one well established within 300 or 400 yards of a battery of ordnance, was sufficient to silence the guns and keep the gunners from going near the embrasures. In front of the Redan, opposite our right attack, the Russians had established some capacious pits, from which they annoyed us considerably, particularly from the two nearest to us on the left-hand side. Round shot and shell had several times forced the Russians to bolt across the open ground to their batteries, but at night they repaired damages, and were back again as busy as ever in the morning. Our advanced battery would have been greatly harassed by this fire when it opened, and it was resolved to take the two pits, to hold that which was found most tenable, and to destroy the other. That service was effected on the night of the 19th.

About eight o'clock the party of the 77th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, with a wing of the 33rd in the rear in support, moved down the traverses towards the rifle pits. The night was dark and windy, but the Russian sentries perceived the approach of our men, and a brisk fire was at once opened upon them, to which our troops scarcely replied, for they rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet, and, after a short struggle, drove them out of the two pits and up the slope behind them. Once in the pits, the engineers, officers, and sappers and miners set to work to strengthen the defences, threw up a gabionnade in front, and with great coolness and courage proceeded to connect the trench of the nearest of the rifle pits with our advanced sap. The enemy opened an exceedingly heavy fire of round, grape, and shell upon them, and the Russian sharpshooters from the parapets of the batteries, and from the broken ground behind the abattis, kept up a very severe fusillade; but the working party continued at their labour in defiance of the storm of shot which tore over them; and our men remained in possession of the larger of the pits under these trying circumstances, without any decided attempt being made to turn them out. The General of the day of the right attack telegraphed to head-quarters that our troops had gained the pits, and he received directions in reply from Major-General Jones to keep them at all hazards. At two o'clock in the morning a strong column of Russians, certainly double the strength of our men, advanced against the pits, and the combat was renewed. The English troops fought with "the immovable solidity" for which, in the opinion of our allies they are so celebrated. The enemy were met by courage more determined and by arms more nervous than their own; by the bayonet

they were thrust back again and again, and at its point they were driven up to their batteries once more. It was while setting an example of conspicuous bravery to his men that Colonel Egerton fell mortally wounded. The rifle pit was left in our hands, and a smart fire kept up from it. This was most serviceable, not only against the embrasures of the Redan, but in reducing and disturbing the fire of the Russian rifle pits on its flank. A drummer boy of the 77th engaged in the *melée* with a young bugler of the enemy, took his bugle and made him prisoner—a little piece of juvenile gallantry for which he was well rewarded.

On the next night the Russians sought to re-occupy the pits, when our soldiers speedily repulsed them; but we were exposed to loss from the fire of the guns in the Redan, and the 41st Regiment had fifteen men killed and wounded in the fire which the Russians opened upon us. The pit was levelled, filled in with earth, and the men then retired.

On the 24th a council of war was held at head-quarters, at which it was resolved to assault the place at 1 P.M. on the 28th. The English to attack the Redan; the French to carry the Ouvrages Blancs, Bastion du Mât, Bastion Centrale, and Bastion of the Quarantine. In the course of the evening General Canrobert was informed by the French admiral, that the French army of reserve would arrive in a week from Constantinople, and that it was probable the Emperor would also come out to take the command in person.

During the night of the 24th a considerable number of Russian workmen came out of the Bastion du Mât (Flagstaff Battery) soon after dark, and began excavating rifle pits close to the French saps. Our allies perceived these operations, and at once advanced on the Russians and drove them back at the point of the bayonet. The enemy, stronger than before, returned once again to their labour, and, covered by their guns, succeeded in making some progress in excavating the work, but they were driven away after another struggle of some duration by our gallant allies. The conflict lasted from eight o'clock till three o'clock in the morning, and the expenditure of ammunition was prodigious on both sides. In the morning it was discovered that the enemy were in possession of several pits, which they had succeeded in throwing up in spite of the strenuous attempts made to dislodge them. The French loss was estimated at 200 *hors de combat*. The Russians must have lost three times that number, judging from the heavy rolling fire of musketry incessantly directed upon them. At dawn the conflict ceased, and the cannonade was only continued by the French.

On the 25th General Canrobert sent over two general officers to the English head-quarters to inform Lord Raglan that in consequence of the information he had received from Constantinople and France of the possible arrival of the Emperor, and of the certain approach of the Imperial Guard and reinforcements to the strength of 20,000 men, he resolved not to make the assault on the 28th, as intended, but to wait a little longer.

The monotony of the camp was relieved on the 26th by a grand military spectacle. The whole of General Bosquet's army of observation,

consisting of forty-five battalions of infantry, of two regiments of heavy dragoons, and of two regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, together with a numerous and well-appointed field artillery, numbering sixty pieces, were reviewed by General Canrobert, who was accompanied by a large and very brilliant staff, by several English generals, and by an immense "field" of our officers. The inspection took place on the ridge which formed the natural defence of the plateau on which the allies were encamped, and the troops took ground from the point opposite the first Russian battery over Inkermann to the heights above the scene of the battle of Balaklava on the 25th of October. At half-past two the black columns of the French infantry formed in front of the whole fields of canvas, or streaked the plain of the plateau with flashing lines of light, as they marched from their various camps, with the rays of the bright sun reflected from their arms, and the clash of their bands filling the air with the essence of opera. For the space of four or five miles they could be seen converging and drawing up regiment after regiment on the extended ridge till they formed a solid wall, living, yet motionless, crowning its summit. The ground was too limited to contain such a body of men even in the dense manner in which they were formed, and a double wall was soon created by the arrival of fresh regiments.

The greater part of the little army must have been visible to the Russians on the heights over the Tchernaya, to the Cossacks on the redoubts and on Canrobert's Hill in the valley. The spectacle of the review was magnificent in the extreme. At three o'clock, General Canrobert, attended by his staff, and by General Rose, Colonel Foley, and Major Claremont, arrived on the ground, and was received by General Bosquet and his staff. The troops received the General with presented arms. The bands struck up *Partant pour la Syrie*. The vivandières standing by the musicians smiled their best. The golden eagles, with their gorgeous standards, were lowered, and General Canrobert, his hat trimmed with ostrich plumes, his breast covered with orders, mounted on a spirited charger, with a thick stick under his arm, followed by a brilliant staff, and his "esquire" displaying a tricolor guidon in the air, and attended by his escort and a suite of Generals, passed along the lines of men, now galloping to the left and now to the right between the intervals, to inspect the various regiments. Generals Estcourt, England, and Pennefather, a great number of staff officers, as well as a ruck of English officers on foot, and on horse, and on pony, in all the varied uniforms and mufti of the army, were present.

As soon as General Canrobert had reviewed a couple of divisions, there was then "an officers' call" of some sixteen battalions. The officers formed a square, and General Canrobert, riding into the centre, addressed them with much elocutionary emphasis respecting the speedy prospect of active operations against the place, in which he indicated some change by the illustration, "If one wants to get into a house, and cannot get in at the door, he must get in at the window."

These addresses were listened to with profound silence. The General and staff having reviewed all the troops, took up ground near the centre of the position, and regiment after regiment marched

past. A sullen gun from the enemy, directed towards the nearest column from the battery over the Tchernaya, just before the French moved, denoted the vigilance of the Russians, but the shot fell short against the side of the plateau. The troops—a great tide of men—the coming of each gaudy wave heralded as it rolled in sight over the brow of the hill, crested with sparkling bayonets, by the crash of martial music—rolled on for nearly two hours, and seemed as though they would engulf the camp in their vast swell. Chasseurs à pied, infantry of the line, Zouaves, Voltigeurs, and Arabs passed on column after column, till the forty-five battalions of gallant Frenchmen had marched before the eyes of him who might well be proud of commanding them. The Chasseurs Indigènes, their swarthy faces contrasting with their white turbans, clad in light blue, with bright yellow facings and slashing, and clean gaiters and greaves, showed like a bed of summer flowers, and the Zouaves rushed by with the buoyant, elastic, springing tread which reminded one of their tiger-rush towards Inkermann; nor was the soldier-like, orderly, and serviceable look of the line regiments less worthy of commendation. Then came the roll of the artillery, and in clouds of dust, rolling, and bumping, and jolting, a storm of guns and carriages swept over the broken ground for a quarter of an hour, till the sixty guns and their carriages had gone by. The General afterwards rode along the lines of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and of the two regiments of dragoons, which went past at a quick trot. It was said that there were 2000 horsemen in the four regiments. They certainly seemed fit for any duty that horse and man could be called upon to execute. The horses, though light, were in very good condition, particularly those of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. The inspection terminated shortly after six o'clock. Each regiment, as it defiled past the General, followed the example of the Colonel, and cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Next day the General reviewed Pelissier's corps, in rear of the trenches, and passed through the 40,000 men of which it consisted, using much the same language as he had addressed to the men the day previously.

Up to the 27th there was no material change in the position of the allied armies before Sebastopol, or in the attitude of the enemy within and outside the city. Every night there was the usual expenditure of ammunition. Nothing, indeed, was more difficult to ascertain than the particulars of these nocturnal encounters. After a cannonade and furious firing which would keep a stranger in a state of intense excitement all night, it was common to hear some such dialogue as this the following morning:—"I say, Smith, did you hear the row last night?"

"No, what was it?"

"Oh, blazing away like fury. You don't mean to say you didn't hear it."

"Not a sound; came up from the trenches last night, and slept like a top."

"Hallo, Jones (to a distinguished 'cocked hat' on horseback, riding past), tell us what all the shindy was about last night."

"Shindy, was there? By Jove, yes; I think I did hear some firing—the French and the Russians as usual, I suppose."

"No, it sounded to me as if it was in front of our right attack."

"Ah, yes—well—I suppose there was something."

Another thinks it was on the left, another somewhere else, and so the matter ends, and rests for ever in darkness unless the *Invalide Russe*, the *Moniteur*, or the *Gazette* throw their prismatic rays upon it. I need not say that all minute descriptions of charges at night or of the general operations are not trustworthy, and might be the mere work of the imagination. Each man fancied that the little party he was with bore the whole brunt of the work, and did all the duty of repulsing the enemy; and any one who took his narrative from such sources would be sure to fall into errors innumerable. To "describe a night attack" or any operation—a sortie or an advance—is a solecism. From the batteries or from the hills behind them one could see the flashes flickering through the darkness, and hear the shouts of the men—but that was all—were he a combatant he would see and hear even less than the spectator. Nothing afforded finer scope to the exercise of fancy than one of these fights in the dark—it was easy to imagine all sorts of incidents, to narrate the mode of advance, of attack, of resistance, of retreat, or of capture, but the recital was very inconsistent with the facts. The generals whose tents were near the front adopted the device of placing lines of stones radiating from a common centre towards the principal points of the attack, so as to get an idea of the direction in which the fire was going on at night. Even that failed to afford them any very definite information as to the course of the fight. In a day or two after the affair was over, one might hear what really had taken place by taking infinite pains and comparing all kinds of stories. It was, in fact, a process of elimination to discover the facts.

CHAPTER VI.

May-day in the Crimea—Relative Positions—New Works—A tremendous Conflict—Movement of Russians towards the Tchernaya—Sortie against the French—The Kertch Expedition—Recal—The Russians repulsed—Fire from the Batteries—Arrival of the Sardinians.

MAY-DAY in the Crimea was worthy of the sweetest and brightest May Queen in merry England! A blue sky, dotted with milk-white clouds, a warm, but not too hot sun, and a gentle breeze fanning the fluttering canvas of the wide-spread streets of tents, here pitched on swelling mounds covered with fresh grass, there sunk in valleys of black mould, trodden up by innumerable feet and hoofs, and scattered broad-cast over the vast plateau of the Chersonese. It was enough to make one credulous of peace, and to listen to the pleasant whispers of home, notwithstanding the rude interruption of the cannon before Sebastopol. This bright sun, however, developed fever and malaria. The reeking earth, saturated with dew and rain, poured forth poisonous vapours, and the sad rows of mounds, covered with long lank grass, which rose in all directions above the soil, impregnated the air

with disease. As the atmosphere was purged of clouds and vapour, the reports of the cannon and of the rifles became more distinct. The white houses, green roofs, the domes and cupolas of Sebastopol stood out with tantalizing distinctness against the sky, and the ruined suburbs and masses of rubbish inside the Russian batteries seemed almost incorporated with the French intrenchments.

The French on the left were indeed too near the enemy's lines; they were exposed to constant annoyance and loss by frequent volleys of hand grenades and cohorns, and their works were interrupted by little sorties of a few yards—out and back again. On the extreme right, however, the English works towards the Round Tower were in advance of the French works towards the Mamelon. On *our* proper left we could make no considerable approaches in advance of our actual works up to the Redan, in consequence of the deep ravine before our batteries. The ravine winding from the right between the two attacks swept down below the Green-hill, with a precipitous ascent on the Russian side towards the Redan, and a gentle rise up to the Green-hill. The French approach towards the Round Tower was obstructed by the Mamelon, which was due south of it, and we could not approach much nearer towards the Round Tower, working from our right, till the Mamelon had been taken. The distance from the Mamelon to the Redan was about 550 yards. From the Round Tower to the sea (of the harbour) behind it the distance was about 1700 yards. The French were within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon, and our advanced parallel, which was connected with theirs, inclined in front of their line towards the Round Tower. Although the Mamelon was pierced for eleven guns, there were not apparently more than five guns mounted, but all the embrasures were screened. The Russians had been checked in their attempts to advance upon our right towards Inkermann, and the French on the left towards the sea had pushed their lines inside the old Russian outworks; but the centre, protected by the Garden, Road, Barrack Batteries, and Redan, still offered considerable difficulty to an approach, and presented a very strong position.

A very brilliant exploit was performed by seven battalions of French infantry, in which the 46th Regiment were particularly distinguished, during the night and morning of the 1st and 2nd of May. The enemy, who had begun if possible to display greater energy, ability, and power of labour, alarmed by the rapid approaches of the French, had commenced a system of counter approaches in front of the Bastion of the Quarantine, Central Bastion, and Bastion du Mât, which were assuming enormous proportions, when General Pelissier demanded permission to take them, and after a struggle with General Canrobert, whose indecision increased every day, received orders for the assault. Three heavy columns rushed out of the French works shortly before seven o'clock. The Russians came out to meet them in force—a tremendous conflict ensued, in which the French used the bayonet in repeated charges, and at last they forced the Russians back into the works, followed them, stormed the outworks of the Batterie Centrale, and took off nine cohorns, which they brought to General Pelissier. In this gallant affair, which lasted till two o'clock, the French had

sixty-three killed, two hundred and ten wounded, and nine officers put *hors de combat*.

The obstinacy of the combat was sufficiently evident from the spectacle presented by the ground between the French lines and the Batterie du Centre. The space of rubbish, broken earth, ruins of batteries, and the *débris* of outworks was covered with gabions, fragments of arms, and dead bodies; and the Russians were busily engaged in burying those who had fallen inside their lines.

On the 2nd, at half-past two, a body of Russian troops, in three divisions, each about 2500 strong, were seen marching into Sebastopol from the camp over the Tchernaya. A very large convoy of carts and pack animals also entered the town in the course of the day, and an equally numerous string of carts and horses left for the interior. The troops marched along by the road at the head of the harbour, on the north side, and were lost to sight at three o'clock, behind the rise of the cliffs on the south of the road. The day was so clear that one could almost see their faces through the glass. The officers were well mounted, and the men marched solidly and well. Numbers of dogs preceded and played about the line of march, and as they passed by the numerous new batteries, at which the Russians were then working night and day, the labourers ceased from their labours for the time, saluted the officers, and stood gazing on the sight, just as our own artisans would stare at a body of troops in some quiet English town. A smaller force subsequently passed out from the town, and marched up towards the camp at the Belbek, taking a road more to the north than that by which their comrades entered.

About four o'clock, it was observed by us on the right that the enemy was forming his battalions in columns in the rear of the Bastion du Mât, and a few moments afterwards about 2000 men, most likely volunteers, made a desperate rush out of the works close to the Batterie Centrale, and with a loud cheer flung themselves on the French in the works which they had so gallantly captured the night before. For a moment their numbers and impetuosity enabled them to drive the French out of the imperfect works and ambuscades as far as the parallel, but not without a desperate resistance. The musketry was so heavy that the smoke soon obscured the scene of the conflict from sight, but the French could be seen advancing rapidly along the traverses and covered ways to the front, their bayonets flashing through the murky air in the sun, and in a few moments the Russians were driven back by the cold steel, and forced to flee hastily behind their entrenchments, which instantly opened a heavy cannonade and volleys of grape to check the pursuit of the French. Our allies fought splendidly, and chastised the audacity of the enemy with much severity. Several Russian officers and men were taken prisoners, and the enemy with great difficulty succeeded in carrying off most of their dead and wounded, but left several of both upon the ground. While this affair was taking place, our races were going on in a hollow behind Cathcart's-hill. Next day there was a truce to bury the dead, and 121 French were found on the ground, and 156 Russian bodies were delivered to the burial parties of the enemy.

Lord Raglan, who was very anxious not to leave the French the credit of doing everything, with difficulty induced General Canrobert to accede to a plan of seizing Kertch, which was highly approved of by the admirals; and on the 3rd an expedition of steamers, carrying the 42nd, 71st, and 93rd, part of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, two companies of Sappers and Miners, 700 Light Infantry, one battery of Artillery, 50 of the 8th Hussars, and the First Corps First Division of the French army under D'Autemarre, sailed from Kamiesch and Balaklava; the whole force being under the command of Sir George Brown. The fleet, consisting of about forty sail, with nearly 12,000 men on board, arrived at the rendezvous, lat. 44·54, long. 36·28, on Saturday morning, and were summoned to return to the place whence they came by an express steamer which left Kamiesch on Friday night or Saturday morning with orders from General Canrobert. These orders were sent by the French General in consequence of a communication from the Emperor at Paris, which rendered it incumbent on him to concentrate the forces under his command in the Chersonese. It was not to be wondered at that this abrupt termination of an expedition which, from its secret character, was doubtless intended to effect important services, excited feelings of annoyance and regret among those who expected to win honour, glory, and position. Admiral Bruat could not venture to take upon himself the responsibility of disregarding orders so imperative and so clear, and Admiral Lyons was not in a position to imitate the glorious disobedience of Nelson. Lord Raglan gave permission to Sir George Brown to go on without the French, if he thought proper, but that gallant officer did not consider his force large enough, and did not avail himself of such a proof of his general's confidence.

On the 5th the expedition returned and the troops were landed again; and we soon began to hear rumours of dissensions in our councils and of differences between Lord Raglan and General Canrobert. To add to these differences, the Emperor Napoleon had sent out a sketch of operations, to which General Canrobert naturally attached great importance, and from which Lord Raglan dissented. The recal of the Kertch expedition precipitated the result. General Canrobert proposed to Lord Raglan to take the command in chief of the allied armies. His lordship, after some hesitation, accepted, and then proposed some changes in the disposition of the two armies, to which General Canrobert would not accede. Finding himself thus compromised with the English commander, General Canrobert demanded permission from the Emperor to resign the command of the French army, and to take charge of a division. The Emperor acceded to the request, and General Canrobert was succeeded by General Pelissier; but it does not appear that Lord Raglan's influence in council at all increased in consequence of the change.

On the 8th General Della Marmora and 5000 Sardinians arrived in the Crimea, and were attached to the English army.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 10th of May, the camp in front was roused up by an extremely heavy fire of musketry and repeated cheering along our right attack. The elevated ground and ridges in front of the Third and Fourth Divisions were soon crowded with groups of men from the tents in the rear. [illegible] very dark

night, for the moon had not risen, and the sky was overcast with clouds, but the incipient flashing of small arms, which lighted up the front of the trenches, the yell of the Russians (which our soldiers christened "the Inkermann screech"), the cheers of our men, and the volume of the fire indicated the position, and showed that a contest of no ordinary severity was taking place. For a mile and a half the darkness was broken by outbursts of ruddy flame and bright glittering sparks, which advanced, receded, died out altogether, broke out fiercely in patches in innumerable twinkles, flickered in long lines like the electric flash along a chain, and formed for an instant craters of fire. By the time I had reached the front—about five minutes after the firing began—the fight was raging all along the right of our position. The wind was favourable for hearing, and the cheers of the men, their shouts, the voices of the officers, the Russian bugles and our own, were distinctly audible. The bugles of the Light Division and of the Second Division were sounding the "turn out" on our right as we reached the high ground, and soon afterwards the alarm sounded through the French camp close to them.

Hundreds of the soldiers had turned out, and were drawn up, watching with the most intense interest the fight before them, as far as they could see it. The tents of the Fourth division were lighted up, and the old Inkermann men were all anxious and ready for the word to march, in case their services might be required. The musketry, having rolled incessantly for a quarter of an hour, began to cease at intervals along the line. Here and there it stopped for a moment altogether; again it burst forth. Then came a British cheer which thrilled through every heart. "Our fellows have driven them back; bravo!" A Russian yell, a fresh burst of musketry, more cheering, a rolling volley subsiding into spattering flashes and broken fire, a ringing hurrah from the front followed; and then the Russian bugles sounding "the retreat," and our own bugles the "cease firing," and the attack, after half-an-hour's duration, was over. The enemy were beaten, and were retiring to their earthworks; and the batteries opened to cover their retreat. The Redan, Round Tower, Garden and Road Batteries, aided probably by the ships, lighted up the front from the muzzles of their guns. The batteries at Careening-bay on the north side of the harbour contributed their fire, and the sky was seamed by the red track of innumerable shells. The moment they began to fire, our ever active allies the French, on our right, opened from the batteries over Inkermann and from the heights to draw off the Russian guns from our men; and our own batteries also replied, and sent shot and shell in the direction of the retreating enemy. The effect of this combined fire was very formidable to look at, but was probably not nearly so destructive as that of the musketry. From half-past one till three o'clock the cannonade continued, but the spectators had retired before two o'clock, and went to sleep as well as they might in the midst of the thunders of infernal turmoil. Soon after three o'clock a.m. it began to blow hard with great violence, and on getting up next morning I really believed that one of our terrible winter days had interpolated itself in the Crimean May.

The Russians came upon us on the left of the right attack, close to the Woronzoff-road, but the troops were ready for them, and drove them back in spite of their very heavy musketry. A part of the Light Division took them in flank, and, although the enemy kept up a heavy fire from a distance, they did us but little injury. It was not a sortie, nor even a premeditated attack; but the Russians were completely foiled. They had pushed out a strong column of troops, and proceeded, as is supposed, to execute some works in the rear of the advanced parties which were sent on towards our lines to shield the works from observation. Our sentries were on the alert, and as the enemy drew near they gave the alarm, and the men were in readiness for them. The Russians crept upon their bellies, delivered a volley at the parapet, which did no harm, and then rushed on, but they were received by a very heavy and well-directed discharge of Minié's, which killed and wounded a considerable number. They then lay down again, loaded, and fired from the ground, but their officers in vain endeavoured to lead them up to our lines, from which our troops kept up an incessant fire. A portion of the Light Division, moving towards the left, charged another party of Russians coming up close to the Woronzoff-road, and utterly routed them. The enemy, who lost at every volley, notwithstanding their caution, after uttering repeated cheers and yells, principally raised, one may imagine, by the officers, retreated down the hill, and it could be seen that they bore great numbers of dead and wounded along with them. It is supposed the Russians had 150 *hors de combat*. The tremendous cannonade they opened was unattended with much effect, considering its weight and intensity, and was only so much waste of ammunition, but our fire on their retreating columns must have added considerably to their casualties. The total loss in the Light Division was only fourteen *hors de combat*.

During the month of May, the Sardinians accumulated at Balaklava. Two or three steamers arrived every four-and-twenty hours laden with those excellent and soldierlike troops. They landed all ready for the field, with horses, carts, &c. Their transport cars were simple, strongly made, covered vehicles, not unlike a London bread-cart, painted blue, with the words "Armata Sarda" in blank letters, and the name of the regiment to the service of which it belonged. The officers were well mounted, and every one admired the air and carriage of the troops, more especially of the "Bersaglieri" (Chasseurs), on whom the eye was attracted by their melo-dramatic head-dress—a black looking hat, with a large plume of black cock's feathers in the

CHAPTER VII.

Expedition to the Sea of Azoff—Departure—Cape Takli—Explosions—A Chase—Disembarkation—The Salt Lake—Plunder—Capture of Yenikale—Our Forces—Kertch and Yenikale—Depredations—Work of Destruction—"Looting"—Russian Hospital—Pillage—Return to the Crimea—Third Bombardment.

Soon after General Pelissier took the command, another expedition to the Sea of Azoff was decided upon. On the 21st the principal officers received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark on Tuesday, and it was no longer doubtful that an expedition was preparing against Kertch, and against the Russians in the Sea of Azoff. The command of the British contingent was conferred, as before, on Sir George Brown.

On Tuesday evening (the 22nd) the "Gladiator," "Stromboli," "Sidon," "Valorous," "Oberon," and "Ardent," came round and anchored on the harbour of Balaklava, and the "Wardcloud," sailing transport, with a party of the 5th Royal Irish, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel de Salis, and several others, hauled outside, where they remained till Wednesday morning. Commander Hoseason was in charge, and Lieutenant Geary second in command of the transports of the expedition.

There was not much to note on the voyage. The day was most favourable, the sea as smooth as a mirror. We approached Cape Takli, which marks the western extremity of the land at the Straits of Kertch, at half-past ten o'clock, and a thick black smoke was visible, floating in the horizon towards the northward, sufficiently indicating the position of the fleet. As the vessel proceeded on her course, passing through the straits, which are about seven and a half or eight miles wide at the entrance, a group of people could be made out in the balcony of the lighthouse at Cape Takli, and a few wandering Cossacks were seen galloping through the meadows, half concealed by the rank grass.

On approaching Kara-Bournou, at forty minutes past one, a huge column of white smoke rushed up towards the skies, opened out like a gigantic balloon, and then a roar like the first burst of a thunderstorm told us that a magazine had blown up. At a quarter-past two another loud explosion took place, and a prodigious quantity of earth was thrown into the air along with the smoke. Another magazine was blown up at twenty-five minutes past two, with a tremendous explosion, which seemed to shake the sea and air. A third place about three o'clock; and at half-past, three several columns of smoke blending into one, and as many explosions, the echoes of which roared and thundered away together, announced that the Russians were destroying their magazines. They were seen retreating, some over the hills behind Kertch, others

towards Yenikale. The allied troops commenced disembarking at once, and the boats of the fleet were ordered out, and landed them on the beach between the Salt Lake, north of Cape Kamiesch Bournou, and the cluster of Ambalaki, a hamlet on the hill-side in the little bay between Kamiesch and Pavlovskaya Battery. The heavy steamers lay outside. The transports were anchored off the Salt Lake to the south, and the gunboats and lighter steamers lay off the smoking ruins of the Russian earthworks.

Sir E. Lyons and Admiral Stewart were on board the "Vesuvius," and Sir George Brown, after seeing the troops landed, went on board and held a conference with them.

As we anchored, a most exciting scene took place towards the northward. One of the enemy's steamers had run out of the Bay of Kertch, which was concealed from our view by the headland on which Pavlovskaya and the battery of Cape Bournou are situated, and was running as hard as she could for the Straits of Yenikale. She was a low schooner-rigged craft, like a man-of-war, and for a long time it was uncertain whether she was a government vessel or not. A gunboat dashed after her across the shallows, and, just as she passed the cape, two Russian merchantmen slipped out and also made towards Yenikale. At the same moment a fine roomy schooner came bowling down with a fair breeze from Yenikale, evidently intending to aid her consort, and despising, very likely, the little antagonist which pursued her. The gunboat flew on and passed the first merchantman, at which she fired a shot, by way of making her bring-to. The forts at Kertch instantly opened, and shot after shot splashed up the water near the gunboat, which still kept intrepidly on her way. As the man-of-war schooner bowled down towards the Russian steamer, the latter gained courage, slackened her speed, and lay-to, as if to engage her enemy. A sheet of flame and smoke rushed from the gunboat's sides, and her shot flying over the Russian, tossed up a pillar of water far beyond her. Alarmed at this taste of her opponent's quality, and this sudden intimation of her tremendous armament, the Russian at once took to flight, and the schooner wore and bore away for Yenikale again, with the gunboat after both of them. Off the narrow straits between Yenikale and the sandbank which runs across from the opposite land, a great number of gunboats and small craft were visible, and as the English gunboat, which had been joined by another vessel of the same class, ran up towards them, the Russian battery opened upon her from the spit on which the town is situate. One of her consorts, however, which had followed her out in the chase, was close at hand, and the gunboats dashed at their enemies, which tacked, wore, and ran in all directions, while the gunboats chased them as a couple of hawks would harry a flock of larks.

The action with the forts became very sharp, and the Russians on the Tcherka spit or sandbank began to take part in the unequal contest. Sir Edmund Lyons, however, soon sent off the light steamers and disposable gunboats to reinforce the two hardy little fellows, and the French steamers also rushed to the rescue. The batteries on the sandbank were not silenced without some trouble; but at last

blew up their magazines, and the fort at Yenikale followed their example. The gunboats kept up a rushing fight along the coast till it was dark. At about half-past six o'clock the batteries in the Bay of Kertch ceased firing, the Russians blew up their works, and abandoned the town. Dark pillars of smoke, tinged at the base with flame, began to shoot up all over the hill-sides. Some of them rose from the government houses and stores of Ambalaki, where we landed; others from isolated houses further inland; others from stores, which the retreating Russians must have destroyed in their flight. Constant explosions shook the air, and single guns sounded here and there continuously throughout the night. Here a ship lay blazing on a sandbank on the left; a farm-house in flames lighted up the sky on the right, and obscured the pale moon with volumes of inky smoke. All the troops whose services were required were landed at Ambalaki before dusk, and bivouacked on the ridge about it. Each of our men landed with two days' provisions, but without rum; some of them carried their tents. A small body of Russian cavalry, with two guns, made a *reconnaissance*, from a considerable distance, before nightfall, but did not attempt to interfere with their proceedings, and the men set to work to enjoy themselves in Ambalaki and its neighbourhood as well as they could.

As there was nothing to be done at sea, the ships being brought to anchor far south of the scene of action with the gunboats, it was resolved to land at the nearest spot, which was about one mile and a half or two miles from Pavlovskaya Battery. A row of half a mile brought us from our anchorage, where the ship lay, in three fathoms, to a beautiful shelving beach, which was exposed, however, only for a few yards, as the rich sward grew close to the brink of the tideless sea. The water at the shore, unaffected by the current, was clear, and it was evident that it abounded in fish. The land rose abruptly, at the distance of two hundred yards from the beach, to a ridge parallel to the line of the sea about a hundred feet in height, and the interval between the shore and the ridge was dotted with houses, in patches here and there, through which the French were already running riot, breaking in doors, pursuing hens, smashing windows—in fact, "plundering," in which they were assisted by all of our men who could get away.

Towards the Salt Lake some large houses were in flames, and storehouses were blazing fiercely in the last throes of fire. On the ridge above us the figures of the French and English soldiers, moving about against the horizon, stood sharply out, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. The Highlanders, in little parties, scoured about for water, or took a stray peep after a "bit keepsake" in the houses on their way to the wells, but the French were always before them, and great was the grumbling at the comparative licence allowed to our allies. The houses were clean outside and in—whitewashed neatly, and provided with small well-glazed windows, which were barely adequate, however, to light up the two rooms of which each dwelling consisted, but the heavy sour smell inside was most oppressive and disagreeable: it seemed to proceed from the bags of black bread and vessels of fish oil which were found in every cabin. Each

dwelling had out-houses, stables for cattle, pens, bakeries, and rude agricultural implements outside. The ploughs were admirably described by Virgil, and a reference to *Adams's Antiquities* will save me a world of trouble in satisfying the curiosity of the farming interest at home. The furniture was all smashed to pieces; the hens and ducks, captives to the bow and spear of the Gaul, were cackling and quacking piteously as they were carried off in bundles from their homes by Zouaves and Chasseurs. Every house we entered was ransacked, and every cupboard had a pair of red breeches sticking out of it, and a blue coat inside of it. Vessels of stinking oil, bags of sour bread, casks of flour or ham, wretched clothing, old boots, beds ripped up for treasure, the hideous pictures of saints on panelling or paper which adorned every cottage, with lamps suspended before them, were lying on the floors. Droles dressed themselves in faded pieces of calico dresses or aged finery lying hid in old drawers, and danced about the gardens. One house, which had been occupied as a guard-house, and was marked on a board over the door "No. 7 Kardone," was a scene of especial confusion. Its inmates had evidently fled in great disorder, for their great coats and uniform jackets strewed the floors, and bags of the black bread filled every corner, as well as an incredible quantity of old boots. A French soldier, who, in his indignation at not finding anything of value, had with great wrath devastated the scanty and nasty-looking furniture, was informing his comrades outside of the atrocities which had been committed, and added, with the most amusing air of virtue in the world, "*Ah, Messieurs, Messieurs! ces brigands, ils ont volé tout!*" No doubt he had settled honourably with the proprietor of a large bundle of living poultry which hung panting over his shoulders, and which were offered to us upon very reasonable terms.

Notwithstanding the great richness of the land, little had been done by man to avail himself of its productiveness. I never in my life saw such quantities of weeds or productions of such inexorable ferocity towards pantaloons, or such eccentric flowers of huge dimensions, as the ground outside these cottages bore. The inhabitants were evidently graziers rather than agriculturists. Around every house were piles of a substance like peat, which is made, we were informed, from the dung of cattle, and is used as fuel. The cattle, however, had been all driven away. None were taken that I saw, though the quantity which fed in the fields around must have been very great. Poultry and ducks were, however, captured in abundance, and a party of Chasseurs, who had taken a huge wild-looking boar, were in high delight at their fortune, and soon despatched and cut it up into junks with their swords. There were some thirty or forty houses scattered about the ridge, but all were pretty much alike. The smell was equally disagreeable in all, in spite of whitewash, and we were glad to return from a place which a soldier of the 71st said "A Glasgie beggar wad na tak a gift o'."

In the evening the "Spitfire" buoyed a passage past Kertch towards Yenikale, and the "Miranda" and "Stromboli" and several gun-boats went up the newly-marked channel, but at eight o'clock P.M. the Russians blew up their batteries at Yenikale and on the western side of

the straits. Next morning (the 25th) the troops after a fatiguing march entered Yenikale, and Mr. Williams, master of the "Miranda," having buoyed a channel into the Sea of Azoff, the allied squadrons entered that offshoot of the great Russian lake in the afternoon. When the Russians on Tcherka spit saw the channel laid down and fire, they blew up their magazines and left the spit. The squadron, commanded by Captain Lyons, "Miranda," consisted of "Curlew," "Swallow," "Stromboli," "Vesuvius," "Medina," "Ardent Recruit," "Wrangler," "Beagle," "Viper," "Snake," "Arrow," and "Lynx."

Sir Edmund Lyons, who joined the squadron as soon as they entered the Sea of Azoff, returned to the fleet in the evening, and Sir George Brown went on shore, where he took up his quarters in a house in Yenikale. Yenikale was set on fire in two places, and it required all the exertions of the authorities to prevent the flames spreading and devastating the whole place. The houses were smashed open, the furniture broken to pieces, and "looting" and plundering were the order or the disorder of the day. Two of the 42nd Highlanders, who were in a crowd assembled round a house, were shot in a very extraordinary manner. A French soldier struck at the closed door, to break it with the butt of his musket. The concussion discharged the piece, and the ball killed one of the men on the spot, and wounded the other severely.

There was a pretty strong current running at the rate of about three miles an hour over the flats off the town of Yenikale, and the water was almost as turbid as that of the Thames, and of a more yellow hue, as it rushed from the Sea of Azoff. Two gunboats, carrying twelve small pieces each, were moored off the forts of Yenikale, and there was a floating battery close to them armed with two very heavy guns, the floor being flush with the water, and the guns quite uncovered. Two barks, armed on the main-deck with guns, and used as transports, were resting on the sand, where they had been sunk by our ships as they attempted to escape to the Sea of Azoff. It was suspected that there were few regular troops in proportion to the numbers in and about Kertch and Yenikale, and that there was a large proportion of invalids, local militia men, and pensioners among the soldiers who made such a feeble and inglorious defence. The appearance of our armada as it approached must have been most formidable. One man was found dead in the battery at Yenikale, lying, as he fell, with the match in his hand, close to the gun he was about to fire, and two more Russians were found dead on the beach, but they looked as if they had been killed by the explosion of the magazine. The guns in Yenikale were new and fine. Some of them were mounted on a curious kind of swivel—the pieces were upon the American principle. One brass piece, which was lying near the guard-house, was said to have been taken from the Turks at Sinope. The hospital, which was in excellent order, contained sick and wounded soldiers, the former suffering from rheumatism, the latter sent from Sebastopol. The enemy fired the magazine close at hand without caring for these unfortunate fellows, and every pane of glass in the windows was shattered to pieces by the explosion. The

total number of guns taken at Yenikalo was about twenty-five, of which ten were in a battery inside the old Genoese ramparts, four in a detached battery, and eleven lying partially dismounted about the works.

The success of the expedition by land and sea was complete, rapid, and glorious. The forts which defended the narrow and difficult Straits of Kertch were forced, the magazines of the enemy were exploded by their own hands, all their guns fell into our possession, together with a prodigious quantity of corn, grain, munitions of war, naval stores, and military equipments. The Sea of Azoff was open to us, and our flying squadron of steam gunboats searched it from end to end, burning and destroying the ships and trading vessels of the Russians, crushing their forts, and spreading terror and dismay along the seaboard of their inland lake. The force which had effected these great objects, and which was ready for further service, consisted of 7500 French troops, under General d'Autemarre; of 5000 Turks, under Redschid Pasha; of 3805 English, under Sir George Brown—namely, 864 Marines, Lieutenant-Colonel Holloway; 168 Artillery, Captains Barker, Graydon, &c.; the 42nd Highlanders, Colonel Cameron, 550 strong; the 79th Regiment of Highlanders, 430 strong, Colonel Douglas; the 93rd Highlanders, 640 strong, Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie; the 71st Highland Light Infantry, 721 strong, Lieutenant-Colonel Denny; 50 Sappers and Miners, and 50 8th Hussars, under Colonel de Salis. The staff numbered forty persons, and the Transport Corps 310 officers and men. The flying squadron in the Sea of Azoff was under the command of Captain Lyons, son of the Admiral, who was on board the "Miranda," and consisted of the following vessels:—"Vesuvius," Captain Osborne; "Stromboli," Captain Cole; "Medina," Commander Beresford; "Ardent," Lieutenant-Commander Horton; "Arrow," Lieutenant Tollute; "Beagle," Lieutenant Hewett; "Lynx," Lieutenant Aynsley; "Snake," Lieutenant M'Killop; "Swallow," Commander Crauford; "Viper," Lieutenant Armytage; "Wrangler," Lieutenant Risk; and "Curlew," Commander Lambert. The great mass of the fleet remained at anchor off Ambalaki; but a squadron, in which I believe were the "Highflyer" and "Tribune," along with some French ships, went to reconnoitre Anapa and the coast of Circassia.

There are not many people who ever heard of Kertch or Yenikale since their schoolboy days until this war directed all eyes to the map of the Crimea, but these towns represented, on a small scale, those favoured positions which nature seemed to have intended for the seat of commerce and power, and in some measure resembled Constantinople, which was placed, like them, on a narrow channel between two seas, whose trade it profited by and commanded. On approaching Cape Takli Bournon, which is the south-western corner, so to speak, of the entrance to the Straits of Kertch, the traveller sees on his left a wide expanse of undulating meadow land, marked all along the prominent ridges with artificial tumuli, and dotted at wide intervals with Tartar cottages and herds. The lighthouse at the cape was a civilized European-looking edifice of white stone, on a high land, some height above the water; and as we passed it we could see the men in charge

of it mounted in the balcony, and surveying the proceedings of the fleet through telescopes.

On the right of the Straits, or, in other words, at the south-eastern extremity, the coast of Taman—famed for its horses, its horsemen, and its buckwheat—offered a varied outline of steep cliffs, or of sheets of verdure descending to the water's edge, and the white houses and steeples of Fanagoria could be seen in the distance. The military road to Anapa wound along a narrow isthmus further south on the right, below the narrow Strait of Bourgas, leading to one of the estuaries which indented the land in all directions in this region of salt lakes, isthmuses, and sandbanks. From Cape Takil to the land on the opposite side of the Straits the distance is about seven miles and a half. The country on both sides, though bright and green, had a desolate aspect, in consequence of the absence of trees and of enclosures, but the numberless windmills on both sides of the Strait proved the fertility of the soil and the comfortable state of the population.

From Cape Takil to Ambalaki, where the expeditionary forces landed, the distance was about twelve miles. It was a poor place, built on a small cliff over the sea, which at the south side swept down to the beach by the margin of a salt-water lake. As there was no force to oppose the landing, the men were easily disembarked on a sandy beach, out of range of the batteries, and close to the salt-water lake. This movement threatened to take the Russians who were in the batteries in the rear, and to cut off their communication with Kertch, which was situated in a bay, concealed from the view of Ambalaki by the Cape of Ak-Bournou. The Russians therefore lost all heart, and retired from the batteries, leaving the guns spiked, and blowing up the magazines.

When the Allies landed, the enemy fled to Kertch, spreading dismay and terror, and the troops there, afraid of being attacked in the rear and front, by land and sea, made a hasty retreat towards the interior. In the port of Kertch were seven small steamers, used for Government purposes, several of which were armed. Of these, four escaped into the Sea of Azoff, three were cut off by the gunboats, and run aground and burnt by the enemy in the Bay of Kertch. Pavlovskaia was a strong earthwork, with stone magazines and houses for the little garrison, and it could have given us much trouble had it been manned by resolute men. Inside, in the bottom of a bay formed by the promontory on which Pavlovskaia stood, and situated about five miles from Ambalaki, stands the town of Kertch. As seen from the sea it was a picturesque and almost a stately town, and the position and air of the place, and of the country behind it, resemble Naples on a small scale. The bay is semicircular, the principal buildings situated on the waterside, bounded by a quay faced with hewn stone. The houses were painted with various colours over the stonework; some of them attained the dimensions and almost deserved the name of palaces. The Tartar houses were mean wigwams, but they were all whitewashed, and their position in the suburbs and on the hillsides did not render them very conspicuous. To the left or west of the

town, facing it from the sea, were extensive magazines, stores, and Government factories, sawmills, manufactories of shot, balls, bakeries, &c. To the right, with a large front of public and private buildings intervening along the waterside, were the dockyard, the battery, and military and naval establishments. Three or four spires rose above the mass of houses in the background, and one stately mansion of stone, with a pillared portico, particularly attracted the eye. At the distance of two miles from the town, on the east, or right-hand side, were more Government magazines and a large quarantine station. Some scattered hamlets and two villages might be seen between Kertch and Yenikale.

From Kertch to Yenikale the distance was five miles and a half. Yenikale derives its importance from its position on a promontory close to the entrance of the Sea of Azoff, at the northern extremity of the Straits of Kertch. Another of the singular banks to be found in this part of the world, shooting from the north-eastern extremity of the Taman Peninsula, runs through the sea in a southerly and westerly direction for seven miles and a half towards Yenikale, and contracts the strait to the breadth of a mile and three-quarters just before it opens into the Sea of Azoff. On this bank, which is full of salt-water marshes, and is two or three miles broad in some places, the Russians had a strong battery commanding the ferry station, armed with long and heavy 36-pounders, and a number of Government buildings of a mean description, and there were great numbers of fishing huts and fishermen's sheds also upon it. The principal battery at Yenikale crossed fire with the fort on the sandbank, which was called Cherka, and one would have thought that a stout resistance would have been offered to our gunboats; but the batteries on land were abandoned after the magazines blown up by the enemy; the battery on the sandbank followed the example next morning, and Yenikale was surrendered to us without a blow. The town consisted of two parts—one a suburb of houses close to the water's edge, and commanded by a ridge of high land rising gradually from the sea. The church, a handsome building in the Byzantine style, stood on the hill-side, in the midst of this suburb. The other part consisted of the fort, which was formed by a quadrangular rampart, armed at the angles with bastions and small turrets. Each side of the square was about a quarter of a mile long. The side parallel to the sea-wall was on the top of the ridge, into which the ground rose gradually from the sea, and the sea-wall itself had at its base a broad quay by the water's edge. The ridge once gained, the country extended before one in a spacious plateau, with conical mounds and tumuli, forming natural advanced posts for vedettes in the distance. On the land side the ramparts were provided with embrasures, and were crenellated for musketry; the walls, though very old, were of great solidity, and were tolerably well preserved. Inside the enclosure were the hospital, the Government-house, the barrack, the batteries, and the stores and magazines. One of the magazines which was blown up completely destroyed about two hundred feet of the curtain of the work on the land side. There were marks of ancient entrenchments outside the walls, and the moats, ditches, covered ways, &c., very well defined.

Our troops suffered greatly from the heat on the march to Yenikale, which was more than twelve miles from their bivouac, but their conduct was exemplary; nor had they anything to do with the incendiary fires which took place in Yenikale, and which were extinguished three or four times in one night with great difficulty. The weather was extremely fine, but the mid-day sun was rather too powerful for English constitutions. Fresh meat was not deficient. Immense quantities of caviare, of dried sturgeon, and of a coarse-scaled fish like a bream, were found in every village and in Yenikale, and were relished by our soldiers, but they had very imperfect means of gratifying the thirst which followed, as the water was brackish, and the stores of country wine (some of it excellent, in spite of the adulteration of oil or essence of roses) were nearly all discovered and drunk up. The water of the straits was only brackish, and our horses, as well as the native cattle, drank it readily, but its taste was very mawkish and disagreeable. The channel was not more than thirteen feet deep opposite Yenikale, and the passage from Kertch was very intricate till our men-of-war marked it out with buoys and flags.

The dockyard magazines at Kertch contained quantities of military and naval stores—boiler plates, lathes, engineers' tools, paint, canvas, hemp and chain cables, bales of great-coats, uniform jackets, trowsers and caps, knapsacks, belts, bayonets, swords, scabbards, anchors, copper nails and bolts, implements of foundry, brass, rudder-pintles, lead, &c. The French were busy for a few days in taking the clothing &c., out of the storehouses and destroying it. The valuable stores were divided between the allies, according to their good fortune and energy in appropriation. Numbers of old boats, of large rudders, covered with copper and hung on brass, of small guns, of shot, shell, grape, and canister, were lying in the dockyard. An infernal machine of curious construction attracted a great deal of attention. Like most devices of the kind, it had failed to be of the slightest service. Outside the walls of the dockyard, which was filled with oxen and horses, was another long range of public buildings and storehouses, which had been nearly all gutted and destroyed. Soldiers' caps, belts, coats, trowsers, cartouche-boxes, knapsacks, and canteens, were strewn all over the quay in front of them. In a word, Kertch had ceased to be a military or naval station, and the possession which Russia so eagerly coveted a few years before was of no more use to her than the snows of the Tchatir Dagh.

It will be remembered that our troops marched through Kertch on Friday, the 25th of May, and occupied Yenikale early on the same day. The same attempts to destroy the property of the people of Yenikale which were so successful at Kertch were made by the troops, but they were repressed by the generals, and Sir George Brown took some steps to prevent the dilapidation of houses by the French, under the pretence that they required fuel. Nevertheless, nearly every house in the town was broken into and plundered, and the furniture was smashed to pieces. Several buildings were set on fire, which was with difficulty extinguished, and at one time the greater part of the ho were threatened with destruction, as the wind blew the flames in direction of the principal street.

It is very unpleasant to have to darken the picture of our successes with a dash of the same gloomy old colour which rose out of the Balaklava mud, but justice must be done and truth must be told. A Deputy-Commissary-General and an efficient staff were sent, at the usual short notice, and with the ordinary scant directions given to the department, after the expedition. They arrived at Ambalaki before the troops landed, and the officer in charge was directed by the authorities to wait there till he received further instructions. On Friday morning the light vessels of the fleet went up to Yenikale, and ere noon our columns were approaching the place, but no orders were sent to the commissariat officer to proceed. At last his patience was exhausted, and Mr. Drake, with commendable energy, resolved to take upon himself the responsibility of ordering the ship up to Yenikale, and he arrived there in time to send rum ashore to the fatigued and worn-out men that very evening. Suppose he had obeyed his orders, and waited at Ambalaki till next day or the day after, leaving the men not only without rum, but without meat and biscuit, could he have been blamed? And yet, if the ship had run aground in the difficult channel to Yenikale, wherein she was frequently with only two or three inches of water between her keel and the bottom, no doubt the responsibility would have fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. Drake, while no credit was given to him for his decision and resolution.

The march from Ambalaki to Yenikale was most distressing. The heat of the day was overpowering, and water was scanty and bad. Of 864 Marines who landed from the fleet, four-fifths fell out on the march, the men of that gallant corps not being accustomed to such exertions. The Highlanders fell out in great numbers also, and the tailing off was extraordinary. When the men did arrive it was found that the tents had not come, and the soldiers were exposed to the blaze of the sun, aggravated by scarcity of water and by salt meat. The officers' baggage was left behind at Ambalaki, and many of them had to lie in their clothes on the ground in a season when night dews are heavy and dangerous. The men had their blankets; the officers had nothing.

On Friday night the work of destroying Russian stores began, and the French hurled over several guns into the sea, tore up the platforms, and exploded the shells found in the magazines. Parties of boats were sent in all directions to secure and burn prizes, and to fire the Russian storehouses and huts on the sandbanks; and by day the sky was streaked with lines of smoke, and by night the air was illuminated by the blaze of forts, houses, magazines, and vessels aground on all the flats for miles around us.

As there was nothing doing at Yenikale, I took an opportunity of paying Kertch a visit. It is only a run of some three or four miles by sea, but the channel is very difficult. As we approached the town, long columns of gray smoke were visible rising from the corn stores, and working parties could be made out on the shore engaged in removing various articles which could be turned to the account of the ...s.

...e Austrian flag floated before one house, probably that of the ...ial Consul; but the more significant standards of France and

England were waving at either end of the quay, and fluttered from numerous boats glancing over the water. The quays were guarded by a few sailors with drawn cutlasses stationed here and there, and with difficulty holding their own against refractory merchantmen. In every direction, wherever the eye turned, up or down the streets, men could be seen hurrying away with bundles under their arms, with furniture on their backs, or staggering under the influence of drink and bedding down to the line of boats which were lying at the sea-wall, laden to the thwarts with plunder. This kind of work is called by sailors "looting," from our Indian reminiscences. The fate of nearly every house of good condition was soon apparent. The windows were broken, the doors smashed open, and men went in and out like bees in a hive. All the smaller and more valuable articles had been removed, either by the Turks or by the Tartars, but big armchairs, pictures of the saints with metallic glories round their heads, large feather-beds, card-tables, and books in unknown tongues and type, seemed to possess a strange infatuation for Jack, and to move him as irresistibly as horseflesh.

There were plenty of Tartars in the streets, dressed in black sheepskin cap, or white turban, with handsome jackets and wide breeches of dark silk or fine stuff, and gaudy sashes round their waists. These fellows were of the true Calmuck type—with bullet head, forehead villanously low, dark, piggish, roguish, twinkling eyes, obtuse, obstinate noses, straight lips, and globular chin. Unlike most people, they improve in looks as they grow old, for their beards, which only attain amplitude in age, then give a grisly dignity and patriarchal air to their faces. Groups of men in long lank frock-coats, long waistcoats, trousers tucked into their boots or falling down over slipshod feet, sat on the door-steps, in aspect and attire the very image of a congregation of seedy Puseyites, if such a thing could be imagined. Most of these men wore caps instead of hats, their clothing was of sober snuffy hues, to match their faces, which were sombre and dirty and sallow. Their looks were dejected and miserable, and as an Englishman or a Frenchman came near, they made haste to rise and to salute his mightiness with uncovered head and obsequious noddings and gesticulations. These were the remnants of the Russian population, but there were among them Jews, who might have stepped on any stage amid rounds of applause, in garb and face and aspect so truly Shylock-like were they, cringing, wily, and spiteful, as though they had just been kicked across the Rialto; and there was also a sprinkling of Armenians and Greeks; they were all lean and unhappy alike, and very sorry specimens of Muscovite *bourgeoisie*.

Tartar women, scantily covered, were washing clothes in the sea, like tamed Hecates—withered, angular, squalid, and ugly in face and form. The Russian fair, not much more tastily clad, might be seen flitting about with an air of awkward coquetry, mingled with apprehension and dislike of the intruders, their heads covered with shawls, and their bodies with bright Manchester patterns. The boys, like bo s all over the world, were merry and mischievous. They hung ou. of the rigging of the vessels near, pelted the street dogs, "chivied" the cats and pigeons, and rioted in the gutted houses and amid the

open storehouses in the highest possible spirits, or fed ravenously on dried fish and "goodies" of various kinds, which they picked up in old drawers and boxes in the houses torn open by the "looters." The houses were well supplied with poultry, nor were pigs, rabbits, cats, dogs, and other domestic animals deficient. Each mansion was complete in itself; they were like those in the older streets of Boulogne, and the interiors were furnished somewhat in the same fashion—plenty of mirrors, and hard, inflexible, highly-varnished, unsubstantial furniture, no carpets, lots of windows (doubled, by the bye, to keep out the cold) and doors, and long corridors; the windows and doors were, however, handsomely mounted with brass work, and locks, bolts, and hinges, of great solidity, of the same metal, were exclusively used in the better rooms. The Russian stove, as a matter of course, was found in each apartment. Spacious vaults underneath the houses were often used as storehouses for corn, and the piles of empty and broken bottles marked the locality of the wine-cellar. Ice-houses were attached to many residences, and their contents were very welcome to the ships.

The market-place is a large piece of ground of an oval shape, surrounded by a piazza and shops and magazines of an inferior class. Most of them were shut, and fastened up, but butchers displayed some good English-looking beef, and the sounds of English revelry were very distinct from the interior of a wine-shop at the end of an arcade, where some sailors were drinking Russian champagne, at 3*s.* a bottle, and smoking cheap and nasty cigars of native manufacture. Amid the distracting alphabetical mysteries of Cyrillus, which were stuck up on most of these doors, where all one's knowledge of other languages led him hopelessly astray, and where P was R, and H was N, there was sometimes an intelligible announcement that Mdlle. So-and-so was a *modiste* from Paris, or that M. Brugger was a bootmaker "of the first force" from Vienna. The greater number of the houses in the streets were entered through a large courtyard, surrounded by the offices and out-buildings, to which admission was gained by a *porte-cochère*. There were baths, libraries, schools, literary associations, and academies in Kertch of pretensions beyond its size.

All the military and civil archives of Kertch since 1824 were discovered in a boat towed by the steamer which the "Snake" had chased, huddled up with the valuables of the Governor of Kertch. In general our army found but little plunder—they had been reined tightly in; while the French and the merchant sailors had the benefit of the pillage; but the 79th Regiment were a little fortunate in finding at the advanced post to which they were sent, near the Quarantine station, a considerable amount of plate in one of the houses.

The hospital was a large, well-built, clean, and excellently ventilated building. It was situated at the outskirts of the town, and was surrounded by iron railings, inside which there was a plantation, which furnished a pleasant shade from the noontide sun to the convalescents. As we entered, some women, who were standing at the gate, retreated, and an old man, with a good clear eye, and an honest soldierly air, came forward to meet us with the word "Hospital," which he had learned as a kind of safeguard and protection against intrusion. He

led the way into a dark corridor on the ground floor, on the walls of which the regulations of the establishment (in Russian) were suspended. The wards opened on each side of this corridor. The old man invited us to enter the first: it was spacious and airy, but the hospital smell of wounded men was there. Five wounded Russians and one drunken Englishman were the occupants of the chamber. Two of the Russians had been blown up when the magazines exploded. Their hands and heads were covered with linen bandages, through which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth. What could be seen of these poor wretches gave a horrible impression of their injuries and of the pain which they were enduring, but they gave no outward indication of their sufferings. Their scorched eyes rolled heavily upon the visitors with a kind of listless curiosity. The other men had been shot in various parts of the body, and had probably been sent there from Sebastopol: in one or two I recognised the old Inkerman type of face and expression. The bed and bedclothes were clean and good, and at the head of each bed black tablets of wood were fixed to receive the record of the patient's name, his disease, &c.

On reaching the street we found the people returning to the town—that is, the Tartars were flocking back from the villages where they had been hiding, with bundles of property, much of which they had probably stolen from the Russian houses.

As every wrecked house bore a strong family likeness to its fellow, we entered only one or two, and then wandered through the streets, which were almost deserted by the inhabitants during the heat of the day. Towards evening a number of wounded Russians—forty-seven, I believe—were brought down from Yenikale, whither they had been taken by the gunboats from various places along the coast, and were landed on the quay. They were subsequently sent to the hospital. The Tartar arabas and droschkies were pressed into the service. As each wounded man passed, the women crowded round to look at him out of the houses; but there was more of curiosity than compassion in their looks; and they took care to inform us they were Jews, and had no sympathy with the Muscovite. Once they stared with wonder at the taste and inborn politeness of a French soldier, who joined the group as a Russian was borne by on a litter. The man's eyes were open, and as he went past he caught sight of the Frenchman and smiled feebly, why or wherefore it is impossible for me to say, but the Frenchman at once removed his cap, made a bow to the "brave," and stood with uncovered head till the latter had been carried some yards beyond him.

In the evening all the inhabitants remaining in the town flocked out of their houses and conversed at the corners of the streets, or at favourite gossip-posts. They were an unhealthy and by no means well-favoured race, whether Tartars, Greeks, Jews, or Muscovites. It must be remembered, however, that all the people of rank had fled. Some of the tradespeople, with greater confidence in our integrity than could have been expected, kept their shops open. In a well-fitted *apteka* or apothecary's shop, we got a seidlitzy imitation of soda water, prepared from a box, marked in English, "Improved Sodaic Powders, for Making Sodawater;" and some of our party fitted themselves at a

bootmaker's with very excellent Wellingtons, for which they paid at their discretion, and according to a conqueror's tariff, 15*s.* a pair; the proprietor seemed rather apprehensive that he was not going to receive anything at all. Indeed it would have been well if the inhabitants had remained to guard their houses, instead of flying from them, and leaving them shut up and locked, the very thing to provoke the plunderer.

Captain Lyons' squadron, which went up, as I have related, into the Sea of Azoff, had meantime inflicted tremendous losses on the enemy. Within four days after the squadron passed the Straits of Kertch they had destroyed 245 Russian vessels employed in carrying provisions to the Russian army in the Crimea, many of them of large size, and fully equipped and laden. Some of these ships had been built for this specific purpose. Immense magazines of corn, flour, and breadstuffs were destroyed at Berdiansk and Genitchi, comprising altogether more than 7,000,000 rations, and the stores at Taganrog were set on fire, and much corn consumed. Arabat was bombarded, and the powder magazine blown up, but, as there were no troops on board the vessels, and as the Russians were in force, it seemed more desirable to Captain Lyons to urge on the pursuit of the enemy's vessels than to stay before a place which must very soon fall into our hands. At Berdiansk the enemy were forced to run on shore and burn four war steamers, under the command of Rear-Admiral Wolff. At Kertch the enemy destroyed upwards of 4,000,000lbs. of corn and 500,000lbs. of flour.

The streaks of smoke which rose from Kertch, from the Quarantine station, and from the very face of the waters, where the worthless prizes were burning on the sandbanks, spoke of our success. It was decided to occupy Pavlovskaia, because it was in a fine position to command the entrance to Kertch and Yenikale, at a place where the channel is narrowed by one of the sandbanks from Taman to the breadth of a mile and a half. Defensive lines were thrown up around Yenikale of the most massive and durable character. They enclosed the ramparts of the old town, and presented on every side towards the land a broad ditch, a steep parapet defended by redoubts, and broken into batteries, which were aided by the fire of the pieces on the walls.

The point or bank of Tchechka, opposite Yenikale, is one of the many extraordinary spits of land which abound in this part of the world, and which are, as far as I know, without example in any other country. Of all these the Spit of Arabat, which is a bank but a few feet above the water, and is in some places only a furlong in breadth, is the most remarkable. It is nearly 70 miles in length, and its average width less than half-a-mile from sea to sea. The bank of Tchechka (or Savernaia Rosa), which runs for nearly eight miles in a south-westerly direction from Cape Kammenoi past Yenikale, closes up the Bay of Kertch on the west, and the Gulf of Taman on the east, is a type of these formations, and is sufficiently interesting to deserve a visit. It only differs from Arabat in size, and in the absence of the fresh-water wells which are found at long intervals on the great road from Arabat to Genitchi. It is so low that it is barely six feet above the level of the sea. A bank of sand on both

sides of the spit, piled up three or four feet in height, marks the boundary of the beach. The latter, which is a bank of shingle, shells and fine sand, is only a few yards broad, and is terminated by the coarse and rank grass and rushes of the spit, which rises up a foot or two above the beach.

In the interior, or on the body of the bank, there are numerous lagunes—narrow strips of water much more salt than that of the adjacent sea. Some of these are only a few yards in length and a few feet in breadth, others extend for a quarter of a mile, and are about 100 yards broad. They are all bounded alike by thick high grass and rushes. The bottom, at the depth of a few feet—often at two or three inches—consists of hard sand covered with slimy green vegetable matter. The water abounds in small flounders and dabs, and in shrimps, which jump about in wild commotion at an approaching footstep. Every lagune is covered with mallards and ducks in pairs, and the fringes of the spit are the resort of pelicans and cormorants innumerable. The silence, the dreary solitude of the scene is beyond description. Even the birds, mute as they are at the season of my visit, appeared to be preternaturally quiet and voiceless. Multitudes of odd, crustaceous-looking polypous plants sprang up through the reeds; and bright-coloured flycatchers, with orange breasts and black wings, poised over their nests below them.

The first day I went over, we landed upon the beach close to the battery which the Russians placed on the spit at the Ferry station. It consisted of a quadrangular work of sandbags, constructed in a very durable manner, and evidently not long made. In the centre of the square there was a whitewashed house, which served as a barrack for the garrison. The walls only were left, and the smoke rose from the ashes of the roof and rafters inside the shell. Our men had fired it when they landed. A pool of brackish water was enclosed by the battery, which must have been the head-quarters of ague and misery. The sailors said the house swarmed with vermin, and had a horrible odour. Nothing was found in it but the universal black bread and some salt fish. The garrison, some 30 or 40 men probably, had employed themselves in a rude kind of agriculture, and farming or pasturage. Patches of ground were cleared here and there, and gave feeble indications that young potatoes were struggling for life beneath. Large ricks of reeds and coarse grass had been gathered round the battery, but were reduced to ashes. At the distance of a hundred yards from the battery there was another whitewashed house, or the shell of it, with similar signs of rural life about it, and an unhappy-looking cat trod gingerly among the hot embers, and mewed piteously in the course of her fruitless search for her old corner. The traces of herds of cattle, which were probably driven down from the mainland to feed on the grass round the salt marshes, were abundant. There was a track beaten into the semblance of a road over the sand from the battery to Taman, and it was covered with proofs of the precipitate flight of the garrison. Pieces of uniform, bags containing pieces of the universal black bread, strings of onions, old rags, empty sacks and bottles, were found along the track, and some of our party came upon a large chest, which was full of government papers, stamps, custom-house and quaran-

time dockets, stamped paper for Imperial petitions and postage, books of tariff and customs in Russian, French, German, and English, and tables of port dues, which we took away to any amount. But the sun was intensely hot, and trudging through the heavy sand very painful. It seems impossible for men to have lived in this pestiferous place for any length of time, as it must be a hotbed of fever and malaria, if medical science has the smallest verity in its indications. The heat of the sun, the vapours from the salt lakes, the mosquitoes, the vermin, and the odour, must have formed a terrible combination of misery in close barracks in the dog-days, and have rendered going out, staying in, lying down, and standing up, equally desperate and uncomfortable. The enemy relied considerably on the shallow water to save him from attack, but he was also prepared with heavy metal for gun-boats, such as they were in the old war, and he was no doubt astonished when the large shot from the Lancaster guns began to fall upon his works from the small hulls of our despatch gun-boats. The enemy fired badly, fought badly, and retreated. One part of his defences completely failed him; the knowledge that he was surprised, and that the submarine batteries on which he relied were not in readiness, had a depressing effect upon his courage.

Rarely, if ever, were the agencies of electricity more extensively adapted to the purposes of war than at Yenikale. One of the gun-boats which lay off the fort—a mere hulk, without masts or cordage, of 150 tons burden, with embrasures through her sides on the deck for nine small guns—was found to be filled below with the most complete series of galvanic apparatus, attached to vessels full of powder, intended to explode on contact with the keel of a vessel. The submarine machines with their strange cups and exploding apparatus were recognised by Mr. Deane, the diver, as portions of the same kind of instruments as those he employed in submarine operations. All were regularly numbered, and, as there was a break in the series, it afforded reason for believing that some of them were actually sunk, but the wires connecting them with the battery on board the ship were cut the night we forced the Straits, and the vessel itself was scuttled subsequently. There were many miles of wire, and the number of cells indicated a very powerful battery.

When the expedition was about to return to the Chersonese, the Tartars crowded to the beach and requested us to land them at some Russian port. They were about two hundred in number, and they were sent away on board the "Caton" and the "Ripon" to the ports in the Sea of Azoff and to Yalta. We left ruin and complete desolation behind us. Sir George Brown, no doubt, was most anxious to prevent pillage; but he had to deal with French and Turks as well as English, and he did not succeed in checking rapine, [illegible], and barbarous excess. Our attempts to prevent outrage and destruction were of the feeblest and most contemptible character. If [illegible] was found carrying any articles—books, or pictures, or [illegible] were taken from him at the beach and cast into the [illegible] was that the men, when they got loose in the town, where [illegible] control over them, broke to pieces everything [illegible] their hands upon. We did not interfere with French

or Turks, and our measures against our own men were harsh, ridiculous, and impotent. The Austrian Consul was found to have a huge store of corn, which he concealed in magazines painted and decorated to pass as part of his dwelling-house. It was all destroyed. Amid the necessary destruction, private plunderers found facility for their work. The scene presented by the town could only be likened to that presented by Palmyra, fresh from the hands of the destroyer, or some other type of desolation. Along the quay there was a long line of walls, which once were the fronts of storehouses, magazines, mansions, and palaces. They were empty shells, hollow and roofless, with fire burning luridly within them by night, and streaks and clouds of parti-coloured smoke arising from them by day. The white walls were barred with black bands where the fire had rushed out of the window-frames. These storehouses belonged to Russians, and were full of corn—these magazines were the enemy's—these mansions belonged to their nobles and governors—and these palaces were the residences of their princes and rulers; and so far we carried on war with all the privileges of war, and used all the consequences of conquest. In the whole lengthened front facing the sea, and the wide quay which bordered it, there was not an edifice untouched but one. This was a fine mansion, with a grand semicircular front, ornamented with rich entablatures and a few Grecian pillars. The windows permitted one to see massive mirrors and the framework of pictures and the glitter of brasswork. Inside the open door an old man in an armchair received everybody. How deferential he was! how he bowed! how graceful, deprecatory, and soothing the undulation of his trunk and arms! But these were nothing to his smile. His face seemed a kind of laughing-clock, wound up to act for so many hours. When the machinery was feeble, towards evening, the laugh degenerated into a grin, but he had managed with nods, and cheeks wreathed in smiles, and a little bad German and French, to inform all comers that this house was specially under English and French protection, and thus to save it from plunder and pillage. The house belonged, *on dit*, to Prince Woronzoff, and the guardian angel was an aged servitor of the Prince, who, being paralytic, was left behind, and had done good service in his armchair.

The silence of places which a few days before were full of people was exceedingly painful and distressing. It reigned in every street almost in every house, except when the noise of gentlemen playing on pianos with their boot-heels, or breaking up furniture, was heard within the houses, or the flames crackled within the walls. In some instances the people had hoisted the French or Sardinian flag to protect their houses. That poor device was soon detected and frustrated. It was astonishing to find that the humblest dwelling had not escaped. They must have been invaded for the mere purpose of outrage and from the love of mischief, for the most minute search could have but little hope of discovering within them anything worthy of his notice.

Whilst I was away with the Ketch expedition, the siege was pressed on by the French with great vigour, and our time was actively employed in preparing for the bombardment which was to precede

the fall of the place, as all fondly hoped and believed. There were intervals in the day when you might suppose that "villanous saltpetre" had no more to do with a modern siege than an ancient one, and that all this demonstration of a state of conflict was merely an amicable suit upon an extensive scale. There were times at night when angry and sudden explosions sprang up as if by some unaccountable impulse or conjuration, and continued with an impetuosity which seemed as if it intended to finish the whole business in a moment. There were times when the red fusees turned and tumbled in the air like hot coals belched out of a volcano, and danced successive hornpipes upon nothing; then the clatter of small arms broke upon the ear in distant imitation of the heavy artillery, like a little dog yelping in gratuitous rivalry of a big one. The fighting was done by jerks and starts, and the combatants, like Homer's heroes, stood at ease the best part of the time, and took it coolly, meaning deadly mischief all the while. The sharpest onset was generally on the side of our allies, about the Flagstaff or the Quarantine Battery, where they were sedulously advancing their endless mileage of trench and parallel, and promising themselves a result before long.

Miss Nightingale left Balaklava on the 6th of June, Lord Ward placing his steam yacht at her disposal. By the same opportunity M. Soyer returned to Constantinople, after a preliminary sojourn of three weeks in the Crimea, during which he made himself acquainted with the various hopes and difficulties which had accumulated in his path as a "regenerator" of the camp *cuisine*, and introduced to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief his ideas and experiments of simplification. He hoped to institute a system of cooking by companies, the company in the English regiment appearing the easiest aggregate which can be selected as the unit for a common plan of messing. He had further turned his attention to the then unsurmounted obstacles which attended the preparation of a wholesome farinaceous food, and had devised a form of bread analogous in some of its characters—*i.e.*, in its durability and portability—to biscuit, but in its real qualities as a staple of subsistence only differing from the bread of the baker in the mode of its preparation.

An end was put once more to the long days of expectation and the wearisome indolence or sameness of our camp life. For the third time our fire was opened along the whole range of positions on the 7th of June. At half-past two o'clock on that day, 157 guns and mortars on our side, and above 300 on that of the French, awoke from silence to tumult.

The two armies—one might say the four armies, but that the Turks and Sardinians were not expected to take a very prominent part in the trench work and assault—were in strength equal to any achievement, and in spirits ever chiding the delay, and urging that one touch of the bayonet which made all the world scamper. If the strategic necessity pointed to some more decisive action this time, so, on the other hand, the intention of going beyond a vain cannonade was tolerably plain. Our fire was kept up for the first three hours with excessive rapidity, the Russians answering by no means on an equal scale, though with considerable warmth. On our side the predom-

nance of shells was very manifest, and distinguished this cannonade in some degree even from the last. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became apparent at various points before nightfall, especially in the Redan. The Russians displayed, however, plenty of determination and bravado. They fired frequent salvos at intervals of four or six guns, and also, by way of reprisals, threw heavy shot up to our Light Division and on to the Picquet-house-hill. After dark the animosity on both sides gave signs of relaxing, but the same relative advantage was maintained by our artillery. It was a sultry day, with the dull mist of extreme heat closing down upon the valleys, and with no air to rend away the curtain of smoke which swayed between the town and our batteries; and at night flashes of lightning in the north-east made a counter-illumination on the rear of our position.

BOOK VI.

COMBINED ATTACKS ON THE ENEMY'S COUNTER APPROACHES—CAPTURE OF THE QUARRIES AND MAMELON—THE ASSAULT OF THE 18TH OF JUNE—LORD RAGLAN'S DEATH.

CHAPTER I.

Preparations for the Attack—Important News—The Assault—The Quarries and the Mamelon—A Desperate Attempt—Plan of another Attack—Assault of the Malakoff and the Great Redan—Failure—Naval Brigade—An Armistice—Inside the Mamelon—Sad Scenes.

At four o'clock on the 7th of June a still and sluggish atmosphere, half mist, half the result of gunpowder, hung about the town, and the sun enfilading, as it were, all the points of view from his low level in the horizon, telescopes were put out of joint for the moment. The Redan, however, which rose up boldly in front of the hills that sloped from Cathcart's Mound, gave some evidence of having yielded to rough treatment, the jaws of its embrasures gaping, and its fire being irregular and interrupted.

At nine a cool breeze, much stronger than usual, sprang up, and continued throughout the day, blowing the wreaths of smoke out of the batteries, and carrying off the solid little round nebulæ extemporized by bursting shells, which, could only be compared in their expansion to the genie who, in the *Arabian Nights*, comes out of the iron pot sealed with Solomon's seal. The whole range of fire from right to left became visible in a bright sun, that for once was not a scorching one. On the extreme left, towards the Quarantine, there was very slight firing from the French. The perpetual hiss and crack of shells was still the chief point of contrast with the bombardment in April. The enemy either could not or would not keep up a very vigorous reply. All the early part of the day we had the work very much to ourselves, but, since it has been very much the habit of the Russians to knock off work in the hotter part of the twenty-four hours, no very important disclosure was contained in this fact.

About eleven o'clock a shell from the Russians exploded a magazine in our eight-gun battery, and a yell of applause followed the report. Very slight harm happily resulted from the explosion—one man was killed, one wounded, and a few scorched a little. As the day wore on it leaked out that something of import was undoubtedly to take place before its close, and that the double attack would probably commence at five or six p. m. An immense concourse of officers and men gathered all the afternoon round the flagstaff on Cathcart's Hill, and crowded along the spines of the three heights which wind

towards Sebastopol from the English encampment. The fire on our side, which had continued from daybreak quietly and soberly, assumed a sudden fury about three o'clock, and was kept up from that hour to the critical moment with great activity.

The affair itself came off but little after the anticipated time. Between five and six Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill below the Limekiln, where it commanded our four-gun battery, and looked straight into the teeth of the Redan. A flagstaff was erected with threatening ostentation shortly before he came down, and a little angle of rude wall was as hastily thrown up as a breastwork. The man with the signal-rockets was in attendance, but there was a pause for a while. Sir Colin Campbell was observed to place himself on the next summit, still nearer to the enemy, "commonly called," to use a legal phrase, the Green-hill. His appearance drew some fire, and the shells dropped and flashed close by, but without disconcerting his purpose of having a thorough good look-out place. It was about half-past six when the head of the French attacking column came into view from these two spots, as it climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket was instantly thrown up as the signal for our diversion, and as instantly the small force of our men detached for the post of honour made a rush at the Quarries. After one slight check they drove out the Russians, and, turning round the gabions, commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon the more exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was directed to their conflict.

The French went up the steep to the Mamelon in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye was upon their movements, which the declining daylight did not throw out into bold relief. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the dun barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unfailingly—running, climbing, scrambling like skirmishers up the slopes on to the body of the work, amid a plunging fire from the guns, which, owing to their loose formation, did them as yet little damage. As an officer, who saw Bosquet wave them on, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds." In a moment some of these dim wraiths shone out clear against the sky. The Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down into the place from above; the next moment a flag was up as a rallying-point and defiance, and was seen to sway hither and thither, now up, now down, as the tide of battle raged round it; and now like a swarm they were in the heart of the Mamelon, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, here with the musket, there with the bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprise. Then there came a rush through the [illegible] where they had entered, and there was a [illegible]entary confusi[illegible] side. Groups, some idle, some busy, some[illegible] the hither side, standing in shelter, [illegible] corner a shell flew from the English [illegible] had the need of support become [illegible] flashed from the embrasure ag[illegible] run in, another sharp bayonet fi[illegible]

went out spiking their guns. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower; twice they were forced back by the onsweeping flood of French. For ten minutes or so the quick flash and roll of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosure. Then the back door, if one may use an humble metaphor, was burst open. The noise of t[he] conflict went away down the descent on the side towards the tow[n] and the arena grew larger.

It was apparent by the space over which the battle spread, that the Russians had been reinforced. When the higher ground again became the seat of action,—when there came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former one was a mere reflux or eddy of the stream,—when rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French General's position, and seemed to emphasize by their repetition some very plain command, we began to get nervous. It was growing darker and darker, too, so that with our glasses we could with difficulty distinguish the actual state of affairs. There was even a dispute for some time as to whether our allies were going in or out of the work, and the staff themselves were by no means clear as to what was going on. At last, through the twilight, we discerned that the French were pouring in. After the interval of doubt, our ears could gather that the swell and babble of the fight was once more rolling down the inner face of the hill, and that the Russians were conclusively beaten. "They are well into it this time," says one to another, handing over the glass. The musket flashes were no more to be seen within it. There was no more lightning of the heavy guns from the embrasures. A shapeless hump upon a hull, the Mamelon was an extinct volcano, until such time as it should please us to call it again into action. Then, at last, the more hidden struggle of our own men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. "How are our fellows getting on?" says one. "Oh! take my word for it, they're all right," says another. And they were, so far as the occupation and retention of the Quarries was concerned, but had nevertheless to fight all night, and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular pertinacity and recklessness of life.

As it grew dark our advanced battery under the Green-hill made very pretty practice by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians. From the misshapen outline of the pits a fringe of fire kept blazing and sparkling in a waving sort of curve, just like a ring of gas illumination on a windy night; the attempt to retake them out of hand was desperately pushed, the Russians pouring in a most terrific discharge of musketry, which caused us no small [l]oss, and as it came up the gorge, contending with the fresh wind, [ro]ll in the dist[ance] like water gulped simultaneously from a [bo]ttles.

[M]amelon and the pursuit of the flying [en]d the combat to an end on the side o[f] [ex]hilarated by their success, and enraged [at] [th]ey had gone a step too far, and dreamt o[f] [a] *coup de main*. A new crop o[f]

battle grew up over all the intervening hollow between it and the Mamelon, and the ripple of musket shots plashed and leaped over the broad hill-side. The combatants were not enough for victory there too, but they were enough for a sanguinary and prolonged contest, a contest to the eye far more violent than that which preceded it. The tower itself, or rather the inglorious stump of what was once the Round Tower, took and gave shot and shell and musketry with the most savage ardour and rapidity. The fire of its musketry was like one sheet of flame, rolling backwards and forwards with a dancing movement, and, dwarfed as it was by the distance, and seen by us in profile, could scarcely be compared to anything, small or large, except the notes of a piano flashed into fire throughout some rapid tune. Our gunners, observing the duration and aim of the skirmish, redoubled their exertions, and pitched their shells into the Round Tower with admirable precision, doing immense mischief to the defenders. It was dark, and every one of them came out against the heavens as it rose or swooped. From Gordon's Battery and the Second parallel they streamed and plunged one after another into the enceinte up to which the Zouaves had won their way unsupported, heralded every now and then by the prompt and decisive ring of a round shot. The Russian defence, rather than their defences, crumbled away before this tremendous fire, but, on the other hand, the attack not being fed, as it was not designed, began to languish, and died gradually away.

At night it blew great guns. There had been a heavy thunderstorm during the day. The French put the new front of their position in a state of defence, and employed an immense number of hands. There was but one embrasure left in a comfortable state in the Redan at the end of the evening, and the Quarries were too close under it for heavy guns to be brought to bear.

During the night repeated attacks, six in all, were made upon our men in the Quarries, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage and pertinacity, and at a great sacrifice of life, against superior numbers, continually replenished. The strength of the party told off for the attack was in all only 1000, of whom 600 were in support. At the commencement 200 only went in, and another 200 followed. More than once there was a fierce hand-to-hand fight in the position itself, and our fellows had frequently to dash out in front and take their assailants in flank. The most murderous sortie of the enemy took place about three in the morning; then the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire, and a storm of shot was thrown in from the Strand Battery, and every other spot within range. With a larger body in reserve, it was not doubtful that our men could have been into the Redan in a twinkling. This was asserted freely both by officers and privates, and the latter expressed their opinion in no complimentary manner. They were near enough up to it to see that it was scarcely defended, and one officer lost his life almost within its limits.

Generally speaking, the Russian gunners were not very active through the night; indeed, there was little for them to do, and they were evidently shy of throwing away ammunition. On the other hand, their fatigue parties were as busy as bees, repairing and strengthening

their shaken defences, and the sentinels outside our advanced w
were near enough to hear the sound of their tools, and see the
of their tobacco-pipes. The French, on the other hand, were losing
time in the Mamelon, in which, by the bye, they found only seven guns,
five of them spiked. When morning dawned, with the wind blowing
even stronger than the day before, the position held by both parties was
one of expectation. The French were in great force within and on
the outer slopes of the Mamelon, and also in possession of two out
of the three offsets attached to the Mamelon on the Sapoune-hill.
Their dead were seen lying mixed with Russians upon the broken
ground outside the Malakoff Tower, and were being carried up to
camp in no slack succession. In the rear of the Mamelon their efforts
to intrench themselves were occasionally interrupted by shells from
the ships in the harbour and from a battery not previously known
to exist further down the hill, while, on their left front, the Round
Tower, showing still its formidable platforms of defence and its ragged
embrasures above, fired upon their working parties in the western face,
and upon their reserves in the background.

The morning brought out on every side, along with the perception
of advantage gained, and a prey lying at our feet, all the haste and
circumstance of the scene, with its painful admixture of death and
suffering. On our side 365 rank and file and 35 officers had been
killed and wounded. On the French side nearly double the number
of officers, and a total of not less than 1500 men, probably more. It
was stated as high as 3700. The ammunition wagons, the ambulance
carts, the French mules, with their panniers full freighted, thronged
the ravine below our Light Division, which is the straight or rather
the crooked road down to the attack on the right. Troops of wou
men came slowly up, some English, the greater portion F
begrimed with the soil of battle. On the left a party of Zoua
stopped a while to rest their burden, it being the dead bodie
of their officers. A little lower an English soldier was dow
grass exhausted and well nigh unconscious from some sudd
A party of French were gathered round him, supporti
the bank, and offering water from their canteens, whic
m ioned aside. On the right, lining a deep bay in th
d er half a mile of ground a French reserve, with
nding the signal to move forward. They w
w of the Malakoff, and the round shot an
down into the hollow, producing every minut
ns of the *sauve qui peut* order, replaced the nex
customed nonchalance, and the crack of stale char
y of precaution.

ively and even pretty vivandière came striding u
t a symptom of acknowledgment to the racing ma
iling as if the honour of her corps had been pr
At ten o'clock the little incidents of the halt
through the telescope from the crown of the h
house were these :—At the head of the harbour
usily engaged burying their dead ; outside the
Tower several corpses of Zouaves were to be

about the Mamelon the French troops were hard at work, some of them stripped for coolness to their drawers, and were seen creeping down the declivity on the side towards the Malakoff, and making themselves a deep shelter from its fire. Our people, meanwhile, on the right attack were calmly shelling the Malakoff in a cool matter-of-business sort of way, but the eternal gun on its right, which has been endowed with nine months of strange vitality, launched an indirect response into the Mamelon. From and after eleven o'clock the Russians, as usual, slackened fire, nor was there any duel of artillery on a great scale until after dark. Lord Raglan in the afternoon went round the hospitals, and many a procession crossed the plain bearing some officer's body to its resting-place. Our loss in officers killed was great. The 88th were the severest sufferers, having three officers killed, one missing and conjectured to be killed, and four wounded—all indeed who were engaged. The four senior officers of the 62nd were put *hors de combat*.

Among other illustrations of character which came out during the struggle, one of our sailor artillerymen being desired to keep under cover, and not put his head out to tempt a rifle bullet, grumbled at the prohibition, saying to his comrades loud enough to be overheard, "I say, Jack, they wont let a fellow go and look where his own shot is; that's what I call hard lines." It is due to Lance Corporal Quin, of the 47th, to make public the bravery which he exhibited, and which brought him under the notice of General Pennefather. In one of the attacks made by the enemy on the Quarries after they were in our possession, the Russians experienced some difficulty in bringing their men again to the scratch. At length one Russian officer succeeded in bringing on four men, which Corporal Quin perceiving, he made a dash out of the work, and with the butt-end of his musket brained one, bayoneted a second, and the other two taking to their heels, he brought in the officer a prisoner, having administered to him a gentle prick by way of quickening his movements. After delivering him up, he suggested to his comrades that there were plenty more to be had.

On the 9th a white flag from the Round Tower and another on the left announced that the Russians had a petition to make. It was a grave one to make in the middle of a fierce bombardment with events hanging in the balance, and success, perhaps, depending upon the passing moments; but made it was, and granted. From one o'clock until six in the evening no shot was fired on either side, while the dead bodies which strewed the hill between the Mamelon and the Round Tower, or remained in front of the Quarries, were removed from the field of slaughter. Both of the French and of the Russians large numbers were scattered over the ground of the chief conflict; among the former a large proportion were swarthy *indigenes* of Arab blood, or, as they were popularly termed by the French soldiers, Turcos, and to their contingent of the killed some were added from the very inside of the Malakoff, showing how near the impromptu attack was delivering the place into our hands. Of the Russians there lay still upon the spot some 200 corpses, a sufficient testimony to the severity of their losses in the struggle. The third

battery on the Sapoune-hill was abandoned the night before, and its guns either withdrawn or tumbled down the hill.

Apart from the military question, and the further one as to where the true humanity lay, the interval afforded another opportunity, rapidly taken advantage of, of getting a nearer look at Sebastopol, and the Mamelon, as the most important of our acquisitions, was the attractive spot whither every one who had the time and chance hastened. The French working parties had broken ground on the ascent, and were connecting their lines, distant some 200 yards, with the fort by new parallels, and were also reversing the Russian trenches outside, facing towards our advanced works. The rugged, channelled, and shot-bruised outline of the fortress grew larger and more real as one approached; but the interior, altogether unknown till that moment, excited a more vivid feeling, and alike outside and inside attested the fierceness of the struggle and the pluck of the assailants.

The surface of the ground within was cut into holes and pits—here like an old stone quarry, there like a bit of Crimean vineyard; some of these were the effect of bursting shells with well-timed fuses, some the cunning apparatus of the hardy and prolonged defence. The corpses which cumbered the earth and were in process of removal gave out faint tokens of coming putrefaction; fragments of bodies and marks of carnage were interspersed with ruined gabions and broken firelocks; Russian guns, dismounted and dented with shotmarks, lay tumbled below their embrasures; fifty or so were concealed beneath the *débris*, and some quantity of hidden powder was also rooted out of the subterranean recesses which abounded in the rock. These nests, excavated in the inner faces of the intrenchments, were left warm by their previous occupants—food and implements of labour were found in them, and, among other things, a bit of fishing-net in course of construction. The nearer view alone revealed the stupendous character of the earthworks, and, if astonishment had not been a stale sentiment, the eye-witnesses would have been simply astonished at the amount of labour lavished on them.

In the early part of the day there had been a popular impulse to believe that an end of the affair would be made at night by a combined assault upon the Malakoff and the Redan. That both were within scope of capture was considered in camp as proved to demonstration. But the news of the suspension of arms dissipated the hope, and when the divisions got their orders for the night, it was no longer thought that aggression was likely, though defence might be. The enemy, with their wonted perseverance, had been making very comfortable use of their time, and when the firing recommenced, which it did instantly on the flags being lowered, a few minutes before six o'clock, it was plain that the Malakoff and Redan had both received a reinforcement of guns. Six and eleven were the numbers of remounted *bouches de feu*—exactness in such a calculation was not easy, for the Russians were laboriously artful in disguising the strength of their artillery, and frequently by moving guns from one embrasure to another make a single one play dummy for two or three. From six until nine o'clock the duel continued without special incidents; then there came a sudden splash of musketry, which lasted some few minutes and died away as

unexpectedly. Another trifling musketry diversion took place about three in the morning, to relieve the monotony of the great artillery, which kept up its savagery throughout the night—ten guns for one of the enemy's—but slacked a little towards morning. We had a great number of casualties during the night in our new position on the left, into which the Russians kept firing grape and canister from the batteries which protect the rear of the Redan. They also occupied the dismantled houses above the ravine, and leisurely took shot at our people from the windows. Not unnaturally, it was a subject of the bitterest anger and complaint among the soldiers that they had to stand still and be riddled, losing day by day a number which was swollen in a week to the dimensions of a battle-roll of killed and wounded.

Through the occupation and arming of the White Batteries, situated on the edge of the ridge of Mount Sapoune, the head of the harbour was more or less in our power. The Russians themselves seemed to acknowledge this by taking outside the boom the vessels which had before been lying in that direction, and would have been commanded from the works which the French were then constructing on the site of the White Batteries of the Russians. But this was not all. These new works were to act against the two Strand batteries which the Russians had behind the Mamelon, and which, not being much commanded by any of our works, could do a good deal of harm without being exposed to much danger. The construction of French works on the Mamelon brought us to about 500 yards from the Malakoff works; it gave us a footing on the plateau on which these works lie; it furnished us with the means of approaching the rear of them, and at the same time of operating successfully on the annoying batteries in the rear of the Mamelon, which, taken thus in a cross fire, could not long resist. The Quarry was scarcely more than 200 yards from the Redan. The battery which it contained worked successfully on the six-gun battery in the rear between the Redan and the Malakoff Tower works; and from the advanced posts our riflemen were able to prevent a good number of the guns in the Redan from working.

But, for all this, the keeping of the Quarry was, especially in the beginning, not at all an easy thing; not so much, perhaps, from the attempts of the Russians to retake a point of such vital importance to them, but rather on account of the fire to which it was exposed from other Russian batteries besides the Redan. The Garden Battery on our flank, the six-gun battery in the rear, and the Malakoff works could touch it on nearly all sides. Moreover, the work when it was taken being directed against us, offered very little protection against the riflemen of the Redan, until its face could be converted.

The French in the Mamelon had to maintain themselves under a not less heavy fire than the English in the Quarries. Some parts of the Malakoff works, the shipping, the Strand batteries behind, and even some of the Inkermann batteries, could bear upon them, and they suffered considerable loss in the first days after their instalment there.

It was understood that Lord Raglan was most anxious for the assault, and that the English officers shared his lordship's anxiety; but the

French, who proved the better judges of the two, thought the fire of the place was still too powerful, and preferred erecting new batteries for its reduction. Although Marshal Pelissier displayed firmness and ability in his command, the Emperor interfered materially in the disposition of the French troops, and sent repeated telegraphs, some of which the Marshal had the courage to disobey with great success. The Emperor's general object seemed to be the concentration of all the French troops around Sebastopol. Unfortunately our commanders treated the Turks with indifference, and Omar Pasha proclaimed that Lord Raglan and Marshal Pelissier neither consulted him nor valued the services of his gallant soldiers. Thus we were preparing for our great assault on the Redan, with the evils of divided command, aggravated by external influences, and by our treatment of the Turks we had deprived ourselves of the aid of a well-tried and practised infantry.

On the 16th of June it was arranged by a Council of Generals, that the assault should take place on the morning of 18th June, after three hours' cannonade from the whole of the allied batteries. Our armament then consisted of thirty 13-inch mortars, twenty-four 10-inch mortars, seven 8-inch mortars, forty-nine 32-pounders, forty-six 8-inch guns, eight 10-inch guns, eight 68-pounders: total, one hundred and sixty-six guns. The French had about two hundred and eighty *bouchés-à-feu*. The dispatch of Lord Raglan, dated 19th June, states that it was decided that the fire should be kept up for two hours after dawn; but on the evening of the 17th, Marshal Pelissier sent over a despatch to our head-quarters, to the effect that as the French infantry could not be placed in the trenches in the morning without the enemy seeing them, he had decided on attacking the place at daybreak, without any preliminary cannonade in the morning. Lord Raglan accepted this change of the plan of attack, although it was opposed to his private judgment, and sent orders to the divisional generals to carry it out. Our preparations for the assault were entrusted to Sir George Brown, who was understood to be of opinion that an assault against the Redan was very doubtful. The assaulting force, which consisted of detachments of the Light, Second, and Third Divisions, was divided into three columns. The right column was destined to attack the left face of the Redan, between the flanks of the batteries; the centre column was to assault the salient of the Redan; and the left column was to assault the re-entering angle formed by the right face and flank of the work; the centre column was not to advance till the other columns had well developed their attack.

Sir John Campbell had charge of the left, Colonel Shadforth, of the 57th Regiment, commanded the right column, and Colonel Lacy Yea, of the 7th Fusileers, led that of the centre. Brigadier (afterwards Sir Henry) Barnard, an amiable, zealous, and gallant officer, whose loss we have had to deplore in India, was directed to take his brigade of the Third Division down the Woronzoff Ravine, whilst Major-General Eyre moved down his brigade of the same Division still further to the left, with orders to threaten the works on the proper right of the Redan and in front of the Dockyard Creek, and

in case of the assault being successful, to convert the demonstration of his brigade into a serious attack on the place. On the French left the assaults were to be directed against the Quarantine Bastion, the Central Bastion, and the Bastion du Mât, each to be assaulted by a division 6000 strong, under General de Salles. On the French right, General d'Autemarre, with a column of 6000 men, was to assault the Gervais Battery and the right flank of the Malakoff; General Brunet, with a similar force, was to issue from the Mamelon and attack the left flank of the Malakoff and the Little Redan; and General Mayran, with his column, issuing from the extreme of the French right towards Inkermann, and from the White Works, was to fall upon the Russian batteries near Careening Creek, and the works connecting No. 1 Bastion with the Little Redan.

It will thus be seen that the French were to assault in six columns, constituting a force of not less than 36,000 men, with reserves of 25,000, whilst our assaulting columns against the Redan, taken altogether, were only 1200 men, although there was a force in reserve of nearly 10,000 men. In order to give greater completeness to the arrangements, it was decided that the French should make a demonstration against the Mackenzie Heights; and General Bosquet, who had before commanded the Second Corps d'Armée, because it was known that he was unfavourable to an assault, and preferred operations in the field, was displaced from his command by General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and sent by the French Commander-in-Chief to carry this demonstration into effect. A system of night attacks was commenced by the fleets; and on the 16th the "Tribune," "Highflier," "Terrible," "Miranda," "Niger," "Arrow," "Viper," "Snake," and "Weser," stood in at night, and opened a heavy fire upon the town, in company with some French steamers, whilst the "Danube," and the launches of the "Royal Albert," fired rockets into the place. On the 17th, the "Sidon," "Highflier," "Miranda," "Viper," "Snake," and "Princess Royal," ran in again, but the enemy had got their range, and hulled some of the ships repeatedly; and we had to mourn the loss of Captain Lyons of the "Miranda," who was wounded in the leg by a piece of shell, of which he died soon afterwards, at the Hospital of Therapia, young and full of promise, and beloved.

The fire which we opened on Sunday morning (the 17th) preliminary to the assault was marked by great energy, weight, and destructiveness. In the first relief the Quarry Battery, commanded by Major Strange, threw no less than 300 8-inch shells into the Redan, which was only 400 yards distant, and the place must have been nearly cleared by the incessant storm of iron splinters which flew through it. Throughout Sunday our artillery fired 12,000 rounds of the heaviest ordnance into the enemy's lines, and on the following day we fired 11,946 rounds of shot and shell.

Early on Monday morning the troops, who were under arms soon after midnight, were moved down to the trenches. Lord Raglan and his staff were stationed in the trench in rear of the Quarries Battery, which was exposed to heavy fire, but commanded a good view of the Redan. Marshal Pelissier took up his post in a battery to the rear of the Mamelon and on our right front, a considerable way from

Lord Raglan. The distance between the generals was attended with disastrous consequences. Although the letter which I wrote to the *Times* on the very day of the assault never reached London, the events of that morning are so fresh in my mind that I can recollect the principal features of the attack. With some officers I went down soon after midnight to the Greenhill, or left attack, and remained there during the greater part of the morning. For some hours there was silence and darkness all along our front, broken occasionally by the roar and the blinding flash of a bomb.

Just as some faint tinge of light in the east announced the approach of dawn, we heard a very irregular but sharp fire of musketry on our right, close to the Malakoff. In an instant all the Russian works on the right woke up into life, and the roar of artillery, mingled with musketry, became incessant. The column under General Mayran had made a premature attack! Very injudiciously, as it appears, it was decided to give the signal by rockets, and one which was fired from the works unintentionally misled the French general, who expiated his error with his life, as he fell mortally wounded by the murderous fire with which his assault was received. In a few minutes the column, which had come in the dark right in front of the enemy's guns, was driven back with great loss. This musketry ceased, but the guns still kept up fire from the ships off Careening Creek and the works on our right. Then three rockets flew up into the gloomy sky. This was the signal for the French assault, which Mayran had anticipated with such unfortunate results. General d'Autemarre's column at once rushed out, and at the double made a dash up the ravine which separated the Redan from the Malakoff, whilst General Brunet led his men to attack the left of the work. The Russians received them with a tremendous fire, for the grey dawn just gave light sufficient to indicate the advance of these large masses of men. General Brunet fell dead. Incessant volleys of grape and musketry from the long flank of the works, and from the Little Redan, swept his column down in sections, and it was obliged to retreat, with great loss, to the trenches. The other column on the right of the Malakoff was somewhat more fortunate. They dashed, in broken order, across the ditch and over the parapet of the Gervais Battery, and drove the enemy before them. Some few got into the Malakoff itself, and certainly in the midst of the struggle, unless my eyes deceived me, I saw a flag waving in the centre of the work, which I imagined at the time to be a tricolor hoisted by the French as a signal of success. Others following, the Russians held possession of some of the houses in the suburb at the rear of the Malakoff, called the Karabelnaya, and a few French actually reached the dockyard wall. Although it was understood that the English were not to attack until the French had carried the Malakoff, Lord Raglan resolved, at this stage of the assault, to assist the French, and the two rockets which was the signal for the advance of our men were sent up. At the moment he did so the French were fighting outside the Malakoff, but were in possession of the Gervais battery outside it on the right flank. Brunet's column had been driven back, and a second attack on the extreme right by

Mayran's column, though aided by 4000 of the Imperial Guard under General Mellinet, had failed completely. Our men were ready for the attack, but the Russians, warned by the assault on their left that we were about to storm their works, were equally prepared, and in the Redan they held a great force in reserve. Their guns were manned and loaded with grape, and the parapets were thickly lined with infantry.

The storming party to assault the left face of the Redan consisted of 11 officers and 400 men of the 34th Regiment, under Major Gwilt, preceded by a covering party of the Rifle Brigade and a ladder party from the Sailors' Brigade. When the signal was given for the assault, the sailors and men carrying the ladders and woolbags rushed out of the trench; they were at once swept down by the tremendous fire of grape, musketry, and case, and Major Gwilt ordered the companies of the 34th who were near him to lie down again; but on the extreme right of the trench the men who did not receive the order advanced in sections at the double, and the result was, that the whole of the storming party made a run at the re-entering angle of the left face of the Redan. They were soon thrown into confusion, and on getting up to the abattis their disorder was increased by finding that a formidable barrier was before them. Colonel Yea came up at this moment, and complained to Captain Jordan, of the 34th, that a considerable number of the men of his regiment were hiding in a small ditch, but it was found that these men were all either killed or wounded. Colonel Yea was killed almost immediately, and Major Gwilt, who was about sixty yards from the abattis, was soon severely wounded, and obliged to retire. When the 34th came up, there was only *one* ladder at the abattis.* Colonel Lysons, who took the command, ordered the men to retire. But ere the party of the 34th regained the trenches, three officers—Captain Shiffner, Captain Robinson, and Lieutenant Hurt—were killed; five officers—Captain Jordan, Major Gwilt, Lieutenant Harman, Lieutenant Clayton, and Lieutenant Alt—were severely wounded, the last two dying of their injuries. The causes of this failure were various. The columns were too weak in number, nor was any attempt made to support them.

On crossing the trench, our men, instead of coming upon the open in a firm body, were broken into twos and threes. This arose from the want of a temporary step above the berm, which would have enabled the troops to cross the parapet with regularity; instead of which they had to scramble over it as well as they could; and, as the top of the trench was of unequal height and form, their line was quite broken. The moment they came out from the trench the enemy began to direct on their whole front a deliberate and well-aimed *mitraille*, which increased the want of order and unsteadiness caused by the mode of their advance. Poor Colonel Yea saw the consequences too clearly. Having in vain tried to obviate the evil caused by the broken formation and confusion of his men, who were falling fast around him, he exclaimed, "This will never do! Where's the bugler to call them back?" But, alas! at that critical moment

* Sir Stephen Lushington, in his Report, seems to have been under the impression that the ladders were properly placed. He laboured under a grave delusion.

no bugler was to be found. The gallant officer, by voice and gesture, tried to form and compose his men, but the thunder of the enemy's guns close at hand and the gloom frustrated his efforts; and as he rushed along the troubled mass of troops, endeavouring to get them into order for a rush at the batteries, a charge of their deadly missiles passed, and the noble soldier fell dead in advance of his men, struck at once in head and stomach by grape shot. A fine young officer, Hobson, the adjutant of the 7th, fell along with his chief, mortally wounded.

The column on the left, which had been told off for the attack of the re-entering angle and flank of the right of the Redan, was exposed to the same fire. The sailors were swept away by the enemy's grape and musketry. There were no scaling-ladders placed at the abattis, much less at the ditch of the Redan, nor could the Rifles keep down the enemy's artillery. Colonel Shadforth was killed whilst leading on his men most gallantly. Sir John Campbell rushed forward to get the men into order, and fell dead close to the abattis. Lord West, of the 21st Regiment, endeavoured in vain to get the men into order. In a few moments the whole of our assaulting columns had disappeared, and our failure to take the Redan at the first onset was painfully manifest.

Meantime, on our extreme left, the brigade under Major-General Eyre, consisting of the 9th Regiment, 18th Regiment, 28th Regiment, 38th Regiment, and 44th Regiment, advanced to threaten the Dockyard Creek and the Barrack Batteries. Four volunteers from each company, under Major Fielden, of the 44th Regiment, felt the way and covered the advance. The 38th and 44th supported them on the right, the 18th were on their left, and the 9th and 28th were in reserve. The brigade was turned out early in the morning before dawn, and proceeded to march down the road on the left of the Greenhill Battery to the Cemetery, and halted under cover while the necessary dispositions were being made for the attack. General Eyre, addressing the 18th, said, "I hope, my men, that this morning you will do something that will make every cabin in Ireland ring again!" The reply was a loud cheer, which instantly drew on the men a shower of grape. The skirmishers advanced just as the general attack began, and, with some French on their left, rushed at the Cemetery, which was very feebly defended. They got possession of the place after a slight resistance, with small loss, and took some prisoners, but the moment the enemy retreated their batteries opened a heavy fire upon it from the left of the Redan and from the Barrack Battery. They also kept up a heavy fire of musketry from a suburb close to the Dockyard Creek, by the side of the Woronzoff Road, and from a number of houses at the other side of the Creek, below the Barrack Battery. The 18th at once rushed out of the Cemetery to attack the houses on the left. Captain Hayman was gallantly leading on his company when he was shot through the knee; but the 18th with impetuosity charged on and carried the houses. As they drove the Russians out, they were pelted with large stones by the latter on their way up to the battery, which quite commanded the suburb. The Russians could not depress their

guns sufficiently to fire down upon our men, but they directed a severe flanking fire upon them from an angle of the Redan works. There was nothing for it but to keep up a vigorous fire from the houses, and to delude the enemy into the belief that the occupiers were more numerous than they were. The 44th also made a dash at the houses on the right, and occupied those under the Barrack Battery, and the 38th seized hold of some houses from which they could fire along the Creek Battery, so that the Russians were obliged to abandon it.

While these portions of the 9th and 18th, 28th, and 44th were in the houses, the detachments of the same regiments and of the 38th kept up a hot fire from the Cemetery on the Russians in the battery and on their sharpshooters. One part of the brigade, separated from the other, was exposed to a destructive fire in houses, the upper portion of which crumbled into pieces or fell in under fire, and it was only by keeping in the lower stories, which were vaulted and well built, that they were enabled to hold their own. The rest of the brigade, far advanced from our batteries, were almost unprotected, and were under a constant *mitraille* and bombardment from guns which our batteries failed to touch.

A serjeant and a handful of men actually got possession of a small work, in which there were twelve or fourteen Russian artillerymen. They fled at the approach of our men; but the Russians, seeing that they were alone, came down upon them and drove them out of the battery. An officer and half-a-dozen men got up close to a part of the Flagstaff Battery, and were advancing into it when they saw that they were by themselves, and as it was futile to attempt holding their ground, they retreated. About fifteen French soldiers on their left aided them, but as they were likewise unsupported they had to retire. Another officer with only twelve men took one of the Russian Rifle Pits, bayoneted those they found in it, and held possession of it throughout the day.

This partial success, however, did not change the fortunes of the day. Our troops were in their trenches, though Eyre still grimly held the Cemetery and part of the enemy's works. The French were driven out of the Gervais' Battery because they received no reinforcements, though not till they had held it with great vigour and valour for upwards of forty minutes. Marshal Pelissier, however, did not abandon all hope, but made proposals to Lord Raglan to renew the assault as soon as the troops could be prepared for the purpose. Lord Raglan, though agreeing with the French General in the practicability of a renewed assault, was of opinion that it ought not to be attempted till the fire of the batteries and a heavy bombardment had been continued for some hours; and certainly on this occasion his lordship seems to have exhibited sounder judgment than the French General. As there was a considerable distance between them, Lord Raglan had to ride over to the station occupied by Marshal Pelissier, in order to confer with him on the arrangements for the proposed assault; and during the interval which occurred, the French, who were greatly crowded in their trenches, and were suffering heavily from the enemy's fire, became dispirited by their losses and by the

inaction which followed the check they had sustained. The Russians were evidently in great force at the Malakoff; and General d'Autemarre was so convinced that the assault would not succeed that he sent a pressing message to Marshal Pelissier to beg that he would not expose the men to be slaughtered in a fruitless assault. As General d'Autemarre was an officer of experience, Marshal Pelissier was obliged to yield to such an expression of opinion, and, Lord Raglan coinciding with him, the renewal of the assault did not take place, and the Generals returned to their quarters.

All the advantage we gained by the assault was the capture of the Cemetery, and the small Mamelon near it. The French sent over an engineer to examine the ground, and as that officer expressed an opinion that it was desirable to hold the place with a view to ulterior defensive works being erected upon it, General Eyre was assured that a strong body of men would be marched into it at night. As these troops never arrived, Colonel Adams retired from the Cemetery at night, leaving only a picket, which was also withdrawn in compliance with the instructions General Eyre received from Head Quarters, which were to the effect that if the French did not occupy the work, our troops were to withdraw.

On the following morning an officer of Engineers, Lieutenant Donnelly, heard, to his extreme surprise, that the position for which we had paid so dearly was not in our possession. He appreciated its value—he saw that the Russians had not yet advanced to re-occupy it. With the utmost zeal he set to work among the officers in the trenches, and begged and borrowed some thirty men, with whom he crept down into the Cemetery, just before the flag of truce was hoisted. As soon as the armistice began, the Russians flocked down to the Cemetery, which they supposed to be undefended, but to their great surprise they found our thirty men posted there as sentries, who warned them back, and in the evening the party was strengthened, and the Allies constructed most valuable works and batteries there, in spite of a heavy fire, which occasioned considerable loss.

Although the attack upon the Redan had been discussed at a council of war, held at the Head Quarters Camp, on the 16th June, and the Engineer officers of both our attacks (Colonel Chapman and Colonel Gordon) had been called upon to assist the Generals with their advice, the result proved that the arrangements were defective and inadequate. Our officers were outwitted by the subtlety of the Russians, who had for some time masked their guns, or withdrawn them from the embrasures, as if they were overpowered and silenced by our fire. No more decisive proof of the inefficiency of our force could be afforded than this fact—that in no case did the troops destined to assault and carry the Redan reach the outer part of the work; that no ladders were placed in the ditch; and that a very small portion indeed of the storming party reached the abattis, which was placed many yards in front of the ditch of the Redan. It cannot be said that on this occasion our men exhibited any want of courage; but so abortive and so weak was the attack, that the Russians actually got outside the parapet of the Redan, jeered and laughed at our soldiers as they fired upon them

at the abattis, and mockingly invited the "Inglisky" to come nearer. As another incident, I may mention that Lord Raglan only gave permission to Colonel Dickson to open fire after an urgent application, and that he then restricted the fire to a few guns; but Colonel Dickson, somehow, did not make the distinction, and all the artillery under his orders opened with a grand crash upon the enemy, and swept them away like flies. A few dilettante professors and historiculographers have since started a theory, which has not even ingenuity to recommend it, and which, if well-founded, would convey the weightiest accusation ever yet made against our commanders—and that is, that our assault against the Redan was never meant to be successful, and that it was, in fact, a mere diversion, to assist the French in getting into the Malakoff. To any one acquainted with the facts, or to those who were present, this theory must appear, not only *not ingenious*, but ludicrous and contemptible. Indeed, the truth is, that an assault was not merely intended to be successful, but that it was looked upon as certain to succeed. No one hinted a doubt of the carrying of the Redan, though there was a general expression of opinion, among those who knew the case, that the force detailed for the storm was perilously small, and some few, as I heard, also found fault with the position of the reserves, and thought they were placed too far in the rear to be of service in case of a check.

Our losses were indeed severe, and they were not alleviated by the consolations of victory. *No less than 22 officers and 247 men were killed, 78 officers and 1207 men were wounded. The French lost 39 officers killed and 93 wounded; nearly 1600 rank and file were killed* or taken prisoners, and about the same number were wounded—so that the loss of the Allies on the 18th June amounted to nearly 5000 officers and men. The Russians admitted a loss of 5800; but it is remarkable in their return that the proportion of their officers killed is very much less than ours. In our army one officer was killed to every eleven men—one was wounded to every fifteen. In the French army one officer was killed to thirty men, and one was wounded to every sixteen men. In the Russian army the proportion of killed was about one officer to forty-nine men—of wounded, one officer to thirty-one men. General Jones was wounded as he was looking over the trench. General Eyre was disabled by a severe cut on the head, but kept with his men till they were established in the Cemetery. The 18th Regiment lost 250 men. The 57th Regiment, out of 400, lost more than a third killed or wounded. The proportion of losses to the force of the columns engaged was very great, and our army was visibly affected by the blow it had received.

The detachments from the Naval Brigade consisted of four parties of sixty men each, one for each column, but only two of them went out, the other two being kept in reserve; they were told off to carry scaling-ladders and wool-bags, and to place them for our storming parties. Captain Peel, who commanded, was wounded. His aide-de-camp, Lieut. Wood, then midshipman of H.M.S. "Queen," displayed the greatest gallantry, though badly wounded in the arm. He got up to the abattis, and rendered himself so conspicuous for a gallantry of which he had indeed given several proofs on previous occasions, that Lord Hardinge

presented him with a commission in the 13th Light Dragoons, on his expressing a desire to exchange into the army. In No. 1 party, Lieutenants Urmston, Dalyell, and Parsons, were wounded. In No. 3, Lieutenant Cave was wounded, and Lieutenant Kidd killed. No. 2 and No. 4 party did not advance, and lost no officer. When the men retreated, overwhelmed by the storm from the enemy's battery, several officers and men were left behind wounded. Lieutenant Kidd got into the trench all safe, and was receiving the congratulations of a brother officer, when he saw a wounded soldier lying out in the open. He at once exclaimed—"We must go and save him!" and leaped over the parapet in order to do so. He had scarcely gone a yard when he was shot through the breast, and died an hour after. A private soldier of the 33rd, a native of Cork, named Richard Worrell, displayed the most touching devotion on the same occasion. When the regiment returned to the trenches it was discovered that a young officer named Heyland was missing. The enemy's guns were sweeping the front of the trenches. Worrell did not hesitate for a moment. "I'll go out," said he, "and bring him if he's wounded, or die beside him." He kept his word. His body was found pierced with balls, close to that of his officer.

The natural consequence, in civilized warfare, of such a contest as that recorded above, is an armistice to bury the dead. It was our sad duty to demand it next day, for our dead lay outside our lines, and there were no Russian corpses in front of the Redan or Malakoff. Somehow or other, the rumour got abroad that there would be an armistice early in the day, and we hoisted a white flag in the forenoon, but there was no such emblem of a temporary peace displayed by the Russians. The advanced trenches were filled with officers and soldiers eager to find the bodies of their poor comrades; but they could not stir out of the parallels. They waited patiently and sadly for the moment when friendship's last melancholy office could be performed. Boats were at last seen to leave the roads of Sebastopol, and to meet boats from the fleet at the entrance, and it became known that the Russians had acceded to an armistice, and that it was to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon. To pass the weary time away, there was nothing to do but to watch the Russians at work repairing their batteries—labours which they continued during the armistice subsequently—and to make out the bodies which lay scattered about in front of the Redan and Malakoff.

It was agonizing to see the wounded men who were lying there under a broiling sun, parched with excruciating thirst, racked with fever, and agonized with pain—to behold them waving their caps faintly, or making signals towards our lines, over which they could see the white flag waving. They lay where they fell, or had scrambled into the holes formed by shells; and there they had been for thirty hours—oh! how long and how dreadful in their weariness! An officer told me that one soldier who was close to the abattis, when he saw a few men come out of an embrasure, raised himself on his elbow, and fearing he should be unnoticed and passed by, raised his cap on a stick and waved it till he fell back exhausted. Again he rose, and managed to tear off his shirt, which he agitated in the air

till his strength failed him. His face could be seen through a glass; and my friend said he never could forget the expression of resignation and despair with which the poor fellow at last folded his shirt under his head to await the mercy of Heaven.

The red-coats lay sadly thick over the broken ground in front of the abattis of the Redan, and blue and grey coats were scattered about or lay in piles in the raincourses before the Malakoff. I could see, too, that the white port streaks of the Russian vessels had been blackened by their broadsides on the morning of the 18th. I rode down with some companions past the old 13-inch mortar battery in advance of our Picket-house into the Middle Picket Ravine, at the end of which began the French approaches to their old parallel, which was extended up to their recent conquest, the Mamelon. A body of the 12th Lancers and of some light cavalry moved down the Woronzoff road a little later, and began extending their files right and left in a complete line across the whole of our front, with the evident object of preventing any officers and men, except those who were required on duty, getting down to the neutral ground. However, my companions and myself were beforehand, and had got down into the ravine before the cavalry halted just behind the Picket-house. As we advanced, this ravine was almost paved with shot and shell. They studded its sides, or might be seen in artificial piles at the bottom. The earth gleamed here and there with bullets and fragments of lead. In one place there was a French picket posted in a bend of the ravine, sleeping under their greatcoats raised on twigs to protect them from the sun, or keeping watch over the eternal *pot-au-feu*, making delicious coffee with the rudest apparatus, smoking or talking gravely. Yes, for a wonder, the men were grave and looked almost sullen, but they were merely thoughtful, and thinking of the comrades whose bodies they would have to inter, for they were courteous and prompt to give a drink of muddy water, or a light for a cigar, or any information they could afford. By the side of this ravine—your horse must needs tread upon them, if you were not careful in guiding him—was many an humble mound, some marking the resting-place of individual soldiers, others piled over one of those deep pits where rank and file reposed in their common glory covered with lime, and marked now and then with a simple wooden cross. This emblem of the old Christian world was not confined to the graves of Roman Catholics, inasmuch as the desire to secure for the remains of their comrades repose in their resting-places induced many soldiers to erect the cross above those melancholy mounds, knowing that the Russians would respect it.

In other turns in the ravine were mules with litters for the wounded, and ambulances, and the horses of the Land Transport Corps waiting for their burden. English and French were mixed together. I saw in one place two of our men, apart from the rest, with melancholy faces. "What are you waiting here for?" said I.

"To go out for the Colonel, sir," was the reply.

"What Colonel?"

"Why, Colonel Yea, to be sure, sir," said the good fellow, who was

evidently surprised at my thinking there could be any other colonel in the world. And indeed the Light Division felt his loss. Under occasional brusqueness of manner he concealed a most kind heart, and a more thorough soldier, one more devoted to his men, to the service, and to his country, never fell in battle than Lacy Yea. I have reason to know that he felt his great services and his arduous exertions had not been rewarded as he had a right to expect. At the Alma he never went back a step, and there were tears in his eyes on that eventful afternoon as he exclaimed to me, when the men had formed upon the slope of the hill after the retreat of the enemy, "There! look there! that's all that remains of my poor Fusileers! A colour's missing, but, thank God, no Russians have it!". Throughout the winter his attention to his regiment was exemplary. His men were the first who had hospital huts. When other regiments were in need of every comfort, and almost of every necessary, the Fusileers, by the care of their colonel, had everything that could be procured by exertion and foresight. He never missed a turn of duty in the trenches, except for a short time, when his medical attendant had to use all his efforts to induce him to go on board ship to save his life. Writing of him, and of similar cases to his at the time, I said, "At Inker-"mann his gallantry was conspicuous. What did he get for it all? "He and Colonel Egerton are now gone, and there remains in the Light "Division but one other officer of the same rank who stands in the "same case as they did. Is there nothing to be done for the colo-"nels? No recognition of their services? No decorations? No "order of merit?"* We were close to the Mamelon, and the frequent reports of rifles and the pinging of the balls proved that the flag of truce had not been hoisted by the enemy. Two Voltigeurs approached, with a young English naval officer between them. They were taking him off as a spy, and he could not explain his position to his captors. He told us he was an officer of the "Viper," that he walked up to see some friends in the Naval Brigade, got into the Mamelon, and was taken prisoner. The matter was explained to the Allies; they pointed out that the Naval Brigade was not employed on the Mamelon, that spies were abundant and clever—were at last satisfied, and let their captive go with the best grace in the world. We were then in the zigzag, a ditch about six feet broad and six feet deep, with the earth knocked about by shot at the sides, and we met Frenchmen laden with water canteens or carrying large tin cans full of coffee, and tins of meat and soup, ready cooked, up to the Mamelon. They were cooked in the ravine close at hand, and taken up in messes to the men on duty.

I entered along with them. The parapets were high inside the work, and were of a prodigious thickness. It was evident the Mamelon was overdone by the Russians. It was filled with huge traverses, and covers, and excavations inside, so that it was impossible to put a large body of men into it, or to get them in order in case of an assault. The interior was like a quarry, so torn was it and blown

* The creation of an Order of Merit and Valour, which I took every occasion of recommending, and for which I suggested the name "Victoria" in one of my letters, as the most expressive and appropriate, has since been carried out.

up with shells. The stench was fearful. It arose from the dead Russians, who had been buried as they fell, and bones, and arms, and legs stuck out from the piles of rubbish on which you were treading. Many guns were also buried here when they had been disabled by our fire, but they did not decompose so rapidly as poor mortality. Outside were plenty of those fougasses, or small mines, which exploded on the touch of the foot, and which the Russians planted thickly about their advanced works. A strong case containing powder was sunk in the ground, and to it was attached a thin tube of tin or lead, several feet in length; in the upper end of the tube was enclosed a thin glass tube containing sulphuric or nitric acid. This portion of the tube was just laid above the earth, where it could be readily hid by a few blades of grass or a stone. If a person stepped upon it he bent the tin tube and broke the glass tube inside. The acid immediately escaped and ran down the tin tube till it arrived close to its insertion into the case, and there met a few grains of chlorate of potash. Combustion instantly took place, the mine exploded, and not only destroyed everything near it, but threw out a quantity of bitumen, with which it was coated, in a state of ignition, so as to burn whatever it rested upon. Later in the day I very nearly had a practical experience of the working of these mines, for an English sentry, who kindly warned me off, did not indicate the exact direction till he found he was in danger of my firing it, when he became very communicative upon the subject. One of them blew up during the armistice, but I don't know what damage it did. We lost several men by them. While the ground was occupied by the Russians they marked them by small flags, which were removed when the enemy advanced. They made it disagreeable walking in the space between the works.

The white flag was hoisted from the Redan just as I turned into the second English parallel on my left, where it joined the left of the French right. What a network of zigzags, and parallels, and traverses, one had to pass by and through, before one could reach the front! You could see how easy it was for men to be confused at night—how easy to mistake when the ground was not familiar. Thus it was that the Fourth Division, who were accustomed to man one attack, did not know where they were in passing through the works of another, and thus, no doubt, did the error arise, owing to which Sir John Campbell attacked near the apex of the Redan, instead of at the flank. The Russians threw out a long line of sentries along their works in front of the abattis which guarded them, and at the same time we advanced another line of sentries opposite the Redan, and the French a similar cordon before the Mamelon. The officers on duty hastened to the intermediate space, and the burying and searching parties came out on their sad duty. The quartermaster-general and his staff were on the spot, and every precaution was taken to keep officers and men from crowding about. The men in the trenches were enjoined not to get up on the parapets or into the embrasures, or to look over. All officers and men not on duty were stopped by the cavalry a mile behind or at the boyaux in the trenches. The Russians seemed to be under restraint also, but they crowded on the top of the Redan and of the Malakoff parapets, and watched the proceedings with great in-

terest. I walked out of the trench unmolested on the right and rear of the Quarries under the Redan, in which we had then established a heavy battery, at the distance of 400 yards from the enemy's embrasures. The ground sloped down from our attack for some few hundred yards, and then rose again to the Redan. It was covered with long rank grass and weeds, with large stones, with tumuli, alas! of recent formation, and with holes ranging in depth from three feet and a half or four feet, to a foot, and in diameter from five feet to seven or eight feet, where shells had fallen and exploded. It is impossible to give a notion of the manner in which the earth was scarred by these explosions, and by the passage of shot. The grass was seamed in all directions by grape-shot, and furrowed by larger missiles, as if ploughs, large and small, had been constantly drawn over it. Sometimes it was difficult to get over the inequalities in the ground, which was naturally of a broken and uneven surface.

There was a red jacket in the grass—a private of the 34th lying on his face, as if he were asleep; his rifle, with the barrel curved quite round, and bent nearly in two by the grape-shot which afterwards passed through the soldier's body, was under him, and the right hand, which protruded from under his chest, still clutched the stock. It was the first body I saw, and the nearest to our lines; but as we advanced and passed the sentries they lay thick enough around and before him. The litter-bearers were busy. Most of our dead were close to the abattis of the Redan, and many, no doubt, had been dragged up to it at night for plunder's sake. Colonel Yea's body was found near the abattis on the right of the Redan. His head was greatly swollen, and his features, and a fine manly face it had been, were nearly undistinguishable. Colonel Shadforth's remains were discovered in a similar state. The shattered frame of Sir John Campbell lay close up to the abattis. His sword and boots were taken, but the former was subsequently restored by a Russian officer. The body was interred on Cathcart's Hill—his favorite resort, where every one was sure of a kind word and a cheerful saying from the gallant Brigadier. It was but the very evening before his death that I saw him standing within a few feet of his own grave. He had come to the ground in order to attend the funeral of Captain Vaughan, an officer of his own regiment (the 38th), who died of wounds received two days previously in the trenches, and he laughingly invited me to come and lunch with him next day at the Clubhouse of Sebastopol.

The bodies of many a brave officer whom I had known in old times—old times of the war, for men's lives were short in the Crimea, and the events of a life were compressed into a few hours—were borne past us in silence, and now and then, wonderful to relate, men with severe wounds were found still living and able to give expression to their sufferings by moans and sighs of pain. The spirit of some of these noble fellows triumphed over all their bodily agonies. "General!" exclaimed a sergeant of the 18th Royal Irish to Brigadier Eyre, as he came near the place in the Cemetery where the poor fellow lay with both his legs broken by a round shot, "thank God, *we* did *our* work any way. Had I another pair of legs, the country and you would be welcome to them!" Many men in hospital, after losing leg or arm,

said they "would not have cared if they had only beaten the Russians." The tortures endured by the wounded were very great; they lay in holes made by shells, and were frequently fired at by the Russian riflemen when they rolled about in their misery. Some of our men, however, report that the enemy treated them kindly, and even brought them water out of the embrasures. They pulled all the bodies of our officers which lay within reach up to the abattis, and took off their epaulettes, when they had any, and their boots, but did not strip them. It was observed that the ditch of the abattis was in excellent order—that the chevaux-de-frise had been repaired, and were very strong, and that every effort had been used up to the moment before we assaulted to render it, as it was, a formidable obstacle to our advance.

CHAPTER II.

Russian Troops—Artifices—Sickness among the Generals—Death of General Estcourt—Mr. Stowe succumbs—Death of Lord Raglan—Last General Order—Lieutenant-General Simpson Commander-in-Chief—Lord Raglan's Funeral—Last Scene of all.

A LINE of sentries was formed by the Russians as our burying parties came out, and they advanced so far in front of the abattis, that General Airey was obliged to remonstrate with an aide-de-camp of General Osten-Sacken, who ordered them to retire nearer to the abattis. It was observed that these men were remarkably fine, tall, muscular, and soldier-like fellows, and one could not but contrast them with some of the poor weakly-looking boys who were privates in our regiments, or with the small undergrown men of the French line. They were unusually well dressed, in clean new uniforms, and were no doubt picked out to impose upon us. Many of them wore medals, and seemed veteran soldiers. Their officers had also turned out with unusual care, and wore white kid gloves, patent leather boots, and white linen. Their working parties brought out all our dead, and laid them in front of their line of sentries, whence our people carried them away.

The precautions taken to prevent officers and men getting through the lines sufficed to keep any great crowd away; but the officers on duty, and the lucky men, and some amateurs, who managed to get through the lines, formed groups in front of the Redan, and entered into conversation with a few of the Russian officers. There was, however, more reserve and gravity in the interview than has been the case on former occasions of the kind. One stout elderly Russian of rank asked one of our officers, "How are you off for food?"

"Oh! we get everything we want; our fleet secures that."

"Yes," remarked the Russian, with a knowing wink, "yes; but there's one thing you're not so well off for, and your fleet can't supply you, and that's sleep."

"We're at least as well off for that as you are," was the rejoinder. Another officer, in the course of conversation, asked if we really thought, after our experience of the defence they could make, that

we could take Sebastopol. "We must; France and England are determined to take it."

"Ah! well," said the other, "Russia is determined France and England shall not have it; and we'll see who has the strongest will, and can lose most men." In the midst of these brief interviews, beginning and ending with bows and salutes, and inaugurated by the concession of favours relating to cigars and lights, the soldiers bore dead bodies by, consigning the privates to the burial-grounds near the trenches, and carrying off the wounded and the bodies of the officers to the camp. Poor Forman's body was one of the first found; it was far in advance of where he came out of the trench with his company of the Rifle Brigade, and it was terribly torn with shot.

The armistice lasted for upwards of two hours, and when it was over we retired from the spot so moistened with our blood.

Immediately after the failure of the assault, a great increase of sickness took place among our generals. Sir George Brown, Generals Pennefather, Codrington, Buller, and Estcourt, were obliged to take to their beds, to seek change of air at Kamiesch, or to sail for England. Lord Raglan's health was affected. It was observed by one of his relatives and staff that the failure had "affected his health;" and on the 23rd of June this officer, writing home to his friends, remarked, "he (Lord Raglan) looks far from well, and has grown very much aged latterly."

On the 23rd of June, a fearful storm burst over the camp. The cavalry stables at Kadikoi were destroyed, and not only horses but men were drowned. The trenches and the railway were injured by the floods of rain, and, above all, the storm aggravated the symptoms of the sick in our army.

General Estcourt, Adjutant-General of the Army, died on the morning of the 24th of June, at half-past nine o'clock, after three days' illness. His death produced a profound impression of regret upon all who knew him, for a kinder or more amiable man did not exist. He was unremitting in the discharge of his duties, and no officer ever applied himself to the labours of the desk, which constituted so large a portion of the business of the department over which he presided, with more assiduity and devotion. General Estcourt was taken ill with diarrhœa six days before he died, and at the end of the third day was attacked with cholera, which his strength of constitution and powerful frame enabled him to resist for three days more; but on Saturday night a crisis came on, a dangerous change supervened, and he expired in the morning, soothed by the presence of his wife and of a near female relative. Every care and attention were paid to him.

I heard of his death as I was passing through the Head Quarters Camp to the ship in which I had procured a passage to Therapia, where I was going to recruit my health, and I was sensibly shocked at the intelligence. It was rumoured that no attempt would be made to renew the assault for several weeks, and I was glad to avail myself of the interval to seek the repose I so much needed. Coming home more immediately to my own feelings was the loss of Mr. Stowe,

who died in Balaklava a few days after the assault. The almoner of the *Times* Fund, he had left Pera to come up to the front, and take my place whilst I was away with the Kertch expedition. On my return on Saturday night, the 16th of June, I found him very unwell in my hut, suffering from diarrhœa, weak and excited. The firing, which shook the hut violently, distressed him, and it was evidently necessary to remove him as speedily as possible; but he was too feeble to ride, and he told me that Dr. Sutherland had promised to get a carriage or truck fitted up for him on the railway the following day, to carry him to Balaklava. The next day (Sunday) he seemed stronger and better, but was very anxious about the arrival of the cart. Late in the evening Dr. Sutherland rode up from Balaklava, and told us that he could not succeed in obtaining a conveyance, owing to the preparations for the bombardment and assault next day. Thanks to the kindness of General Bentinck, I succeeded in procuring a comfortable covered spring-cart, with careful men to look after it; and my poor friend was placed in it at night, and quietly carried down to Balaklava, where he was most kindly tended by the chaplain, one of the lady nurses, and the surgeons of the hospital. As a proof of the sickness which prevailed, I may mention that three surgeons who attended him were invalided one after the other in the space of a few hours.

Next day the assault took place—then there was the armistice and the post day. As I was mounting my horse to ride down to Balaklava, I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hayward, to tell me that Mr. Stowe was no more. He died on a mission of mercy, which he was discharging with zeal and energy, in the full vigour of youth, and with the promise of such a career before him as must be open to no ordinary talents and acquirements. His grave, on the heights of Balaklava, is marked by a durable monument.

A few days after my arrival at Therapia—on the Sunday following—the news of Lord Raglan's death was communicated to me by Mr. Bowers, R.N. It was indeed most painful intelligence, for Lord Raglan possessed qualities which, if not those of a general—or, at all events, those of a great general—were calculated to obtain for the English army more consideration than that to which it was entitled by its numerical strength. His calmness in the field—his dignity of manner—his imperturbable equanimity—exercised their legitimate influence over the generals of the French army, although he was frequently obliged to give way to their councils, in opposition to his declared convictions. But our army was becoming a mere contingent, and the "mitis sapientia Læli," well suited to the Council Chamber, united with gallantry in the field, were qualities we could ill afford to lose, and for which we found no substitute in his successor. On Tuesday evening, after his usual devotion to the desk, he was seized with symptoms of a choleraic character, and he took to his bed, where he died on the night of the Thursday following, quietly and without pain. The Generals of the English Divisions came in all haste to head-quarters when the sad news was known, and manifested the keenest sorrow at the loss of their General; and next day the French,

the Sardinian Generals, and the Admirals, thronged round the bed of our departed chief, and by the liveliness of their emotions attested their sense of his worth and excellence. I have never seen any reason to alter the opinion already expressed in the earlier part of this edition of my letters. That Lord Raglan was an accomplished gentleman, as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword, an amiable, honourable, kindly man, animated by zeal for the public service, of the most unswerving fidelity to truth, devoted to his duty and to his profession, cannot be denied; but he appears to have been a man of strong prejudices and weak resolution, possessed of limited information, offensively cold to those whom, like Omar Pasha, he considered vulgar or obtrusive, coerced without difficulty by the influence of a stronger will, and too apt to depend upon those around him when he should have used his own eyes. Still there was a simplicity about his manner, something of the old heroic type in his character, which would have compensated for even graver defects, if their results had not been, in many instances, so unfortunate for our arms; and the circumstance of his death whilst in command of an English army on a foreign soil touched the hearts of his countrymen. Other pens will write his eulogy, and haply many mysteries may then be explained.

On the 28th he published the following order:—

"The Field-Marshal has the satisfaction of publishing to the army the following extract from a telegraphic despatch from Lord Panmure, dated the 22nd of June.

"'I have Her Majesty's commands to express her grief that so much bravery should not have been rewarded with merited success, and to assure her brave troops that Her Majesty's confidence in them is entire.'"

Within a very few hours after the appearance of this order, the electric telegraph brought the melancholy and startling intelligence from head-quarters to the various divisions that the Field-Marshal was dead. The cause of his death was diarrhœa, terminating in cholera. The death of General Estcourt, to whom he was much attached, the unsatisfactory result of the attack on the 18th inst., and the unhealthy weather, broke down a constitution already enfeebled by age and long service. The following General Orders were issued next day:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *June* 29.

"No. 1. It becomes my most painful duty to announce to the army the death of its beloved commander, Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., which melancholy event took place last night about nine o'clock.

"No. 2. In the absence of Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, the command of the troops devolves on me, as the next senior officer present, until further orders are received from England.

"No. 3. Generals of Divisions and heads of departments will be pleased to conduct their respective duties as heretofore.

"J. SIMPSON, Lieutenant-General."

There was great feeling of regret evinced throughout the camp at the loss of Lord Raglan. His death at once stilled every other feeling but that of respect for his memory and remembrance of the many long years he had faithfully and untiringly served his country.

THE FUNERAL.

The following extract from a Supplement to the *London Gazette* of July 18th, describes the melancholy ceremonial observed on the removal of the remains of the late Commander-in-Chief, on board the "Caradoc," in Kazatch Bay:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, *July* 1.

Lord Panmure has this day received a despatch and its enclosures, of which the following are copies, addressed to his Lordship by Lieutenant-General Simpson, Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in the East:—

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *July* 7.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that the remains of our late lamented Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, were removed from head-quarters to Kazatch Bay on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., and placed on board Her Majesty's ship "Caradoc," which departed for England that same evening.

Nothing could be more imposing than the whole line of this melancholy procession. The day was fine, and the appearance of the allied troops splendid. As many as could be spared from duty in the trenches, and with safety to their camp, were collected, and the procession moved from the door of this house exactly at four o'clock, p.m., in the following order:—

In the court-yard of the house was stationed a guard of honour of 100 men of the Grenadier Guards, with their drums and regimental colours; fifty men, with one field officer, one captain, and one subaltern, from the Royal Sappers and Miners, and from each regiment, lined the road from the British to the French head-quarters—a distance of about a mile; a squadron of cavalry was stationed on the right of the line, two batteries of artillery and a squadron of cavalry on the left of it; the infantry were commanded by Major-General Eyre, C.B.

The road from the French head-quarters to Kazatch Bay was lined throughout the whole way by the infantry of the French Imperial Guard and of the 1st Corps; bands were stationed at intervals and played as the procession passed, and field batteries (French) at intervals, on the high grounds right and left of the road, fired minute guns.

The procession to escort the body was as follows:—

Two squadrons of British Cavalry (12th Lancers).

Two squadrons of Piedmontese Light Cavalry.

Four squadrons of French Chasseurs d'Afrique (1st and 4th Regiments).

Four squadrons of French Cuirassiers (2nd and 9th Regiments).

Two troops of French Horse Artillery.

Major Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery.

The coffin, covered with a black pall, fringed with white silk, and the union jack, and surmounted by the late Field-Marshal's cocked-hat and sword, and a garland of "Immortels," placed there by General Pelissier, was carried on a platform, fixed upon a nine-pounder gun, drawn by horses of Captain Thomas's troop Royal Horse Artillery.

At the wheels of the gun-carriage rode General Pelissier, Commander-in-Chief of the French army; his Highness Omar Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman army; General Della Marmora, Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian army; and Lieutenant-general Simpson, Commander-in-Chief of the English army.

Charger of the late Field-Marshal, led by two mounted orderlies.

Relations and personal Staff of the late Field-Marshal.

Generals and other officers of the French, Sardinian, and Turkish armies, a large number of whom attended.

British Commissioners to foreign armies.

British General Officers and their Staffs.

Staff of Head-quarters.

One officer of each regiment of Cavalry and Infantry, Royal Sappers and Miners, and Land Transport Corps; two from the Naval Brigade, Royal Marines, Medical and Commissariat Staff; and three from the Royal Artillery.

Personal escorts of the allied Commanders-in-Chief.

The personal escort of the late Field-Marshal (Captain Chetwode's troop of the 8th Hussars).

A field battery of the Royal Artillery.

Two squadrons of British Cavalry (4th Dragoon Guards).

Detachment of Mounted Staff Corps.

The escort was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dupuis, Royal Horse Artillery.

Two field batteries of the Royal Artillery, stationed on the hill opposite the house, fired a salute of nineteen guns when the procession moved off.

The united bands of the 3rd, 9th, and 62nd Regiments, stationed in the vineyard that surrounds the house, played the "Dead March."

The band of the Sardinian Grenadiers was stationed half-way to the French head-quarters, and the band of the 10th Hussars on the left of the line.

The approach to the wharf at Kazatch Bay was lined by detachments of the Royal Marines and sailors.

The body was received on the wharf by Admiral Bruat and Rear-Admiral Stewart, C.B., and a large number of officers of the combined fleets. The launch of the British flagship, towed by men-of-war boats, conveyed the coffin to the "Caradoc," the boats of the combined fleets forming an escort; and the troop and battery of the Royal Artillery included in the escort formed upon the rising ground

above the bay, and fired a salute of nineteen guns as the coffin left the shore.

Everything was well conducted, and no accident occurred.

Thus terminated the last honours that could be paid by his troops to their beloved commander. His loss to us here is inexpressible, and will, I am sure, be equally felt by his country at home. The sympathy of our allies is universal and sincere. His name and memory are all that remain to animate us in the difficulties and dangers to which we may be called.

I have, &c.,
JAMES SIMPSON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

The Lord Panmure, &c.

BOOK VII.

EFFORTS TO RAISE THE SIEGE — BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA — THE SECOND ASSAULT — CAPTURE OF THE MALAKOFF — RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS TO THE NORTH SIDE.

CHAPTER I.

Changes caused by the death of Lord Raglan—Condition of the rival armies—The attack on the Malakoff left to the French—Preparations for the assault—Sick and wounded officers—The attack on the Redan criticised—Prospect of another winter in the trenches—Recapitulation—Position of the contending forces.

DURING the interval that elapsed between the lamented death of Lord Raglan, on the 28th June, and the middle of the month of July, no very decided progress was made by the English in the siege approaches, and the Russians contented themselves with strenuous preparations to meet another assault. But as sickness diminished, and reinforcements and fresh supplies of material were poured into the Crimea later in the month, the Allies set to work with renewed energy, and not only gained ground before Sebastopol, but began to feel their way towards the left of the enemy's position on the Belbek. At the same time they extended their operations in the direction of Mangoup-Kale, and Kutchuk Sevren, first by way of reconnaissance, and finally by the establishment of standing camps of sufficient strength to defy a sudden attack by any force short of an army. In these operations the French performed most of the active work. They were aided to some extent by the Sardinians encamped at Komara, and by the Turks, who completed the friendly investment of Balaklava from the Sardinian right to the cliffs over the sea near Cape Aiya. General Simpson, upon whom the command of the English army devolved, was a veteran who had seen a year's service in the Peninsula in 1812-13, and in the campaign of 1815, and who thirty years afterwards held the post of Quartermaster-General to Sir C. Napier, in his Indian war of 1845; and it was supposed, in spite of his own representations to the contrary, that he was physically and mentally able to take the command of an army which was rapidly assuming the form and functions of a contingent in face of the reinforcements so lavishly given to our Allies. Lord Raglan had, at all events, by the dignity of his personal character, secured a position for the troops he commanded to which they were not numerically entitled; but no one can say by what sacrifices that position was maintained till the battle of Inkermann forced us to abandon it.

The time is not yet come for the disclosure of all the truth; but it may even now be asked, how it was that on the 6th February, 1855,

we abandoned our ground opposite the Malakoff to the French, if we really knew it to be the key of the Russian position? A change was indeed necessary, and it was evident that the English army was much too weak to occupy the space from the Dockyard Creek ravine on the left, to the valley of the Tchernaya on the right. But why, instead of allowing the French (I use that word "allowing," inasmuch as we are given to understand that Sir John Burgoyne objected to the change)—why, instead of allowing the French to take from us the favourable ground upon our right attack, did we not move to our right, and leave the French to occupy the spot held by our left, which we maintained to the end of the siege? It seems but natural that as we had defended the right of the Allied Army at Inkermann, with so much loss, and so much courage, we should have continued to occupy a position we had rendered glorious for ever. A cession of it to the French appears to be a tacit reproach to our plan of defence. By concentrating our left on our right attack, we could have readily carried on the siege works, and have preserved to ourselves the attack against the Malakoff, which was originally opened by us on the 17th October, 1854. It was said that the French objected to take Chapman's attack, on the plea that they could not serve our artillery. Sir John Burgoyne then offered that our artillery-men should be left to work the English guns; but the objection, if ever it was made, was futile, inasmuch as at a subsequent period of the siege the French demanded and received the loan of more than twenty-four 32-pounders, which they used with great vigour at the final bombardment. The compliance of Sir John Burgoyne upon this point is the more to be wondered at, inasmuch as it was he who discovered the great importance of the position we so readily yielded, and it was he who announced that the Malakoff, of which he relinquished the attack to our Allies, was the veritable key of the whole of the defences of Sebastopol.

After the 18th June, 1855, it became quite evident that our left attack was utterly useless for the purposes of an assault, and accordingly one would have thought that the whole energy of the chiefs of the British Army and of the Engineers would have been directed to push on our saps in the direction of the only point of attack the British army had to deal with; but in effect the Redan was not approached much more closely by our Engineers subsequently to the 18th than it had been previously, and most of our efforts were directed to the augmentation of the weight and vigour of our fire from batteries already established, or to the strengthening of the Quarries Battery, which we took on the 7th June. In fact, we seemed determined to take the place by the fire of artillery alone; and yet when the time came we combined with it an assault, which was of course an interference with, and an abandonment of that determination. Although our officers had the Mamelon before their eyes, they overlooked the fact that the Russians could screen a very large body of men inside their casemates and bomb-proofs, and that their garrison would suffer very little from our fire so long as it failed to search out and destroy those retreats. When the garrison of these casemates was warned, by the cessation of our fire, of the coming assault, they

swarmed out in masses more numerous than the assailants, who were besides broken, and almost breathless, owing to their run from the trenches, and repulsed them ere they reached the abattis. Whenever the Russians felt our power was overpowering them at any one particular point, they withdrew their guns behind the traverse or parapet, and trusted to the strength of their earthworks, so that it was difficult to say what was the exact effect of our cannonade upon their guns. Thus, on the 18th June, our soldiers were raked with grape and canister from points where we had imagined the guns were dismounted and silenced, and it was evident that our artillery had not gained that mastery over the enemy's pieces which was requisite to ensure success. We subsequently endeavoured to secure a better chance for our troops, at the next assault, by establishing batteries to crush the flanking fire of the angles of the Redan, and of the curtains in the direction of the salient; but our tackles broke in raising the guns, and these batteries were never armed.

The arrival of Sir Harry Jones to replace Sir John Burgoyne was regarded with hope, but no change in the plan of attack was originated by that officer, nor did the French engineers at any time appear to appreciate the importance of the ground between them and the Malakoff, till the Russians significantly demonstrated the value of the Mamelon by seizing upon and fortifying it in the spring of the year. Sir Harry Jones, although younger than Sir John Burgoyne, was not blest with the health of that veteran soldier, and for some time the works were carried on without the benefit of his personal supervision, although no one could doubt the ability and zeal of Colonel Gordon, R.E., of Colonel Chapman, R.E., and of Lieut. Cowell, A.D.C., or of the numerous staff of Engineer officers engaged upon the works. If the ground in front of our trenches and saps towards the Redan was difficult, that through which the French drove their approaches close to the Bastion *du Mat*, and notably to the Bastion *Centrale*, was literally a mass of oolite and hard rock, and our engineers will yet have to explain in the "aide memoire" what were the causes which stayed the advance of our saps, and prevented their establishing a Place d'Armes for our assaulting columns.

The death of Lord Raglan, which produced in the army a sentiment of profound regret, and which gave to the nation at home a sensible shock, deprived the British Army of a leader whose personal character and dignity of manner exercised considerable influence upon the councils of the Allied Generals, however he might have failed to maintain the proper position of that army after the 5th November. But General Simpson, who was appointed to succeed him, although it had been understood when he came out as Chief of the Staff that he would not become Commander-in-Chief in case of a vacancy, was certainly not suited to resist any pressure which our Allies might think fit to apply; and he was destitute of those acquirements and personal characteristics which in Lord Raglan compensated for a certain apathy and marble calmness which his admirers extolled as virtues. It was believed at the time, and it is now almost notorious, that General Simpson opposed his own appointment, and bore testimony to his own incapacity; but the Government—or Lord

Hardinge and Lord Panmure—insisted, and General Simpson became Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He was succeeded in his post as Chief of the Staff by an intelligent officer, Major-General Barnard, who displayed great personal activity in his execution of its duties. The vacancy created in the Adjutant-General's department by the lamented death of Major-General Estcourt, was filled by Colonel Pakenham, who had been his second in command, and who was a good man of business, however deficient in that personal courtesy and politeness which distinguish the officers of the corresponding department of the French Army. The changes created by death or wounds on the 18th having thus been satisfactorily effected, the army resumed its usual attitude of laborious watchfulness in the trenches, and of expectation in the camp; and for many long weeks we were amused by confident announcements that our batteries would open in "*n* days," *n* being a very small number. Batteries were constructed by the English and the French on the commanding points in their possession to drive away the Russian shipping, which covered the front of our trenches with a deadly fire on the occasion of an assault, and which were handled with skill and a great deal of boldness throughout the siege. All these batteries failed in their object. The ships up to the last continued to render able and energetic co-operation to the besieged.

On the 17th June, our armament consisted of thirty 13-inch mortars, seventeen 10-inch mortars, and eight 8-inch mortars; of forty-nine 32-pounders, of forty-six 8-inch guns, of eight 10-inch, and eight 68-pounder guns—an increase of thirty guns and mortars on the armament with which we opened fire on the 7th June; and 2286 13-inch bombs, 884 10-inch bombs, 9746 32-lb. shot, 6712 8-inch shot, 1706 10-inch shot, 1350 68-pounder shot, were fired into the town, in the bombardment, previous to the assault. Still, this weight of metal, although it caused an enormous loss, did not crush the fire of the place, and the enemy were enabled to continue to reply, and to mount fresh guns, owing to the constant command of men from the armies outside the town. The capture of Kertch and Yenikale, the command of the Sea of Azoff, the partial possession of the Spit of Arabat, had not produced the results we expected on the resources of the garrison; and it was evident that they received supplies of men and food by Perekop and Tchongar—no matter by what exertions or at what sacrifices the communications might be effected. The Allies were unable in any way to intercept the supplies. They had advanced from Eupatoria, towards Simpheropol, on various occasions, but had invariably found the enemy in superior force, in strong positions, except on the single occasion of General Allonville's brilliant affair with the Russian cavalry, under General Korte, near Sak, which ended in the utter route of the latter, and the loss of a battery of field artillery. The nature of the country, the difficulty of transport, and the distance of the base of operations, have all been pleaded as reasons for the failure of the attempts to advance from Eupatoria; but it seems rather strange that no effort was made to march, by either the Buljanak or the Alma, to the capital of the Crimea: and the troops of Omar Pasha, instead of being kept idle

at Komara or Eupatoria, could have been employed with the French and English in making a serious diversion, which would have paralysed the energies of the enemy, and which might have led to the fall of Sebastopol north and south, and the surrender or total flight of all the Russian army. It was not till the 11th July that Omar Pasha, dispirited at the inactivity to which himself and army had been doomed, proposed to General Simpson to embark the Turks from the Crimea, and to land near Kutais, in order to relieve Kars by a menacing march upon Tiflis. On the 15th of July a conference of the Allied Generals was held at General Pelissier's, to consider the position of the Turks in Asia Minor, and the proposition of the Turkish Generalissimo; and it was with much difficulty that he succeeded in persuading them that 25,000 Turks operating in Asia were much better employed than if they were doing nothing at Komara. However, it was long ere he could obtain the means of carrying out his plans; and there is no doubt but that his assistance in operating from Eupatoria would have been of the utmost importance during the time he was compelled to maintain an attitude of hopeless inactivity.

At this period of the siege I was relieved for a short time by a colleague, and I proceeded to enjoy my holidays at Therapia, in the society of my wife; but I was attacked by Crimean fever soon after my arrival, and was not able to return to the camp till the beginning of August. During the time I was at Therapia, the Hotel d'Angleterre presented a melancholy aspect, from the number of sick and wounded officers at the table-d'hôte. Colonel Gordon, of the Engineers, was there, on his way home, after a long and anxious charge in the Crimea; Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and Lord George Paget were also there; Major Browne of the Royal Engineers, wounded on the 18th June; Captain Browne, 88th, who lost his arm on the same occasion, and many others, some of whom have since fallen, or have been badly wounded. The Turkish Contingent, encamped at Buyukdereh, under General Vivian, was in the course of being organized; but the efforts of its commander and of General Cunynghame to get it into shape, were for some time frustrated by the outbreak of an epidemic among the troops. Meantime, we heard of the advance of the Russians in Asia Minor, and of our own inactivity; and I am bound to say, that the feeling among the English residents at Therapia was for some time after the defeat on the 18th June, one of despondency. Old officers shook their heads, and there was a great desire among young and old to get away from the Crimea on any pretence, in order to escape for a time from the sanguinary monotony of trench duties, the harassing sounds of cannon and rifle, which beat on the ear day and night, and the contagious influence of gloomy thoughts.

Major-General Dacres came down about this time from the Crimea to see his wife, and his presence was a sure proof that the artillery were not likely to be called upon for some time to come, inasmuch as he was not the kind of man who would willingly run the chance of losing any official mention tending to his promotion. The attack on the Redan was the one subject of conversation—the arrival of news from the Crimea, the one great event to be looked forward to daily. No

one at that time appeared to think that we ought to have attacked the Redan—that is a doctrine which was propounded much later—but it seemed to be imagined that, even if we could have taken it, the French would not have been able to maintain themselves inside any other part of the enemy's lines, and that we should consequently have been exposed to the whole brunt of their concentrated attacks in a very difficult position. The first great phase in the siege had been passed—we found that the Russians could resist the Allied forces with vigour, and that they were capable of acting upon the defensive with greater energy than we gave them credit for, from their conduct at the Alma. The constant passage up the Bosphorus of vessels with troops on board from France, and artillery and material from England, evinced the preparations made by the Allies for the renewal of the struggle; but there were many who thought that the siege would not be over till the following year, and that the Allies would have to undergo the miseries of another winter in the open trenches. Sir George Brown, who had ever entertained a most gloomy view of our position—the falseness and danger of which, in a military sense, he rather exaggerated than undervalued—left the army on sick certificate two days after Lord Raglan's death, and the Generals in command were new and untried men, in comparison with those who first led our army to the Crimean campaign.

On the 30th June, Major-General Codrington had been appointed to the command of the Light Division; and at the same date, Major-General Barnard was nominated to the Second Division. By these changes and promotions, Colonel Van Straubenzee, of the 3rd Buffs, became Brigadier of the 1st Brigade, Light Division; Colonel Spencer, of the 44th Regiment, became Brigadier of the 1st Brigade, 4th Division; and Colonel Barlow, of the 14th, assumed the command of the 1st Brigade of the 3rd Division. We received about this time the 3rd, 13th, 31st, and 72nd Regiments, which were attached to the 2nd, 4th, and 1st Divisions. But as reinforcements slowly poured in, a great drain on the strength of the army was steadily increasing in the trenches—our losses began to reach 300 men *hors de combat* in every week.

The cholera also diminished the numbers of the daily tables of effective men, and there was reason to believe that the Russians were receiving large reinforcements just at the time that our strength was failing. The losses of the enemy were, indeed, enormous; but so was the army which supplied the garrison, and held the positions outside the city. General Simpson, under such circumstances, had a most difficult duty to fulfil. Constant demands were made upon us by the French General to take such and such rifle pits which annoyed them, or to construct batteries and parallels for the purpose of relieving their siege works; and although it is quite true that they aided us materially on several points, by diverting and checking the enemy's fire, it will be found, I think, that we rendered them a greater amount of assistance than we received. The principal events of the siege, and the military movements of the army, will be found detailed in the following extract, which will, I fear, prove dry and uninteresting to any but military people, and lovers of dates and facts:—From

the attack of the 18th June to the 10th July, the enemy were employed in strengthening their works; and they made such progress at the Redan, that it was judged expedient to open a heavy fire upon them from the Allied batteries. This commenced at five o'clock on the morning of the 10th of July, and lasted for four hours. Two embrasures were destroyed, and the enemy's reply was feeble;—but they did not cease from their labours, and we were obliged to reserve our ammunition for a more general bombardment. An alteration was made in the trench service at the same time, and it was ordered that the Generals of the day should not be named in General Orders, but that the duties in each attack should be done by divisions alternately. Thus, for example, the First Division took the left, and the Second Division took the right attack on one day; the Third Division took the left, and the Fourth Division took the right attack next day, and so on in rotation; but the arrangements were left as much as possible to the Generals of Division. The English cavalry, long inactive, began to look forward to service in the field, as hopes were held out that a strong movement would be made against the Russian corps on the Upper Belbek; and Colonel Shewell, who commanded the Light Cavalry Brigade in Lord George Paget's absence, was an officer who had shown, on the 25th of October, that he only needed an opportunity to handle cavalry with intelligence and effect. On the 12th July, General Barnard was appointed Chief of the Staff; and on the 15th, Colonel Warren assumed the command of the First Brigade, and Colonel Trollope was named Brigadier of the Second Brigade of the Second Division. General Simpson had, unfortunately, on several occasions, the opportunity of proving that he was disposed to punish with great severity the crime of drunkenness on the part of officers; and no less than three gentlemen were cashiered, by court-martial, for that offence, in a few days, one after the other.

Major-General Markham arrived on the 19th July, and assumed the command of the Second Division; but he had materially injured his health by the exertions he made in travelling through India to get to the Crimea, and on no subsequent occasion did he add to the high reputation he had gained in the East. The position of the contending parties at this period was as follows:—The enemy held Sebastopol from the sea north of Quarantine Bay to Careening Creek, their communication with the north side being kept up solely by boats and rafts. They were overlapped by the French, who were in possession of the works at Mount Sapoune, and who held trenches and works on the south-western side of Quarantine Bay. But the Sapoune works were much exposed to a cross-fire from the Russian works across the Tchernaya, at Inkermann, from the north side, from the Little Redan, and from the shipping. On the rear of our position the Turks held the south-eastern defences of Balaklava, from the sea to Komara, where they rested with their left on the Highland Division. The Highlanders had the Sardinians on their left again, facing towards the Tchernaya; and the French army of observation was encamped on the left of the Sardinians, along the Fedioukine heights, on the plain of Balaklava, extending along the Woronzoff Road till they communicated with the French army on our right flank at Inkermann, and on

the verge of the plateau in our rear. The Russians held the northern side of the Tchernaya, the Mackenzie ridge, the mountainous country from Mangoup-Kale towards Ozembash, the position at Aitodor, and the mountain ridges overlooking Ourkusta Chutiou and other Tartar villages. Here they were watching the French corps, which had been pushed beyond our lines into the valley of Baidar. The high mountains between the enemy and the sea are not suitable for the passage of artillery, which could only be brought against us from the coast by way of the Phoros pass. This pass was occupied by the French, and the road was deeply scarped; but it was nevertheless necessary to keep a constant watch upon the enemy in this direction, as they were known to have a force of infantry and artillery at Alupka.

CHAPTER II.

General Simpson's Order—Changes—Casualties—Plague of Flies—Furious Conflicts—Letter written by a Russian Female—Inaction of the Turks.

On the 21st July, General Simpson published the following order:—

"General Simpson announces to the army that he has had the honour to receive from her Majesty the Queen the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the Crimea.

"The Lieutenant-General, though deeply impressed with the responsibility of the position in which he is placed, is most proud of the high and distinguished honour, and of the confidence thus reposed in him by his Sovereign.

"It will be the Lieutenant-General's duty to endeavour to follow in the steps of his great predecessor, and he feels confident of the support of the generals, and of the officers and soldiers, in maintaining unimpaired the honour and discipline of this noble army.

(Signed) "JAMES SIMPSON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding."

The personal Staff of his Excellency consisted of Captain Colville, Rifle Brigade; Captain Lindsay, Scots Fusileer Guards; Major Dowbiggen, 4th Foot (appointed by electric telegraph). Lieut-Colonel Stephenson was appointed Military Secretary, although Colonel Steele remained at head-quarters; and Colonel Pakenham was confirmed as Adjutant-General, at the request of Lord Raglan, in the last dispatch he ever penned.

On the 21st, Captain Lushington, who had been promoted to the rank of Admiral, was relieved in the command of the Naval Brigade by Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, a most zealous, cool, and energetic officer. Commissary-General Filder, at the same date, returned home to England, on the recommendation of a Medical Board.

On the night of the 22nd, the Russians, who were either under the impression that the Allies were about to make an assault in the dark, or wished to stop our working parties, opened a heavy fire of musketry

along their line, but it inflicted no loss upon us; and after a great expenditure of ammunition, they retired from the parapets. From the middle to the end of July, the casualties in our army became so heavy, that the Commander-in-Chief, in several dispatches, was obliged to express his regret at the loss, which he attributed to the proximity of the works, the lightness of the nights, and the rocky nature of the ground. On two nights, from the 27th to the 29th, thirteen men were killed, and five officers and 108 men were wounded, in addition to which there were some casualties in the Naval Brigade. However, some little progress was made—our advanced parallels were strengthened, and our unlucky fifth parallel was advanced and deepened. The French engineers were pressing on with indefatigable energy on the right and left of our position, and were close to the Malakoff on the right, and the Central and Flag-staff Bastion on the left; and it was evident that, at the next bombardment, it would scarcely be possible to preserve the town from destruction. The only hope left to the Russians was to attack our rear, and threaten Balaklava and Inkermann; and they prepared to strike a blow, the influence of which would be felt in the councils of Vienna, and in the Cabinets of every State in Europe.

The siege works on our side were confined during the second week in July to the strengthening and repair of parapets, and to the erection of a battery to fire on the enemy's shipping, from which the Allies had suffered heavy losses on the 18th June. The large supply of wood yielded by the forests of the Crimea was one of the chief aids to the defence of Sebastopol. Fuel for the steamers and for cookery could be obtained in abundance. Trees felled, and brought a distance of many miles, formed the strong abattis, six feet high, which was one of the chief defences of the Redan. Fascines for the works from Nikolaev and Kherson, were brought in vast quantities. The great number of arabas captured by the French in an expedition across the Tchernaya indicated that ample means of transport existed in the peninsula; but we imagined that the enemy would find difficulty in procuring forage for horses and cattle during the winter.

Our camp was healthy enough. The heat was by no means equal to the general temperature of the country in former years. Balaklava was much afflicted with cholera, but the scene of its greatest ravages was the top of the harbour, where many thousand Turks had been buried with only a few inches of light mould between them and the air, and where the bodies were often laid bare in all their hideous ghastliness by one of the thunder showers of the Crimea. Upon the whole I was induced to take a very favourable view of our sanitary prospects for the summer and autumn of 1855, and I am happy to say the result justified me in so doing. In 1854 the seeds of cholera and fever were fostered by encamping in wooded Bulgarian valleys, in the vicinity of fetid morasses, or within the limits of a crowded and filthy seaport. The disease thus engendered was brought by the two armies to the Crimea, where privations and fatigue extended its ravages, and caused them to continue far beyond the season at which they generally cease. Before Sebastopol the Allies were encamped upon a spot where

no deleterious emanations could reach them, except those engendered by the necessary impurities of a camp, and these, through the care taken in burning or burying all offensive matter, had little effect upon the health of the troops. The cholera, however, made sporadic appearances.

Colonel Vico, the French Commissioner at the English head-quarters, died of the disease which struck down so many of the notables of the camp within a few weeks, and his death was greatly regretted by the staff-officers, with whom he was a general favourite. Mr. Calvert, a gentleman well acquainted with the Russian language, and employed as interpreter and confidential agent to the Commander-in-Chief, was the other victim.* People began to fear that the pretty little farmhouse where Lord Raglan had established himself on his arrival before Sebastopol, was situated in a spot more than usually subject to malific influences. Certainly, fatal cases of disease followed one another with a rapidity unknown in other parts of the camp, and the impression made upon the minds of people at home by the deaths of several distinguished officers in succession, would convey too unfavourable an idea of the state of the army in general.

Though delivered by the progress of the siege from Russian sorties, we were exposed to the attacks of other enemies, quite as troublesome, if not dangerous. Every nook and cranny was infested with millions of flies, which gave one no rest by day, and little by night. Situated as I was in the delightful vicinity of several hundred commissariat mules, and a varied assortment of empty sugar barrels and receptacles for beef and pork, it was possible I might have had more than my share of the attentions of these pertinacious insects, which hovered on every side in clouds, and settled on the most irritable parts of the face without giving a moment's relaxation. Like the Harpies, they literally "disputed the viands," such as they were, on which we regaled ourselves, a morsel in its passage to the mouth being generally settled upon by two or more of the insects, which required a vigorous shaking before they would let go their hold. The only way to be at rest was to sit in a thorough draught, which, when surrounded by papers, was a somewhat troublesome position. As you entered your hut after a few moments' absence, they rose in dense clouds with deafening buzz from every object. Irritable sufferers pursued them desperately with towels, laying about on every side; others tried to carry on a more scientific warfare, by burning old newspapers after closing every aperture; but it was useless—in five minutes the place was full with a fresh and more hungry swarm. The only respite was at night, when the invaders retired to rest on the ceiling in enormous black patches; but even then the introduction of a candle roused them to all the playfulness of noon. Seriously they were an unexpected and most troublesome visitation, especially irritating to the poor sick fellows in the hospital marquees, whom they prevented from getting any repose the live-long day, and kept in a constant state of nervous restlessness.

On the 12th July, the Turks and French, who had gone out foraging and reconnoitring on our right towards Baidar, returned

* His real name was Cattley.

with quantities of cattle. According to the observations of the scientific officers who accompanied this reconnaissance, there was no weak point towards the Belbek, and an attack on the Russian position from Inkermann to Simpheropol, was considered all but hopeless. Nature seems as if she had constructed the plateau they occupied as a vast defensible position which 50,000 men might hold against four times their number. Writing on 12th July, I said,—"Of the reduction "of Sebastopol proper before the winter I have no kind of doubt. "The Russian generals, though brave and determined on an ob- "stinate defence, deserve credit for prudence and forethought. "As long as a place can be held with a chance of success, or "even of damaging the enemy, they will hold it; but all their pro- "ceedings induce the belief that they will not allow their troops to "be cut to pieces merely for the credit of having made a desperate "resistance, and of having maintained, without advantage, for a short "time longer, a position which, in a military sense, is untenable. "When they perceive that their retreat is seriously endangered, it is "not improbable that they will altogether abandon the southern side, "which they can hardly hope to hold should the Allies be able to "command the harbour. They, no doubt, count at least on being "able to prolong their resistance until the winter sets in; if that be "impossible, they will most likely withdraw to the northern side, to "which it may be impracticable to lay siege before the spring of "1856."

Major-General Barnard was appointed Chief of the Staff, in the place of General Simpson, and writing, at the time of his appointment, respecting our future General in Lord Raglan's place, I said:— "Rumours prevail that a new Commander-in-Chief is to come out "from England. Whether this be true I have not yet learnt, but it "is to be hoped that the Peninsula and Waterloo, at twenty-three or "twenty-four years of age, will not be the only qualification. It "seems to all here that the best school for Sebastopol is Sebastopol "itself, and that a man who has been six months in the Crimea is "more likely to be an efficient general than any one who may be sent "out in reliance upon vague reminiscences of campaigns in the field "forty years ago. It takes some little time to gain an acquaintance "even with the ground, and as autumn is drawing on there is no "need for delay. The only reason that can be conceived for sending "out a general from England is that some man of European reputa- "tion may be appointed, who may give a *status* to the British army "beyond what its present numbers are calculated to obtain for it in "the eyes of the world. There is no doubt that Lord Raglan did "this. His rank, his high character, his manners, his superiority to "petty jealousies, and his abstinence from petty intrigues, commanded "the respect of even those who were disposed to question his capacity "and energy. If this war be prosecuted for any length of time, and "England is not prepared to embark more fully in the struggle with "men as well as money, there is some danger that the British army "will be looked upon as a mere contingent. A general of established "reputation may add a lustre to the British name, but, after all, the "best reliance is upon skill and energy, and there are many men at

"present before Sebastopol upon whom the command might devolve "with satisfaction to the army, and with a reasonable hope of a "creditable performance of the duties of the post."

On the night of the 14th July the Russians made a sortie from the Malakoff on the 16th of the French Line, who were at work on the trenches and parallels in advance of the Mamelon. The affair took place about ten o'clock, and lasted nearly an hour, ending, as usual, in the repulse of the Russians, and their retreat to their works, after having inflicted some damage upon those of the French.

The French had now pushed their works almost to the abattis of the Malakoff, and were so near that a man might throw a stone into the Russian position. It began to be understood by all engaged that the real point of attack would be the Malakoff works, the capture of which would render the Redan untenable, and make the surrender of the south side of the place merely a question of time.

Never since the beginning of the siege were both parties so thoroughly in earnest. The exchange of shot and shell was almost incessant, and one could only wonder where the shot and shell and powder came from. Probably an organized system of transport fed Sebastopol with munitions as well as corn, and during the summer every endeavour was no doubt made to supply the garrison with sufficient resources to hold out during the winter, when the transport of heavy articles upon the roads of the Crimea would be a matter of considerable difficulty. In August, 1853, two or three houses of Odessa entered into a joint contract to supply the Government with 14,000 military carts: although these were, no doubt, destined for the campaign in the Principalities, yet they were afterwards transferred, with thousands more, to the defence of Sebastopol; and the fact of such contracts having been made is sufficient to show the scale upon which the late Emperor was ready to carry out his views, and the facilities which the Crimean fortress enjoyed for continuing a defence that seemed wonderful to those who did not consider how long it had been foreseen and prepared for.

The following letter, which was found by my colleague in one of his excursions to Larpi, near Baidar, affords a curious insight into the feelings of the Russian civilians at this period. It was written in a female hand, from a village close to the north Fort of Sebastopol, and (omitting domestic details) ran thus:—

May 26 (*June* 7).

"You are not, my dear sister, in a very safe position; according to my judgment, the enemy is only a few steps from you at Foross. The Baidar road is broken up. We have already sent pioneers to the coast to break up the roads in case of the arrival of the enemy; they have taken a sufficient quantity of powder. In your letter of the 12th of May (24th) you said all was quiet about you, but it cannot be so now. Kertch is taken; at Arabat there was a battle, in which we were victorious. They even say that a Russian army is marching upon Paris. Up to to-day all was quiet in Sebastopol. To-day the enemy bombarded heavily, but did nothing but bombard, and will do nothing; they can do nothing at all against us. Mother, who has just come from there, says it is impossible to recognise the town, it

is so much changed by the fortifications continually added to it. At the Severnaya, you enter as through a gate, with enormous batteries on each side. Mother was there a day when it was quite quiet; she even slept in the town that night. At ten o'clock a shell fell into the gallery near the window; happily it did not fall into the room, or she might have been hurt. * * * They say that the seat of war will soon be transferred to the Danube. It is time that these gentlemen should leave us, and let us have a little rest. As soon as they go, the town of Sebastopol will be built where the Chersonese was, and what is now Sebastopol will be entirely a fortress. How curious it will be, till one gets accustomed to it," &c.

The writer goes on to speak of her yellow dress being ready, and of her intention of going in it to Sebastopol in order to have her portrait taken. But within a few hours after the foregoing letter was written the Mamelon was attacked, and the most brilliant operation of the siege performed. The bombardment, which the fair writer and her military friends treated with such contempt, was no doubt expected by them to resemble the operations of October and April, and to be followed up by no attack. It would seem that for once we found the Russians unprepared, and by availing ourselves of that opportunity, gained the most signal success which has attended the siege operations, a success which, if it had been followed up, would, no doubt, have led to still more glorious results. The Severnaya alluded to in the letter was what we call the Star Fort, or is more probably the name for the whole northern faubourg. The Russians were busily at work, strengthening this part of the place, as well as their positions on the Katcha and Belbek, in anticipation of operations at some future period for the entire possession of Sebastopol and the Crimea.

It will be observed that all this while the Turks never took part in the siege. The justice of the following remarks, which was apparent enough in July, 1855, seems still more evident at the present moment. "It is a singular thing, that while the French and British troops consider their most harassing work to be the duty in the trenches, the Turks, who are equally interested in the event of the war, and will be the most benefited by its success, do not take any share in actual siege operations, and amuse themselves with the mere pastime of foraging, or actually sitting in indolence for hours together, following the shadows of their tents as they move from west to east, smoking stolidly, or grinning at the antics of some mountebank comrade. Omar Pasha goes hither and thither without object, merely that his army may seem to be employed; its actual services are of little importance. It is said that an agreement was made between the allied Generals and the Porte that the Turks were not to assist in the siege. But why not? and can such an arrangement be binding when the public good demands a different course? If the Ottoman troops be so excellent behind fortifications, there can be no objection to their relieving their hard-worked allies in some of the less important positions; or they might at least be employed in some more active manner than merely moving to and fro occasionally, as if for

the purpose of impressing the mind of Europe with a false idea of activity!

"The rumour has spread within the last few days that Omar Pasha is to go to Kars, in order to relieve the place and oppose the advance of the Russians in Asia. But this, if seriously contemplated, can be intended only as a measure of preparation for next year's campaign, and the object will be rather to save Erzeroum than Kars. Should the transportation of the Turkish army to Trebizonde be determined upon, it will not take less than two months, even with the help of the British navy, to convey it across, a longer term having been required for the transport from Varna to Eupatoria, which places are not so far apart. Allowing a month for the march from Trebizonde to Kars, it would be November before the army could reach its new position; and at that season the lofty tableland of Armenia is deep in snow, and all military operations will be suspended until the ensuing spring. But it is more than probable that the report of the movement has no foundation. It arises from a belief that the affairs of Asia have been grievously neglected, that the present year has not bettered the position of the Turks, and that there is danger lest the Russians should actually succeed in wresting away an important province as well as consolidating their reputation among the inhabitants of Central Asia."

Omar Pasha was heartily tired of his position in the Crimea, and wished for a field in which he could gain some distinction, or at least keep up the reputation which he had achieved upon the banks of the Danube. When he was directed or invited to repair to Eupatoria, he naturally enough expected that some operations in the field would quickly follow. Perhaps such a course was impossible, on account of a deficiency in the means of transport; but there is reason to believe that, had it been adopted, the Russian army would have been in much greater danger. A hostile force *à cheval* on the roads from Perekop would have compelled the Russians to fight at a disadvantage and have kept open their communications, as all their provisions were brought by this route. When the plan of direct attack upon Sebastopol was persisted in, the Turkish hero found that his occupation was gone, and, although a transfer to Asia would have left the more honourable command on the Danube in the hands of his rival, Ismail Pasha, he was nevertheless said to be desirous of making an attempt to relieve Kars.

CHAPTER III.

Lull in the Storm—Apprehensions—The Sardinian Contingent—Military System of the Piedmontese—The Egyptian Plague—Recall of Canrobert—Russian Sortie—Review of the Light Division—Casualties and Appointments.

After the sortie of the 23rd of July, nothing of importance, or even of interest, occurred. The desultory fire, to which we were accustomed, continued by day, usually swelling into a roar of artillery for a portion of every night. The casualties continued much as before,

not very heavy, although some days were unlucky, and on the night of the 28th the Guards had twenty-five or thirty men killed and wounded. The opinion was at this time pretty general that no very long period could elapse before another attack was made upon the Malakoff. As for an expedition into the interior of the Crimea, that was considered highly improbable. The month of September would be a favourable season at which to commence such a movement. Colonel Norcott's (Rifles) servant and charger were awaiting their master's return from the trenches, on the 29th of July, in what was considered a perfectly sheltered situation, when a round shot bounding over an eminence killed both horse and man. Four Russian deserters came in the same day, and the Duke of Newcastle arrived at Balaklava, and went up to the front.

Soon after five o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July a most violent storm of wind and rain commenced. It caused much discomfort and actual damage in the camp, over which it raged with combined fury and obstinacy which I do not remember to have seen surpassed. The extensive portion of the camp, of which I commanded a view from my hut, was converted into a lake, the rain descending much faster than it could sink into the earth. Over the surface of this lake the rain was borne in clouds by the driving wind, and formed a sort of watery curtain through which the soaked tents looked dreary and dismal enough. The shelter which they offered, imperfect as it was, was sought, and only here and there a drenched figure was to be seen struggling through the blast. In the pens the mules and horses hung their heads mournfully, enduring, with melancholy philosophy, the inevitable and unwelcome *douche*. In sundry nooks and corners to the leeward of tents, and under the eaves of huts, the camp fowls took refuge, with drooping plumes, and that look of profound discomfort peculiar to poultry under difficulties. Even the furious war of the elements did not arrest the strife between man and man, and from time to time, above the roar of the wind and the plash of the rain, the boom of a gun reached us.

The firing had been, on our side, for some time far more lively than usual; this increased activity had, however, a defensive rather than an offensive character. The Russians, perceiving that our works were daily brought closer to theirs, tried by their single gun practice to annoy us. Orders were accordingly given to return the fire from our batteries whenever it became too hot. This plan was tried once before, and it had the effect of moderating the ardour of the Russian gunners.

No firing of the Russians, good or bad, slight or heavy, could impede the progress of the works. The surface of the ground in the neighbourhood of the Malakoff and the Redan presented every day a more checkered appearance. It was one mass of trenches, traverses, rifle-pits, and batteries—a perfect maze, so that it required a strongly developed organ of locality, or else many days' practice of trench duties, to enable one to find one's way. The railway was perhaps the best test of the great activity which prevailed; numbers of mortars and large quantities of ammunition were daily transported by it, and vanished again silently, to be replaced by others. The trenches gave

one a good idea of an unfathomable abyss, such an incredible mass of mortars, guns, shells, and shot did they swallow up.

I was told by a French officer of Artillery, that Pelissier, on being asked when offensive siege operations would be again resumed, said, "Well, I don't know: the Russians are losing every day 300 or 400 men by sickness. If we wait a week, they will have lost a brigade; if we wait a month, they will have lost a *corps d'armée*." But if the Russians lost many men by sickness, they managed to replace them somehow or other. Numbers of stories were in circulation about the formidable forces which had come, and kept coming, and apprehensions of an attack upon the Tchernaya line gained ground daily.

However improbable all these apprehensions about an attack of the Russians might have been, there was one advantage connected with them—they imparted a certain amount of life and activity to the armies occupying the Tchernaya line. Without some such stimulant, the men would have been overpowered by *ennui*; moreover, these flying reports acted as a kind of corrective against sickness. In winter, the troops engaged in the trenches suffered much more from illness than those in the rear on the heights beyond Balaklava; now the reverse was the case, and the troops in the trenches were in better health than those at the Tchernaya. Of course, inactivity was just as fatal to a body of troops as overwork. The Turks alone formed an exception. The loss in the Sardinian army might be in some measure attributed to the want of excitement, which engendered a morbid, hypochondriac feeling, and this produced a great deal of illness.

Yet, with all its losses, the Sardinian contingent was a fine body of men. I went to see their church parade, which was held every Sunday, and at which all the troops not on duty were present. The ground chosen for this ceremony was a slope leading from Kamara towards the plain of Balaklava. The troops occupied three sides of a square, and on the fourth, the highest, a tent was erected, in which mass was celebrated. They had an excellent band, and it played during the service. The whole ceremony reminded one very much of the church parades of the Austrian army. After the service was over, the troops defiled before General Della Marmora: first, the infantry, and then the artillery. The men, although perhaps not quite so tall as those in the old English regiments, were considerably above the average of French troops. After the infantry came the artillery, in their short blue tunics, with yellow facings. When the defiling was over, the cavalry went through some short evolutions. Although collected from several regiments, each of which furnished a squadron, as every regiment of infantry furnished a battalion, they executed their manœuvres with beautiful precision. The horses, although inferior in size and breeding to the English cavalry horses, were compact and useful-looking animals. They were mostly of the Italian breed, much improved by Arab blood.

Piedmont, placed as it is between two great military Powers—France and Austria—has evidently watched with attention the progress and improvements which have been introduced into the military systems of these two neighbouring empires, and adapted their experi-

ments in these matters to her own advantage. In the autumn of every year a concentration of troops takes place in Lombardy, and before the war of 1848 numbers of Piedmontese officers used to assemble there. The same was, and I think is still, the case whenever a camp is collected in the south of France. Thus they had the opportunity of studying two, in many respects, very different systems. The result is a blending of the two in arms, accoutrements, administration, and movements. For instance, the infantry is dressed in French fashion, with leather gaiters under the trousers, the long coat reaching to the knees; the only exception being the shako, which more resembles the Austrian shako than the French kepi. The cavalry and the artillery, on the contrary, wear the short tunic of the Austrian cavalry and artillery. For the movements of infantry as well as of cavalry the French manual has been exclusively adopted, and at some distance one could scarcely distinguish French cavalry manœuvring from Piedmontese, were it not for the difference in the seat of the riders. The *manège* is decidedly Austrian.

The spirit of the Piedmontese army—I mean, the relations existing between soldiers and officers, and of the intercourse of the latter with one another—is, however, more analogous to that of the English than to that of either the French or Austrian armies. It is neither the easy familiarity which exists beween the French officer and soldier, nor that "beggar on horseback" like tyranny of the officer and the unwilling slavishness of the soldier which characterise the Austrian army. The officers in the Piedmontese, like those in the English army, belong almost exclusively to the higher classes, and only rarely does an officer rise from the ranks; so that the distance between officer and soldier is not one of mere discipline, but social; and, however the spirit of Republicanism and the longing for equality may be developed in other States of Italy, Piedmont does not seem to be impregnated with it, and the system adopted of choosing for officers men from the higher classes answers very well. On the other hand, the officers themselves associate much in the same manner as in the English army. When official business is over and social intercourse begins, the difference between the higher and lower officer entirely ceases, and they associate as gentlemen are wont to do.

The Turks kept mooning about, and waiting Omar Pasha's arrival, which was postponed from day to day. One battalion had been ordered down into the Valley of Baidar to cut grass. In order to prevent confusion, a line of demarcation was drawn which separated the French from the Turkish foragers. Baidar seemed to furnish inexhaustible supplies of hay. Notwithstanding the systematic collection of the French, and the continual drain on its resources by private foraging expeditions from all armies, a considerable quantity remained on the hill sides, which, owing to their neighbourhood of the Russians, were less frequented than the more open parts of the valley. It was likewise an inexhaustible store of wood.

One of the greatest curses of the camp was the multitude of flies. It was really an Egyptian plague. In every tent and hut they swarmed in myriads. From mosquitoes and fleas we were tolerably

free; there were no bugs—at least, I neither saw nor heard of any. Probably bedsteads were not sufficiently numerous to encourage the presence of those flat and fœtid insects. We were duly grateful for the absence of such irritating vermin; and we tried to be resigned, but we certainly could not be thankful, under the fly infliction. The Crimean fly was the most daring and aggressive animal of its size that it was ever my lot to encounter. It befouled everything in your quarters, bit you, and would not be rebuffed. Its courage and activity constituted it the Zouave of the fly family. It dashed into your cup as you raised it to your lips, and defiled the morsel at the end of your fork. War with it was not to be thought of. Kill a thousand, and you had a million in their stead. Whatever food was exposed upon the table—sugar, meat, bread—became in an instant black with flies. The camp resounded with maledictions on the genus. A cargo of "ketch-'em-alive" papers at Balaklava, would have found sale at exorbitant prices. We should have papered our huts and tents with them, and still despaired of exterminating our tormentors.

The news that circulated in the camp on the 3rd of August was, that General Canrobert had been recalled. No cause was assigned, but it was felt that his position had become awkward, as subordinate to Generals Pelissier and Bosquet, whom he before commanded. The rains brought a slight return of cholera. On the 31st of July, the 72nd had buried ten men, dead of that complaint; but the 72nd was then a recent arrival, and might therefore be expected to suffer more than others. As a general rule, wet appeared to bring cholera, and heat dysentery. At that time there was little fever. The sanitary state of the French army was satisfactory; there was some cholera, but not to a great extent, and it arose chiefly from severe duty in the wet trenches. An officer came off that duty at four o'clock on the morning of August 1st, and at eight he was a corpse. As I was riding along the Woronzoff road, on the 2nd, I overtook a French battalion returning from duty in the trenches—their clothes, from heel to collar, and their muskets, smeared and begrimed with mud. They marched briskly enough, but one poor fellow, who hung in the rear, at last fell by the roadside, deadly sick—the sweat literally raining from his face.

The Russian steamers continued to annoy our allies in the night time with grape. The French were constructing batteries to command the Russian fleet, and so to facilitate an attack upon the Malakoff. As soon as they were finished, it appeared to be the opinion of the French that the Malakoff would be again assailed. They said that their approaches were brought within about a hundred metres (110 or 115 yards) of the enemy's position, and that the engineers could go no further. The distance appeared to be, and probably was rather greater than that. On the 31st of July the 30th Regiment and 3rd Buffs were reviewed by General Markham. The Duke of Newcastle was in camp, quartered in General Bentinck's tents.

On the night of August 2nd, the Russians made a sortie, but were driven back. They carried away five yards of the *chevaux de frise* on the Woronzoff road. Their reserves were very strong. It was

thought they desired to distract our attention from the point they really mean to assail, which some supposed to have been the Cemetery. Reports of an attack upon the Malakoff, for which various dates were conjectured, continued to circulate. It was time that something had been done. From the 18th of June to the 4th of August is a long interval (in the best season of the year) to spend in inaction before a battered wall, battered but not breached. It was but discouraging work for the troops to be marched down night after night to the trenches, there to be pelted with shot and shell, with a feeling that nothing was gained by the exposure. We held our own, but we did not progress.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock, P.M., when the Russians sallied out of the town by the Woronzoff road, and advanced to the heavy iron frieze placed across the Woronzoff road, belween the left and right attacks. The advanced picket at the *chevaux de frise* was commanded by Lieutenant R. E. Carr, of the 39th Regiment, who behaved with coolness and gallantry. He fell back slowly, keeping up a fire on the Russians, to the advanced trench guard, under Captain Lackie, 39th Regiment. The trench guard on the right of the fourth parallel, under Captain Boyle, 89th, and Captain Turner, 1st Royals, checked the enemy, and they retired after ten minutes' firing, leaving a few men killed behind them, and carrying off a part of the barrier. They had advanced with great cheering and bugling, and were estimated at 2000 strong, with heavy columns in support. On the 30th of July a medical board had been ordered on Lieutenant-General Sir R. England, G.C.B., commanding Third Division, and he was recommended to return to England. He was the last of the generals who left England in command of a division. Major-General Eyre succeeded him in the Third Division. Captain Montague, R.E., returned from Simpheropol, where he had been detained for some time as prisoner of war, and was very kindly treated.

On the 5th of August, General Codrington reviewed the Light Division, which went through some manœuvres in its usual steady and satisfactory style. The appearance of the troops was excellent. The next day about 2000 or 2500 Chasseurs d'Afrique were reviewed. The place selected was the ground over which our Light Dragoons executed the memorable but fatal charge of Balaklava, and mournful was the contrast which suggested itself to the minds of those who beheld the return of the handful of heroic but battered warriors, and who saw the fresh and well-equiped squadrons of France prancing over the plain. Dearly indeed, by the loss of so many gallant fellows, was purchased that "one laurel more" added to the numerous wreaths that twine round the standards of Britain's brave horsemen. The African Chasseurs looked gay and smart in their neat light blue vests and the inevitable red trousers. They were fine serviceable-like cavalry, their evolutions were well performed, they made some capital charges, and their whole appearance was highly praised by the English military spectators. It was proposed to make the First Division into two divisions, one to consist of the Guards, to which were to be added the 31st Regiment, 3rd Buffs, and 13th Light Infantry, the other of the five Highland Regiments then in the Crimea, and of

the 92nd, expected out. The project, however, was abandoned, at least for a time.

Colonel Cobbe, of the 4th Regiment of Foot, died on the 6th of August, from the effect of wounds received in the affair of the 18th of June. He commanded the 4th from the commencement of the campaign, and was wounded at the Alma. Lieutenant Evans, of the 55th, also succumbed. He was shot through the windpipe in the trenches, and every effort to save his life proved fruitless. Captain Layard, 38th Regiment, D.A. Quarter-Master-General, died, on the 7th, in Balaklava harbour, on board the "Faith" steamer, where he had been removed for the benefit of his health. He sank under diarrhœa, and the loss of such an active and intelligent officer was felt in his division. The health of the 10th Hussars continued unsatisfactory. Early in the month that regiment had 161 sick, out of a strength of 676. Major-General Sir W. Eyre was put in orders on the 3rd August, to command the Third Division. On the 5th, Brigadier Lockyer was in orders for Ceylon, and Colonel Windham, C.B., was nominated to succeed him in the command of the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division.

CHAPTER IV.

Rumours true and false—Leave of Absence to Officers—Scarcity of Chaplains—Ominous Preparations—Attack on the Tchernaya—The Position described—The Battle—Rapid and complete Rout of the Russians—Killed and Wounded—Marshal Pelissier's Despatch.

EARLY in August, the report of an approaching attack upon the Malakoff gained ground, and was credited in the camp. False reports were so numerous that people paid little attention to the current rumours, save when various indications, more than general expectation, gave them an appearance of probability. At an early hour on the morning of the 7th, General Simpson went round the lines, examining the works. On the 9th, General Jones did the same. A council of war was held on Wednesday evening, the 8th, at the British head-quarters. A more positive symptom than these of approaching action was the fact that some of the principal medical officers of Divisions had received orders to clear the hospitals, to send to Balaklava such patients as could safely be moved, and to complete the customary preparations for the reception of wounded men. This might not mean that an assault was immediately to be made, as some short time was necessary to make arrangements and procure the stores required. An idea of the quantity of these may be formed from the fact that, on receiving this order, the chief medical officer of one Division, consisting of rather more than 6000 effective men, at once sent in a requisition for about six tons' weight of various articles. Such a mass of drugs, lint, plaster, bedding, wine, and other hospital necessaries and comforts, was painfully suggestive of what might probably occur, and of how many stout and brave fellows were expected to go down in the approaching serious operation against the tenacious

foe. But at the point to which things had then come, success was not to be hoped for without heavy loss, and if the former was rendered complete, the latter might have been endured, if not cheerfully, at least without repining.

It was said, that after a bombardment, very numerous forces would be sent in to attack. Some talked of a combination of French and English troops against the Malakoff, and even designated our First Division (Guards and Highlanders) as the British contingent that was to co-operate with our Allies. It was the opinion of some that Sebastopol would never be ours until we regularly invested the whole place. There were various opinions, in both the French camp and the English, as to the impregnability of the Malakoff. Some believed that if we succeeded in storming the outer works, we should find within them a second line of invincible strength. Others thought the strength of the inner works had been exaggerated. The Generals in Chief kept their information and intentions to themselves. If we could but have obtained possession of the Malakoff, little doubt was entertained that the south side would have been speedily ours; whether it would have been found tenable under the fire from the forts on the north was another question. The Russians once driven out, however, and the fleet destroyed, we should have been at liberty to busy ourselves with the northern forts, or to move inland, as might have been decided upon. As for the town, which we had treated with so much forbearance, it was not to be supposed that it would be left to us in a serviceable condition. We knew that if Russia was faithful to her military traditions, we should obtain but a heap of ruins and ashes. No snug quarters would there be in Sebastopol for the Allied Armies, which had been so long alternately crippled with cold, plunged to the knees in mud, or seethed in sickly Crimean vapours.

Leave of absence continued to be granted to a very large extent. Taking five of the then latest general orders, those of the 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of August, we find the names of no less than seventy officers who had received permission to absent themselves. Of these, twenty-nine proceeded to England—twenty-six of them in virtue of medical certificates, and three upon "urgent private affairs," or in consideration of peculiar circumstances: twenty-seven went to Scutari and Therapia for periods varying from two to five weeks; twelve on board ship, and two to the Monastery of St. George, where there were ten rooms fitted up for ailing or convalescent officers. I heard a colonel declare that he had but one captain and three subalterns on duty in his battalion, and that he, consequently, had to send one hundred men into the trenches under charge of a youth of eighteen. If this state of things could not have been helped, it, at least, was very unfortunate. Enough officers did not come out to replace those who went home. The protracted siege—if siege it could be called, which in reality was a tedious struggle between two rows of detached forts—was certainly not popular with the officers of the army, few of whom cared to remain if they had a respectable pretext for returning home, while fewer still desired to return hither when they once got away. I am persuaded that if

there had been more movement in the campaign—if, instead of monotonous trench duty we had been engaged in ordinary warfare, manœuvring, marching, fighting, there would have been both less sickness and fewer seeking leave. I do not attempt to decide the question whether leave was sometimes too easily granted, and more to interest than to necessity. The French were thought to fall into the other extreme, and instances were cited to me in which the lives of valuable officers would have been saved had they been allowed to exchange severe duty (one night out of three in the trenches, independently of ordinary guards and parades, cannot be considered light labour) for a period of relaxation in a more salutary climate.

The senior chaplain of the army, the Rev. Mr. Wright, made a representation to the Quarter-Master-General on the subject of the insufficient number of clergymen attached to the forces. There were nineteen altogether, but of these only seven were effective. The others were ill (four had received sick leave within one week), and their illness was attributed in a great measure to the severity of their duty. Some of these gentlemen had as many as five hundred sick to attend to—independently of such attention as they might be required or desirous to give to the healthy. Mr. Wright was said to have represented forty chaplains to be the number required for the army in the Crimea. Of the chaplains in the Crimea three only were regularly commissioned and paid by Government. Two religious societies received permission to send a certain number (I think ten) each; half the expense of their maintenance to be borne by Government and half by the societies that submitted their names for the approval of the authorities.

Of the cases that went into hospital a very small proportion terminated fatally. This appeared from the general returns up to the 15th of July. According to the best evidence I could obtain, the effective strength of the British army in the Crimea was at this period upwards of 28,000 men, exclusive of troops arrived recently. The "Etna" and "Arabia" steam-transports reached Balaklava from England (the latter after the extraordinarily rapid passage of fourteen days) with large detachments for different regiments. Transports had reached Kamiesch with reinforcements for various French regiments. This furnished the foundation for a report (to show how ridiculously things were magnified) current in camp one morning, that 30,000 French troops had arrived, and that extensive operations were to be immediately commenced.

On the 9th the Russians amused themselves by throwing a few round shot into the camp of the Fourth Division. Two of these buried themselves in the ground, close to a hospital hut of the 17th Regiment, shaking the edifice and astonishing the wounded, but doing no other damage; another killed a man of the field-train as he lay in his tent. It was said the missiles were intended for General Bentinck's tents, which were near the Fourth Division flagstaff on Cathcart's-hill. The Duke of Newcastle was still staying there. A new kitchen, building for the General, was thought to have attracted the attention of the Muscovite gunners. Colonel Windham, who, from the first

landing of the Allies in the Crimea, had been the very efficient Assistant-Quarter-Master-General of the Fourth Division, was promoted to the command of the 2nd Brigade of the Second Division.

Late in the evening of the 13th of August orders were given for the troops to be under arms by three in the morning. Of course, Malakoff was immediately the word, and most persons supposed that the long-talked-of assault was to be made. This, however, was soon found not to be the case. An attack was expected to take place along the whole line. Without tap of drum or sound of bugle, the camp was afoot at the prescribed hour, the troops forming up in profound silence. The entire army was out, including the cavalry and artillery from Balaklava. The first grey of morning found a number of officers and amateurs assembled on Cathcart's-hill, the best point of observation. There was unusually little firing the day before and during the night, and all expected that this tranquillity was quickly to be broken by the din of an engagement. The interest of the situation grew stronger as the morning advanced, and as the scarlet columns became visible, massed along the lines, motionless and expectant. Superior officers, with their staff, moved to and fro; aides-de-camp traversed the heights with orders; here and there, through the still imperfect light, which began to be tinged with the first red flush of sunrise, waved the pennons of a Lancer escort. With broad day, the brief excitement ended. Before the upper edge of the sun's disk rose above the hills, the troops were marching briskly back to their tents. The morning was beautifully clear, and the spectacle was striking. In fine order, in serried columns, looking hardy, active, and cheerful, and up to any work, the Crimean army regained its canvas quarters. For the day, the danger was over—to commence again, it was believed, at night. From certain orders that were given with respect to ammunition, mules, &c., I inferred that the army would again be under arms early the next morning. The officers were warned to be ready at a moment's notice. It was believed that reinforcements had reached Sebastopol. They had been expected for some time previously. Four divisions were talked of, two of them Imperial Guards. Word was sent up from the fleet to head-quarters that large bodies of troops had been seen collecting behind the Redan, and others behind the Tchernaya, and there were grounds for expecting a general attack along our lines. The Generals of Division assembled in the afternoon at the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief. General Simpson was indisposed, and it was reported that he intended going on board ship for a few days. It is not impossible that this turn-out of the army was a mere rehearsal, intended to ascertain whether all the actors were perfect in their parts, and in case of need would be promptly at their posts. The report in camp was, that the Archduke Michael was in Sebastopol. We learned from deserters that he had been expected. General Pelissier held 40,000 men in readiness to operate on the line of the Tchernaya, which, from its extent, was perhaps the most attackable part of our position; but it was vigilantly guarded.

The "Orinoco" arrived at Balaklava with Dragoons and horses. Mr. Doyne, Superintendent-in-Chief of the Army Working Corps, also arrived. He came as far as Constantinople in the "Simoom"

with 450 of his men, who were to follow him to the Crimea. Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Coppinger, attached to the Fourth Division, died on the 11th of fever, and was buried the next afternoon. He was much liked, and a large number of officers followed him to the grave. On the afternoon of the 13th, a brave and distinguished young officer, Major Hugh Drummond, Scots Fusileer Guards, was killed as he was posting his sentries in front of the advanced trenches.

Drafts arrived to the Light Division; the 71st Regiment, and one squadron of 1st Dragoon Guards, landed at Balaklava. The casualties from the 10th to the 12th were 19 killed; one officer, and 112 wounded.

The intelligence received by our generals at this time led them to believe that the Russians were making great efforts to avert the fate of Sebastopol, and every preparation was made to resist any sudden assault, either from the city or on our flanks. The troops were turned out every morning before dawn, and the Sardinians and French effected reconnaissances on the flanks of our position. In these reconnaissances the Russian villas near Baidar suffered a good deal for the first time. The Turks found out a little country-house on the seashore, called Laspi, where an old French doctor, who had been established for many years in Russia, was living with his family; and one fine morning a complaint was made to the French General-in-Chief by his countryman, that five Turkish soldiers had come to pay a visit to Laspi. They were received and fed like guests, but before going away they asked for *madjar* (Hungarian ducats, the best known foreign money among the Turks). The old doctor, who of course understood nothing of their language but the word *madjar*, thought it was nothing more than a polite inquiry about his nationality; and, wishing to rectify the supposed mistake of his guests, he pointed to the French cockade which he had, by a wise precaution, fixed on his cap, in order not to be mistaken for a Russian, saying at the same time, "*Français, Français.*" But when one of the soldiers took hold of his watch and chain, and when the others began to search the ladies, he was soon aware that it was he, and not the Turks, who had made the mistake. A blow with the butt-end of a musket left him no doubt that resistance was useless, and the soldiers departed after having carried away, according to his account, objects to the value of about 200*l.* General Pelissier, at the instance of the French doctor, addressed a complaint to the Turkish head-quarters, in order to have things investigated and the guilty punished. The answer was, that the Turks had the strictest orders not to plunder, and that any supposition to the contrary was an insult to their character; that the marauders could not have been Turkish soldiers; and that the dress and flint muskets, which exist only in the Turkish army, must have been borrowed or taken in order to make people believe that they were Turkish soldiers—and thus the affair remained. The old doctor retired to Baidar, and the ladies went over to the Russians.

After the French and English cavalry occupied the valley, the visits to the country-houses became much more systematic. The

Russians having entirely withdrawn from the coast up to Yalta, the whole of the country-houses on the shore were opened to enterprising individuals, and every morning arabas and pack-horses came into Baidar, loaded with the most heterogeneous objects; chairs, beds, crockery, carpets, pictures, albums, ladies' work-baskets, embroidered cushions, cooking utensils, wine, and hundreds of other things, were brought back and sold all along the road. In order to put a stop to these excursions, an English cavalry picket was stationed at the archway, which is erected on the highest point of the Woronzoff-road, just before it begins to descend towards the sea, and nobody was allowed to enter except with a pass. But this mended things only half—that is to say, no English soldier was permitted to indulge in a roaming disposition; but French marauders as before came, duly provided with a pass, and returned with as much plunder as they could possibly carry.

On the 16th of August the long-threatened attack of the Russians on the Tchernaya line took place, and ended in the complete defeat of the enemy. Movements of large numbers of troops in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, the unanimous reports of the deserters, of whom several came in every day, and, lastly, information gained from Tartars, had given us intimation that the Russians, having received part of the reinforcements which they were expecting, intended to try their luck once more in an offensive operation. Although, at first, the line of the Tchernaya suggested itself as the point which the Russians would most probably attack, a supposition which was moreover confirmed by all the deserters, yet, as large numbers of newly-arrived troops were seen concentrated in and about the Russian works, apprehensions were entertained that perhaps the Russians might attempt something against the positions of the allied armies before Sebastopol, and the chief attention was consequently directed to that point.

Several deserters came in on the 15th, and spoke with the utmost certainty of an intended attack on the Tchernaya; but no particular attention was paid to their reports, and no special orders were given to the troops, except to be prepared; and this had been so often repeated that it made no impression. In addition to this, our attention was drawn off from the Lower Tchernaya by the news from Baidar, whence the four troops of English light cavalry had been withdrawn, so that only two regiments of heavy French cavalry and a few Chasseurs and Zouaves remained in the valley until all the hay collected could be carried away. On the 15th, General d'Allonville sent word by semaphore telegraph, that large numbers of Russian troops were concentrated on the heights above the valley, and that he expected to be attacked. The telegraphic message was interrupted by the dense fog which prevailed in the afternoon, but late in the evening notice of this message of General d'Allonville's was sent to General Della Marmora and Osman Pasha. As the cavalry at Baidar would be exposed to be cut off if it were attacked by a considerable force, on account of the great number of carts which were down in the valley for the transport of hay, and which would encumber the Woronzoff-road, an attack

on that side seemed not at all improbable. From all these circumstances it followed that no additional precautions were taken on the Tchernaya line, and that the advance was scarcely less a surprise than that of Inkermann. The first news of an actual assault was brought about daybreak by some French Chasseurs, who, forming part of a patrol, fell into an ambuscade of the Russians, and narrowly escaped, while their comrades were taken prisoners. Soon afterwards the outposts across the Tchernaya were driven in, and about daybreak the cannonade began.

The Tchernaya, issuing at the Tower of Karlovka from the narrow gorge in which it runs after leaving the Valley of Baidar, flows between a succession of hillocks, which formed the basis of the position of the allied armies. On the extreme right, from the point where the Tchernaya flows out of the gorge down to the little mountain stream which falls into the Tchernaya from the south, the Turks were stationed. They occupied two hillocks, between which were two roads leading from Higher Tchorgoun and the Tower of Karlovka into the Woronzoff-road. The Sardinian position leant on the little mountain stream which limited the Turkish position to the left, and the large solitary hillock above the road from Balaklava to Tchorgoun, and was of the utmost importance in the defence of the Tchernaya line. In front of this elevated mound, and divided from it by the aqueduct which began at that point, was another mound, smaller but equally steep, accessible from the first by a stone bridge, and on this the Sardinians had a small *épaulement* guarded by a detachment of infantry. They also had outposts at the other side of the Tchernaya, on the mound nearest to the Mackenzie-road, from which they could watch the movements of the enemy, and give timely alarm in case of an attack. The French occupied the last series of three hillocks to the left of the Sardinians, and guarded the road leading from Balaklava over the Traktir Bridge up to Mackenzie's Farm. The first, to the right, was separated from the others by the great road leading to the bridge; and the last, to the left, was protected by the basin formed by the aqueduct, and was separated by another open space, similar to that on the right of the French position, from the ridge on which the army of observation was posted during the winter. In front of the bridge the French had constructed a small *épaulement* to guard the passage of the river, beyond which they had their outposts.

The first movement of the Russians was against the outposts of the Sardinians on the opposite bank of the river. Corresponding to the hillocks on this side of the Tchernaya were three plateaux upon the opposite bank. These plateaux were, therefore, first to be secured, for from them the guns could command not only the hillocks opposite occupied by the Sardinians and Turks, but likewise the plain which opens towards the French position. A company of infantry of the line and a company of bersaglieri formed the Sardinian outposts. They were attacked at dawn by the Russians. As the troops were not then under arms it was necessary to hold this position for a while, and General Della Marmora sent over Major Govoni, of the Etat-Major, with a company of bersaglieri, to reinforce

the two companies already there. They crossed the aqueduct and river, and went up the plateau; but, when they arrived on the crest, the two companies had just left the *épaulement* behind which they had until then defended themselves gallantly against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, but which had become untenable, as it was swept by the guns which the Russians had brought up on the two other plateaux, and, besides, was exposed to be taken in the rear. So the troops retired in good order across the river, and went to reinforce the post which occupied the second hillock on the banks of the aqueduct.

In the mean time the cannonade on both sides had commenced. The Russians left us not long in doubt where they would attack, for scarcely had the cannonade opened when three compact masses of infantry were seen advancing towards the plain opposite to the French position. The points chosen were the bridge and the hillock to the right.

The French outpost beyond the bridge consisted of a company of the 2nd regiment of Zouaves. The other avant postes, to the right of the Zouaves up to the Sardinian outposts, were furnished by the 20th *léger* and the 22nd of the line. The *réveillés* had not yet gone in camp, but some of the men were already busy in preparing their coffee, when the sentinels in advance were alarmed by hearing close at hand the tramp of men, whose forms were yet invisible in the darkness. Discharging their muskets, they ran in to the posts, who had not time to stand to their arms ere they were engaged with overwhelming masses of the enemy. They were driven across the river; but the desultory firing which took place in this preliminary skirmish had given timely warning to the main guards and to the camps, and the men turned out just as a storm of round shot began to rush over the ground, upsetting camp-kettles, dashing out fires, and destroying tents in its career.

The masses, which in the morning sun looked like glittering waves, protected by the fire of their artillery, moved in excellent order down to the river side, notwithstanding the heavy fire of artillery which greeted them in front from the French, and in flank from the Sardinians. At the river the first column detached itself from the rest, and dividing into two parts crossed the river, which is easily fordable in summer. Men carrying moveable wooden bridges preceded; but in the first rush the Russians, without waiting for bridges, went over wherever they could, and dispersing like a swarm of bees, rushed forward in columns, some against the bridge, and others against the hillock on the right.

As I said above, the continual apprehension of an impending attack had at last allayed the interest for it, and, notwithstanding the signs which seemed to indicate some movement on the part of the Russians, everybody slept as soundly as possible until awakened by the Russian guns. Before the troops were properly under arms the Russians were at the bridge and at the foot of the hillock. The 20th *léger* and the 2nd battalion of Zouaves had to stand the first shock, and they certainly stood it gallantly. The rush of the Russians was splendid. Without losing their time in firing, they advanced with

an *élan* scarcely ever seen in Russian troops. Some French soldiers of Camou's Division, who during the winter guarded the trenches towards the Quarantine, and had nearly daily skirmishes with the Russians, assured me that they never saw them moving on in such a style. They were new troops, belonging, according to the prisoners and wounded, to the 5th division of the 2nd *corps d'armée* lately arrived from Poland. But their ardour was soon checked. They could not carry their point, and were, after a short trial, repulsed both on the bridge and the hillock.

The aqueduct which supplied the Turks, and which ran close to the foot of the hillock, formed the chief defence of the French. About nine or ten feet wide and several feet deep, it skirts the steep hills so close, that it is nearly in all places supported by a high embankment, offering considerable difficulties for an advancing force, and exposing it, as soon as it reaches the top of the embankment, to the musketry fire from the heights. Notwithstanding this difficulty, the Russians crossed it on the right, and were beginning to scale the heights, when, taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, which fired with admirable precision, they were swept down wholesale and rolled into the aqueduct below.

This first rush did not last more than ten minutes. The Russians fell back, but they had scarcely gone a few hundred yards when they were met by the second column, which was advancing at the *pas de charge* to support the first, and both united and again rushed forward. This second attempt was more successful than the first. At the bridge they forded the river on the right and left, and forced its defenders to fall back. Scarcely was the bridge free, when two guns of the 5th Light Brigade of Artillery (Russian) crossed it and took up a position on the opposite side, in an open space which separates two of the hillocks, and through which the road leads to the plain of Balaklava. While those two guns passed the bridge, a third crossed the river by a ford, and all three began to sweep the road and the heights. The infantry in the mean time, without waiting for the portable bridges, the greater part of which had been thrown away during the advance, rushed breast-deep into the water, climbed up the embankment, and began to scale the heights on both sides. They succeeded on this point in getting up more than one-half of the ascent, where the dead and wounded afterwards showed clearly the mark which they reached; but by the time they arrived there the French were fully prepared and met them in the most gallant style. Notwithstanding the exertions and the perseverance of the Russians, they were by degrees forced back, and driven, after an obstinate resistance, across the bridge, carrying away their guns.

While this conflict took place on the bridge, the other column again attacked the French right. This time they came on in such a swarm that they could neither be kept back by the aqueduct, nor cowed by the Sardinian guns, which were ploughing long lanes through their ranks. On they came, as it seemed, irresistible, and rushed up the steep hill with such fury that the Zouaves, who lined the sides of it, were obliged to fall back for a moment before the multitude. The officers might be seen leading the way, and animating

their soldiers. One gallant fellow, at least twenty yards in advance of the whole column, was the first to cross the aqueduct, and was afterwards seen on the side of the hill. This furious rush brought the advancing column in an incredibly short time to the crest of the hillock, where it stopped to form. But the French had not been idle during the time that the Russians were ascending the hill. The Zouaves had only fallen back from the side of the hillock to the main body, which had been drawn up behind the top. Scarcely did the column of the enemy show its head, when the guns opened upon it with grape, and a murderous fire was poured amongst its ranks by the French infantry. This immediately stopped the advance of the column, which began to waver; but the impetus from those behind was so powerful that the head of it, notwithstanding the unexpected reception, was pushed forward a few yards more, when the French, giving one mighty cheer, rushed upon the advancing enemy, who, shaken already, immediately turned round and ran down, if possible, faster than they had come up. But the mass was so great that all the hurry could not save them, and more than 200 prisoners were taken on the spot, while the hill-side, the banks of the aqueduct, the aqueduct itself, and the river-side were filled with the dead and the wounded. The Sardinian and French artillery poured, moreover, a murderous cross-fire into the scattered remains of the column, and scarcely a shot missed. It was a complete rout. The French rushed down the hill-side and drove them far across the plain. This defeat so completely depressed them, that nothing more was attempted against this side.

Not so on the bridge. Notwithstanding the heavy loss suffered by the second attack, the Russians once more concentrated all their forces, collected the scattered remains of the column which had been routed on the right of the French position, and brought up all their reserves to attempt one more attack. They again crossed the river, and the aqueduct too, and tried to take the heights—but in vain; the French were now thoroughly prepared, and the tenacity of the Russians only served to augment their losses. They were soon seen fleeing in all directions, followed by the French. This last attack was decisive, and immediately the usual Russian preparation for retreat—namely, the advance of the artillery—showed that the Russians acknowledged themselves defeated, and were on the point of retiring. [illegible] batteries, each of twelve guns, which during the greatest part Three [illegible]ttack had been nearly silent, began to open their fire while of the a[illegible] remains of the i[illegible]fantry columns rallied behind a rising the scattered [illegible] up toward[illegible]s the plateau of Ayker, or Mackenzie's ground leading [illegible] Height.

The Sardinians, [illegible], with the exception of the little outpost fight on the opposite side of the Tchernaya, had confined themselves to support the French by their admirable artillery, which entirely subdued the Russian fire on the opposite plateaux, began now to move across the aqueduct. The Russian riflemen, after the last defeat on the right, had retired behind the banks of the Tchernaya, whence they kept up a brisk but ineffective fire. A battalion of Piedmontese, preceded by a company of bersaglieri, advanced in beautiful order as if

on parade, and soon drove these riflemen from their position. It even advanced some way towards the plateaux; but, as it was not intended to force the heights, it contented itself, supported by other troops, with following the enemy, who was already in full retreat. The French had, during the battle, brought up a new division (Dulac's). Besides this, the English and French cavalry were in readiness on the plain leading to the river, the ground of the Light Cavalry charge, to receive the enemy if they should force the passage of the river and debouch on the plain. But General Morris would not risk the cavalry on the plain, intersected as it was by the branches of the river, and defended, as it was still, by the Russian guns on the height; so only two squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique followed the enemy.

The guns which the Russians had brought up to cover their retreat suffered so much by the fire from our side, which was increased by Captain Mowbray's battery opening upon them from the open ground between the Sardinian and the French positions, that they made off in a hurry. Scarcely a shot was thrown away, and so admirable was the practice, that all the shot fell at or close to the guns, which we could plainly distinguish, as a slight breeze carrying off the smoke left a beautiful view over the whole battle-field. But the Russian guns returned only for a moment under cover, and soon after a brilliant line of cavalry appeared debouching from the rising ground, where it had been hitherto hidden. I could distinguish five regiments—three in one line, and two other regiments on the flanks in second line. They advanced at a gallop, and, wheeling round, allowed twelve guns to pass, which again opened their fire, but only for a short time, and at half-past nine or ten o'clock the dust on the Mackenzie-road, and the black lines moving off, were the only traces which remained of the so long threatened attack of the Russians.

Everybody now rushed to the battle-field, and one look was sufficient to convince them that the Allies had won a real battle on the Tchernaya. Although not quite so obstinate and sanguinary as the Battle of Inkermann, which this affair resembled in many points, it was a pitched battle. The Russians, as in the Battle of Inkermann, gave up manœuvring, and confided entirely in the valour of their troops. The essential difference was in the manner of fighting. At the Battle of Inkermann the great mass of the Russians fell under the file firing and the bayonets of the infantry, while on the Tchernaya it was the guns which did the greatest execution. Most of the wounded and dead showed frightful traces of round-shot, grape, shell, and canister, so that, as a battle-field, one could scarcely imagine anything more terrible. Nearly all the wounds were on the legs and the head. On the banks of the aqueduct particularly, the sight was appalling; the Russians, when scaling the embankment of the aqueduct, were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, and the dead and wounded rolled down the embankment, sometimes more than twenty feet in height.

The French made every possible despatch to collect the wounded. They were laid on the open space about the bridge until the ambulances arrived. While there, the Russians, who could plainly see

that the French were engaged in bringing help to their own wretched countrymen, suddenly began to open with their guns upon them, repeating the barbarous practice which they had already often previously shown to the troops. A gentleman who was with me at the moment, and who speaks Russian, asked one of the poor fellows who was trying to trudge along with deep flesh wounds on both his thighs, what he thought of the behaviour of the Russians in firing among their own wounded? He answered, "They are accustomed to beat us when we are with them, and there is no wonder that they should try to ill-treat us when we are on the point of escaping out of their power."

According to the account of the prisoners, and judging from the straps on the shoulders of the wounded and dead, three divisions were engaged in the actual attack,—the 5th of the 2nd *corps d'armée* (of General Paniutin), then lately arrived from Poland, under the command of General Wrangel; the 12th division of the 4th *corps d'armée* (Osten Sacken's), formerly under the command of General Liprandi, afterwards under General Martinolep; and the 17th division of the 6th *corps d'armée* (Liprandi's), under Major-General Wassielcosky. The prisoners say that even the reserves took part in the action. A soldier belonging to the last battalion of the reserves said, that before the attack began, General Gortschakoff, who commanded in person, had a letter from the Emperor read before them, in which he expressed a hope that they would prove as valorous as last year when they took the heights of Balaklava; and then there was a large distribution of brandy. There was not a soldier who had not his bottle lying empty near him, and good-sized bottles they were, too. This brandy distribution was, however, only for the infantry, whom they wished to excite to madness. The artillery got only the usual rations. Besides the three divisions which attacked, there was another, the 7th, which occupied Tchorgoun and the heights, but which was not engaged except in the small outpost affair of the Sardinians.

The French had three divisions engaged—the Division Faucheux to the right, the Division d'Herbillon in the centre of the bridge, and the Division (Camou) on the left; their loss was about 1000 in dead and wounded. The Sardinians had only one division engaged (the Division Trotti), and suffered very little, having lost but a few hundred men; they had, however, to regret the loss of a distinguished general officer, the Brigadier-General Count de Montevecchio, who died of his wounds.

Not protected by any intrenchments, except that small *épaulement* near the bridge, which, moreover, could be turned on all sides, our gallant allies, although taken by surprise, showed once more that the Russians had no chance against them in the field—that they must remain behind their earthworks, and be protected by siege guns, in order to establish a kind of equilibrium with the Allies. The greater part of the Russians were old soldiers, scarcely one being under thirty. According to the account of the prisoners, most of them came from Bakschiserai, and they had to attack without resting after their

march. They had all large quantities of bread in their foraging sacks hung across their shoulders, but no knapsacks.

The despatch of Marshal Pelissier is so admirably lucid, that I shall make no apology for adding it to the excellent description of my colleague (E.), who was present during the action from the first onset till its close.

HEAD-QUARTERS, BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August* 18.

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—You will have learnt by my telegraphic despatches of yesterday and of the day before the general results of the battle of the Tchernaya; to-day I send your Excellency a detailed report of that battle so glorious for our arms.

For some days, although the enemy abstained from any apparent movement, certain indications made us suppose he would attack our lines on the Tchernaya. You know those positions, which are excellent, and which are covered to the full extent by the Tchernaya itself, and by a canal, which forms a second obstacle. The Sardinian army occupies the whole of the right, opposite Tchorgoun; the French troops guard the centre and the left, which joins after a declivity our plateaux of Inkermann. Independently of a few fords, which are bad enough, there are two bridges across the Tchernaya and the canal. One, a little above Tchorgoun, is under the guns of the Piedmontese; the other, called Traktir Bridge, is below, and almost in the centre of the French positions. Looking straight before one towards the other bank of the Tchernaya, you behold to the right the heights of Tchouliou, which, after extending themselves in undulating plateaux, fall somewhat abruptly towards the Tchernaya below Tchorgoun, opposite the Piedmontese. These heights diminish opposite our centre, and starting from that point to the rocky sides of the Mackenzie Plateaux, there is a plain about three or four kilomètres in width. It is by that plain that the Mackenzie-road leads across the Tchernaya at Traktir Bridge, and, after passing through our pontoons, leads into the Balaklava plain.

A strict watch was kept all along our lines—the Turks, who occupy the hilly ground of Balaklava, were on the alert, and watched Alsou; and General d'Allonville, also put on his guard, doubled his vigilance in the high valley of Baidar. My mind was quite at rest, moreover, as regards the extreme right; it is one of those mountainous regions where it is impossible to manœuvre large bodies of men. The enemy could only make false demonstrations there—in fact, that is what occurred. In the night between the 15th and 16th of August, General d'Allonville notified that he had troops opposite him; but his attitude imposed upon the enemy, who attempted nothing on that side, and dared not attack him. During this time, the main body of the Russian troops, which had descended from the Mackenzie Heights with the intention of debouching near Ai Todor, advanced, favoured by night, on the Tchernaya; to the right, the 7th, 5th, and 12th divisions crossed the plain; and to the left, the 17th division; a portion of the 6th and the 4th followed the plateau of Tchouliou. A strong body of cavalry and 160 pieces of artillery supported the infantry.

A little before daybreak the advanced posts of the Sardinian army,

placed as vedettes as far as the heights of Tchoulion, fell back, and announced that the enemy was advancing in considerable force. Shortly afterwards, in fact, the Russians lined the heights of the right bank of the Tchernaya with heavy guns (*pièces de position*), and opened fire on us.

General Herbillon, who commanded the French troops on this point, had made his arrangements for battle. To the right of the Traktir-road, Faucheux's division, with the 3rd battery of the 12th artillery; in the centre, his own division, with the 6th company of the 13th; to the left, Camou's division, with the 4th battery of the 13th. On his side, General Della Marmora had ranged his troops in order of battle. At the same time, General Morris's fine division of Chasseurs d'Afrique, speedily joined by General Scarlett's numerous and valiant English cavalry, took up a position behind the hills of Kamara and Traktir. This cavalry was to take the enemy in flank, in case he should succeed in forcing a passage by one of the three outlets of Tchorgoun or Traktir, or at the incline to the left of General Camou.

Colonel Forgeot, in command of the artillery of the Tchernaya lines, kept six batteries of horse artillery, two of which belonged to the Imperial Guard, ready to act as a reserve. Six Turkish battalions of Osman Pasha's army, led by Sefer Pasha, came to lend us their assistance. Finally, I ordered forward Levaillant's division of the 1st corps, Dulac's division of the 2nd corps, and the Imperial Guard, comprising reserves capable of remedying the most serious *contretemps*. The thick mist which covered the depths of the Tchernaya, and the smoke of the cannonade which had just commenced, prevented us distinguishing against which particular point the chief effort of the enemy would be directed; when, on our extreme left, the 7th Russian division came tilt against Camou's division. Received by the 50th of the line, the 3rd Zouaves, who charged them with the bayonet, and by the 82nd, which took them in flank, the enemy's columns were compelled to make a demivolte to recross the canal, and could only escape the fire of our artillery by getting out of range to rally. That division did not appear again during the day.

In the centre, the struggle was longer and more desperate. The enemy had sent two divisions (the 12th, supported by the 5th) against Traktir Bridge. Many of their columns rushed at once upon the bridge, and the temporary passages they constructed with ladders, pontoons, and madriers. They then crossed the Tchernaya, the trench of our lines, and advanced bravely on our positions. But, assailed by Generals Faucheux and De Failly, these columns were routed, and the men recrossed the bridge occupied by the 95th, and were pursued beyond it by the 2nd Zouaves, the 97th of the line, and by a portion of the 19th battalion of Chasseurs à pied.

However, while the artillery was roaring on both sides, the Russians re-formed their columns of attack, the mist had cleared, and their movements became distinctly visible. Their 5th division reinforced the 12th, which had just been engaged; and the 17th was preparing to descend the heights of Tchoulion to support these two first divisions.

General Herbillon then ordered General Faucheux to be reinforced by Cler's Brigade, and gave the 73rd as a reserve to General de Failly.

Colonel Forgeot, moreover, placed four batteries of horse artillery in position, which gave him on this front a total of seven batteries to be brought to bear upon the assailing masses. The result was, that the second attempt of the Russians, in spite of its energetic character, proved of no avail against us; and they were compelled to retreat with great loss.

The 17th Russian Division, which had come down throwing out large bodies of riflemen as skirmishers, had no better success. Received with great resolution by General Cler's Brigade, and by a half battery of the Imperial Guard, harassed on the left by the troops of Tretti's Division, who pressed it closely, that division was compelled to recross the Tchernaya, and to fall back behind the batteries of position which lined the heights from which it had started.

From this moment, 9 A.M., the defeat of the enemy was inevitable. Their long columns withdrew as fast as they could, under the protection of a considerable body of cavalry and artillery.

For a moment I felt inclined to order a portion of the cavalry to charge and cut down the remnant of the 17th Russian Division, between the Tchoulion and Traktir Bridges. With this object in view, I had prepared some squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were joined by some Sardinian squadrons, and by one of General Scarlett's regiments, the 12th Lancers (from India); but the retreat of the Russians was so prompt, that we could only have made a small number of prisoners, and this fine cavalry might have been reached by some of the enemy's batteries still in position; I deemed it preferable not to expose it for so small a result. General Della Marmora did not, moreover, stand in need of this support boldly to retake the advanced positions which his small posts occupied on the heights of Tchoulion.

At three o'clock the whole of the enemy's army had disappeared. The Division of the Guard and Dulac's Division relieved the divisions engaged, as they stood in need of some rest. I sent back the first corps of Devaillant's Division, and the cavalry returned to its usual bivouac. This splendid action does the greatest honour to the infantry, to the horse artillery of the Garde, to that of the reserve, and to the artillery of divisions. I will shortly ask your Excellency to place before the Emperor the names of those who have deserved rewards, and to submit to the approbation of his Majesty those which I may have awarded in his name. Our losses are doubtless to be regretted, but they are not in proportion to the results obtained, and to those we have inflicted upon the enemy. We have eight superior officers wounded, nine subaltern officers killed, and fifty-three wounded; 172 non-commissioned officers and soldiers killed, 146 missing, and 1163 wounded. The Russians have left 400 prisoners in our hands. The number of their killed may be estimated at more than 3000, and of their wounded at more than 5000, of which number 1626 men and thirty-eight officers have been taken to our ambulances. Among the slain found by us are the bodies of two generals, whose names I have not been able to ascertain.

The Sardinian army, which fought so valiantly at our side, has about 250 men *hors de combat*. It inflicted a much greater loss upon

the enemy. One hundred prisoners, and about one hundred and fifty wounded, remain in its hands. I am sorry to announce to your Excellency that General Della Marmora has informed me that General Count de Montevecchio, whose character and talents he greatly appreciated, was killed gloriously at the head of his brigade.

I must point out to your Excellency the rapidity with which General Scarlett's cavalry, placed at my disposal by General Simpson, came up. The martial appearance of these magnificent squadrons betrayed an impatience which the happy and prompt result of the battle did not allow me to gratify.

The English and Sardinian position batteries, and the Turkish battery which Osman Pasha had sent to Alsou, fired with great precision and success. I thanked Osman Pasha for the promptitude with which he sent me six Turkish battalions under Sefer Pasha (General Koscielzki), four of which during the day occupied the passage near Tchorgoun.

Nothing remarkable took place during the day on the Sebastopol side. Generals De Salles and Bosquet were, however, prepared to drive back with energy any attack of the besieged. I send your Excellency with this report the copy of the plan for the battle of the 16th, found upon the body of a Russian general, supposed to be General Read, who commanded the enemy's right, and was especially entrusted with the attack on Traktir Bridge.

I am, &c., &c.,

PELISSIER,

Commander-in-Chief.

CHAPTER V.

Actual Result of the Battle of the Tchernaya—Despatches of the English and Sardinian Generals—View of the Battle—Struggle between the French and the Russians—English Battery—The Last Effort of the Russians—The Retreat—Fire of the Batteries—Memorials from the Tchernaya—An Armistice—Attack ordered by the Czar—Demonstration towards Baidar.

As this battle really decided the fall of the place, inasmuch as it enabled the Allies to continue without fear of molestation the armament of those tremendous batteries which would have annihilated the whole forces of Russia inside the walls of Sebastopol, it may not be uninteresting to add the despatches of General Simpson, who was late on the field, and of General Della Marmora, who took an active part in directing the operations of the Sardinians on this memorable day. General Simpson wrote as follows:—

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August* 18.

MY LORD,—In my despatch of the 14th instant, I informed your lordship that I had reason believe that the Russians would attempt by a vigorous attack to force us to raise the siege. This they endeavoured to do on the morning of the 16th, but the result was most glorious to those of the Allied troops who had the good fortune to be engaged.

The action commenced before daylight, by a heavy column of Russians, under the command of General Liprandi, and composed of the 6th and 17th Divisions, with the 4th and 7th Divisions in reserve, attacking the advanced posts of the Sardinians. The ground occupied by them is on commanding hills on the right of the position, on the left bank of the Souhaia river, where it forms its junction with the Tchernaya, with two advanced posts on the opposite side. These were held with very determined gallantry for a considerable time; but being separated from their supports by the river, and not having the protection of artillery, they were compelled to leave the most advanced one.

About the same time, the 5th and 12th Divisions, to which was added a portion of the 17th, advanced against the bridge of Traktir, held by one battalion of French infantry of the line, who were for a short time obliged to yield and fall back upon the main supports; with these, however, they quickly retook the bridge at the point of the bayonet. Again the Russians attacked with persevering courage, and were enabled to follow up their advantage by gaining the heights which rise precipitously on each side of the road; their success was but momentary—they were driven back across the river, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded.

The Russian General, in no way daunted by the failure of his two attempts, ordered a second column, of equal force to the first, to attack; they advanced with such impetuosity, covered by the fire of their numerous artillery, that a third time the bridge was carried, and the heights above it crowned, but they were again repulsed, and retired in great confusion into the plain, followed by the bayonets of our gallant Allies. The General Officer who commanded the Russian column, and who is supposed to be General Read, was killed, and in his possession was found the orders for the battle, signed by Prince Gortschakoff, who commanded in person. From these it would appear that it was a most determined attempt to force us to raise the siege. Had they succeeded, Balaklava was to have been attacked by one portion of their army, whilst the heights on which we now are were to have been stormed with the other; at the same time a vigorous sortie was to have been made from the town on the French works on our extreme left from the Quarantine, and another on the works on our extreme right on Mount Sapoune.

The action which I have endeavoured to describe is most glorious to the arms of the French and Sardinian troops. To meet the force of the Russians, the former had but 12,000 infantry and four batteries of artillery engaged; the latter had 10,000 men in position, 4500 actually engaged, and twenty-four pieces of cannon.

The Russian force consisted of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery, and cavalry to the amount of 6000. This disparity of numbers will readily explain to your lordship the difficulty that would have been experienced had an attempt been made to follow up the advantage by a pursuit. The Russian retreat, moreover, was protected by the fire from the heavy guns in position on the Mackenzie Heights.

The loss sustained by the Russians is estimated at between 5000

and 6000 men, including 600 prisoners, whilst on the part of the Allies it does not amount to more than 1000 men.

This brilliant affair has caused the greatest delight amongst the ranks of the allied army; and while it adds fresh lustre to the gallant achievements of the French arms, it is with the utmost pleasure that I have to record the intrepid conduct and gallant bearing of the Sardinian troops, under General Della Marmora, who have for the first time met, conquered, and shed their blood against our common enemy, who is now disturbing the peace of Europe.

Captain Mowbray's battery of 32-pounder howitzers was placed in advance with the Sardinian troops, and did most excellent service in preventing the advance of the enemy's artillery.

Our cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir J. Scarlett, K.C.B., was placed in the plain of Balaklava, prepared to take advantage of any circumstance that might present itself, but the opportunity did not arise for calling upon their services.

I regret that I am unable to give a more detailed account of the part performed by the Sardinians, as up to this time I have not received General Della Marmora's report.

I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON,
General Commanding.

Lord Panmure, &c. &c. &c.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August* 21.

MY LORD,—In my despatch of the 18th instant I was unable to give as detailed an account of the part taken by the Sardinian troops, in the battle of the Tchernaya, as I could have wished. I have since received General La Marmora's report, of which I have now the honour to send you a copy.

The killed and wounded of the Russian army exceed, if anything, the number I originally stated. An armistice was granted, to enable the enemy to bury the dead, and vast quantities were carried away.

The fire from the batteries of the Allies has been very effective, and the result attained has been sufficient to enable the works against the place to progress satisfactorily.

I beg to enclose the list of casualties to the 19th instant.

Major M'Gowan, 93rd Highlanders, who was reported by me as missing in my despatch of the 11th August, I have since ascertained was attacked whilst posting his sentries in advance of the trenches, wounded severely, and made prisoner.

I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON,
General Commanding.

The Lord Panmure, &c. &c. &c.

[*Translation.*]

SARDINIAN ARMY.—HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN THE EAST, KADIKOI, *August* 17.

SIR,—The interest which you are so kind as to evince in everything relating to the Sardinian Expeditionary Army makes it imperative upon me to inform your Excellency of the share taken by the troops under my command in the engagement on the Tchernaya yesterday.

Upon receiving the report of Colonel Dessaint, attached to the French head-quarters, which you were good enough to communicate to me on the evening of the day before yesterday, and by which we were led to expect very shortly an attack on the line of the Tchernaya, I at once gave orders that my troops should be under arms yesterday morning at an earlier hour than usual.

At break of day our outposts stationed on the Mamelon, which commands Tchorgoun, were enveloped in a well-sustained fire of artillery, which proceeded from three batteries posted opposite to the breastworks by which our outposts were covered, and on the two Mamelons further to the right, which form the two banks of the Souliou. They were at the same time vigorously charged by three Russian columns, which came on with fixed bayonets, and attacked our breastworks in front and rear. The men composing these columns carried ladders with them to scale the parapets. The preconcerted signal of alarm was immediately given; and the troops took up the positions which had been assigned to them in anticipation of this attack.

I begged his Excellency Hosman Pasha to bring up the Turkish troops which were stationed furthest off; and I ordered the 4th battalion of Riflemen (bersaglieri) to the support of our outposts, which only consisted of three companies, in order that these latter might be enabled to hold their ground as long as possible, and thus give us time to complete our arrangements.

Attacked in the rear by the enemy's artillery, and charged by three columns of infantry, the outposts, after an hour's firing, fell back, the reinforcements I had sent to them greatly facilitating their retreat. At the same time I made every effort to silence the enemy's guns. In this endeavour I was assisted by the Turkish field-pieces from Alsou, and by the English battery, with which you were good enough to reinforce us. Several of the enemy's ammunition wagons exploded between seven and eight o'clock.

In the mean time the Russians had stationed fresh batteries near the centre of their position, and had opened a most effective fire of artillery on the tête-de-pont at Traktir, and on the French positions on our left. A column of infantry, under cover of this fire, attacked the Mamelon, which formed the extreme right of General d'Herbillon's Division. The first column had crossed the Tchernaya, and surmounted the steep ascent of the Mamelon in spite of the fire of

the tirailleurs, when it was vigorously attacked by the French troops in support, and hurled back, broken and disordered, into the Tchernaya.

As I considered, from the subsequent dispositions of the enemy's forces, that he only intended to make a demonstration of artillery before our position, while he concentrated his infantry chiefly on the extreme right of the Third Division (Faucher's), on which point a second column was now advancing, I ordered a portion of my 5th Brigade, under the command of General Mallard, to march to the support of the right wing of the French, and I posted two of our batteries in a position from whence they could maintain an oblique fire upon the Russians. At the same time I requested the English cavalry to move down into the plain to be in readiness to charge. I had given similar orders to my own cavalry.

When the soldiers of my 5th Brigade arrived at the Mamelon, they found that the enemy's attack had been already repulsed; but the fire of the two batteries of the 2nd Division (Troths) appeared to do great execution on the 2nd Russian column, which, checked in front by the French troops, and harassed in the rear by the fire of our batteries and the musketry of our battalions, fell back in the greatest disorder. I then ordered some of our battalions to advance under cover of the Riflemen (bersaglieri), but I was requested to countermand this movement.

The enemy, repulsed at all points, commenced his retreat. One column, which appeared to me to consist of a division, retreated by the valley of the Souliou. Another division, the one which had attacked our outposts and the French right in the morning, fell back upon the zigzag Mamelon; while a third division followed the road which leads to Mackenzie's Farm.

I took advantage of this state of things to re-occupy with my troops the zigzag Mamelon; in which design I succeeded perfectly, in spite of the imposing force which the enemy still retained on that point. In the mean time, three battalions of Turkish troops advanced into the Valley of Tchorgoun, to replace the battalion of Cialdini's Brigade, which was occupying the heights of Karlooka.

Later in the day I crossed the Tchernaya with four squadrons, and marching in a parallel line with the zigzag Mamelon, came upon the old Russian redoubt, whence I could easily discern, at a little distance before us, a very fine array of regular cavalry, supported by horse artillery. It was distributed in twelve separate bodies, and must have been composed of at least fifty squadrons. This cavalry did not fall back on Mackenzie-road till the whole of the infantry and artillery had effected their retreat.

The losses sustained by our troops, a portion only of whom was engaged, were very inconsiderable. They amount to about two hundred men placed *hors de combat;* and I impute the fact of our not having lost more men mainly to the works with which we fortified our position, and to the batteries of heavy guns which you were so obliging as to lend us for their defence. It is, however, my painful duty to announce to your Excellency that Count Montevecchio, the

General commanding the 4th Brigade, is mortally wounded; a ball passed through his chest.

Pray accept, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

The General Commanding-in-Chief the Sardinian Expeditionary Forces,

(Signed) LA MARMORA.

To his Excellency the General Commanding-in-Chief the English Army.

The battle had been raging for an hour ere I reached the line of the French works at Fedukhine. From the high grounds over which I had to ride, the whole of the battle-field was marked out by rolling columns of smoke, and the irregular puffs of the artillery. All our cavalry camps were deserted; but the sun played on the helmets and sabres of the solid squadrons, which were drawn up about two miles in advance of Kadikoi, and just in rear of the line of hills which the French and Sardinians were defending, so as to be ready to charge the Russians, should they force the position. The French cavalry, chasseurs, hussars, and two regiments of dragoons, were on our left. Our light and our heavy cavalry brigades were formed in two heavy masses, supported by artillery in the plain behind the second Fedukhine hillock, and seemed in splendid case and "eager for the fray." The Allies had, in fact, not less than 6000 very fine cavalry that day in the field; but they were held in check, "for fear" of the artillery, which there is no doubt they could have captured, in addition to many thousands of prisoners, if handled by a Seidlitz or a Murat. But the French General would not permit a charge to be executed, though French and English cavalry leaders were alike eager for it, and so this noble force was rendered ineffective.

Having passed by the left of the cavalry, I gained the side of the hill just as a large body of French troops crowned it at the *pas double*, deployed, and at once charged down towards the aqueduct, where a strong column of Russians, protected by a heavy fire of artillery on the crest of the ridge, were making good their ground against the exhausted French. This new regiment attacking them with extraordinary impetuosity on the flank, literally swept the Russians like flies into the aqueduct, or rolled them headlong down its steep banks; and at the same moment a French battery on my right, belonging, I think, to the Imperial Guards, opened on the shattered crowd with grape, and tore them into atoms. This column was the head, so to speak, of the second attack on the lines and emerging through the flying mass, another body of Russian infantry, with levelled bayonets, advanced with great steadiness towards the aqueduct once more. As far as the eye could see towards the right, the flat caps and grey coats were marching towards the Allied position, or detaching themselves from the distant reserves, which were visible here and there concealed amid the hills. As the French battery opened, Russian battery was detached to answer it, and to draw off their fire, but our gallant Allies took their pounding with great gallantry coolness, and were not diverted for a moment from their business

dealing with the infantry column, the head of which was completely knocked to pieces in two minutes. Then the officers halted it, and tried in vain to deploy them—the column, wavering and wriggling like a great serpent, began to spread out from the further extremity like a fan, and to retreat towards the rear. Another crashing volley of grape, and they are retreating over the plain.

And now there breaks high over all the roar of battle, heavier thunder. Those are the deep, angry voices of the great English heavy battery of 18-pounders and 32-pounder howitzers, under Mowbray, which search out the reserves. These guns were placed far away on my right, near the Sardinians, and it is acknowledged by all that they did good service upon this even[illegible]v. The advance I had just witnessed was the last effort of the [illegible] Their infantry rolled in confused masses over the plain on the [illegible]side of the Tchernaya, were pursued by the whole fire of the Fr[illegible] batteries and of the 8-inch English howitzers in the Sardinian redoubt, and by a continuous and well-directed fusillade, till they were out of range. Their defeat was announced by the advance of their cavalry, and by the angry volleys of their artillery against the positions of the Allies. Their cavalry, keeping out of range, made a very fair show, with lances, and standards, and sabres shining brightly; but beyond that they did nothing—and, indeed, they could do nothing, as we did not give them a chance of action. The Russians were supported by guns, but they did not seem well placed, nor did they occupy a good position at any time of the fight. The infantry formed in square blocks in the rear of this force, and then began to file off towards the Mackenzie-road, and the French rocket battery opened on them from the plateau, and, strange to say, reached them several times. It was about eight o'clock when their regular retreat commenced, and the English cavalry and artillery began to retire also at that hour to their camps, much discontented, because they had had no larger share in the honours of the day.

The march of the Russians continued till late in the day—their last column gained the plateau about two o'clock. It must have been a terrible march for them—not a drop of water to be had; and even when they gained their arid camp, it is only too probable that they had nothing to drink; indeed, the prisoners told us the men were encouraged to the attack by being told that if they gained the Tchernaya they would have abundance of water—the greatest inducement that could be held out to them. I rode down towards the tête-du-pont. In order to get a good view of the retreat, I descended to the bridge, which was covered with wounded men. Just as I gained the centre of it, a volley of shells was pitched right upon it, and amid the French, who, with their usual humanity, were helping the wounded. Some burst in the shallow stream, the sides of which were crowded with wounded men; others killed poor wretches who were crawling towards the water,—one in particular, to whom I had just an instant before thrown a sandwich; others knocked pieces out of the bridge, or tore up the causeway. As the road was right in the line of fire I at once turned off the bridge, and pulling sharp round, dashed under an arch just as the battery opened on us a second time.

and there I remained for about ten minutes, when the Russians seemed ashamed of themselves, and gave us a respite for a few moments. The next time they fired was with round shot; and as I retreated up the road, to obtain shelter behind one of the hills, one of these knocked a wounded Zouave to pieces before my eyes. In the rear of the hill there was a party of about five hundred Russian prisoners *en bivouac*. Many of them were wounded; all were war-worn, dirty, ill-clad,—some in rags, others almost bootless. The French sentries who guarded them seemed to commiserate the poor fellows; but two or three of their own officers, who sat apart, did not look at them, but smoked their cigars with great nonchalance, or talked glibly to the French officers of the fortune of war, &c.

In a short time I returned to the front, and saw General Simpson and a few staff-officers descending from the Sardinian position, whence they had watched the battle. They were on their way back to head-quarters; but Captain Colville, aide-de-camp to the General, a young officer of ability and promise, and always of an inquiring turn of mind, turned back with me, and we rode over the bridge. The French were, however, obdurate, and would not let us cross the tête-du-pont, as we were *en pleine portée* of the guns posted behind a white scarp on a hillock on the opposite side. We could see that the Sardinians had recovered their old ground, and occupied the height from which their advanced posts were driven early in the day. Further, we could see the Russian cavalry, but the great mass of infantry was in full retreat; and at nine o'clock the road to Mackenzie's Farm was thronged with a close column of thirsty, foot-sore, beaten Russians. The aspect of the field, of the aqueduct, and of the river, was horrible beyond description;—the bodies were closely packed in parties, and lay in files two and three deep, where the grape had torn through the columns. For two days the bodies rotted on the ground which lay beyond the French lines, and the first Russian burying party did not come down till the 18th, when the stench was so very great that the men could scarcely perform their loathsome task. General Read was killed early in the battle; and the Russians lost every officer in command of an attacking column. Their total loss was, we [illegible]ed, at from 12,000 to 15,000 men.

The fire, which opened at daybreak on Friday, continued the whole of Saturday and Sunday, but slackened on Monday. The progress of the French works was considerable, and the French seemed duly sensible of the service of our cannonade. I heard a French officer say on Saturday evening that it had enabled them to do in four hours what they previously could not have done in fifteen days. Their foremost parallel, which had been begun at the two ends, could not be completed, owing to its near proximity to the Malakoff. As soon as a gabion was put up, a storm of projectiles was hurled against it and the working party; afterwards the extremities were connected under the cover of our fire. The distance was indeed so greatly reduced between the French trenches and the Russian defences, that a vigorous assault seemed certain to succeed.

The Russians always considered it a point of honour to go off in great style on the first day; after which they ran their guns behind

the parapets, covered them with sand-bags, and allowed us to blaze away without making frequent reply. Although earthworks take a deal of hammering before they show its marks, both the Redan and Malakoff began to present a very battered appearance. We had, of course, no means of ascertaining the Russian loss of men. Every night our people kept up the musketry against the proper right and the curtain of the Malakoff to protect the French workmen, and shells and bouquets of shells flew all along the lines right and left—very pretty to look at, but unpleasant to meet.

At sunset on Saturday evening, the 18th of August, a party of the Naval Brigade, commanded by Lieutenant Gough, dragged a 68-pounder up to No. 11 Battery left attack. Jack hauled away with his usual good-will and alacrity. The Russians fired at him as he went up, but he reached the battery without casualty, and the gun was put in position. The next morning trial was made of it in the presence of Captain Keppel, and it was found to bear on the mole-head and on the bridge across the creek, but it did not appear to have impeded the movements of the enemy, or to have caused him much loss.

On the afternoon of the 20th, between five and six o'clock, the whole of the French batteries on the left suddenly opened a furious fire, to which the Russians warmly replied. General Pelissier, in his open carriage, with his aides-de-camp and usual hussar escort, passed through the English camp and went up to Cathcart's-hill. The fire lasted until nightfall, and then diminished. During the night there was not much firing. At midnight it had almost ceased, and one saw but an occasional shell in the air. At two A.M. orders came for our army to turn out. This was rapidly done; the troops moved to the front, to their usual positions in such cases, and remained there until daylight. A line of telegraphic lights had been observed in the Russian positions, commencing at Sebastopol, and running along the Inkermann heights, and it was supposed that an attack was intended; but after daylight appeared it was evident that the enemy had no such intention, and the men returned to their tents. These "turn-outs" were frequent and harassing during this period of the siege. The enemy continued to throw shot at our camp; and although, at the time, we made it a point to treat these missiles very lightly in our letters, in reality they disturbed our equanimity very considerably, as night and day they plunged into the earth around us.

After the affair of the 16th, the siege operations monopolized, in great measure, the military interest which the Tchernaya line had attracted for one moment. But the Tchernaya became, in consequence of the attack, a point of attraction for all curiosity-seeking persons, whose name was legion, in the Allied armies. Officers and soldiers, although numerous enough, were few in proportion to the merchant sailors, suttlers from Balaklava and Kamiesch, and other nondescript camp-followers, who formed a class of themselves, and were as sure to appear after an action was over as vultures. Everything was acceptable. They had little chance of getting hold of medals, amulets, and crosses, and other more valuable spoil, for these disappeared marvellously; but they were not particular. The greatest mania seemed to prevail for muskets—

nevertheless, cartridge-boxes, riflemen's swords, bayonets, &c., were taken *faute de mieux*. But the getting of the arms was not always the most difficult part of the business, it was the getting them away, for there were gendarmes prowling about who confiscated all arms, whether paid for or not, as, according to the regulations of the French army, they ought to have been collected on the battle-field by the Artillery—a thing which was never done. There were some excellent rifles, with sword-bayonets, which were in great request; they were, as was usually the case with all valuable things, picked up by the Zouaves, who certainly had the best right to them, having won them by their bravery. The Zouaves sold them, and the gendarmes took them away again, leaving the purchaser free to single out the Zouave who sold the rifle, and to get back his purchase-money.

The more the particulars of that affair became known, the more it grew in importance. The ground where the attack took place being extended and very much broken up, one could not at first fully appreciate the amount of the loss of the Russians, but after a time it was officially known that the French had 2200 Russians wounded and prisoners, the number of unwounded prisoners amounting to 400. For the burial of the dead an armistice was concluded, during which the French buried all those upon our side of the river, while the Russians buried those in the plain beyond. Of course the number of those buried by the Russians can never be ascertained, but their ambulances were full of wounded. These must have fallen when the troops formed and when they retired, and their number must have been prodigious, for large spaces were cleared in the dense columns by grape and shell; besides, the Russians fired with grape into their own people from behind. I heard so from many people, and I saw it myself. The guns which had been firing directly in front of the attack were silent during the assault, but there were two or three guns behind, on a little elevation of the ground, and when the Russians fled these began to fire one after another. It was not that vigorous firing which one would have naturally expected in such a critical moment, had the guns been destined to play upon the French, but a kind of slow, measured firing, which I should be at a loss to explain otherwise than as a gentle admonition to advance. Every one who saw the Russians running back could not doubt that they were thoroughly routed. The battle-field gave an additional proof of this. The Russians are very particular about carrying away their wounded and officers, especially general officers. In the late action three general officers were found on the field, one mortally wounded, and the two others dead. Gortschakoff was at the observatory at Mackenzie's Farm during the action. It is said that he gave orders to retire before he knew the result of the attack, because he guessed it was unfavourable from seeing the French tents still standing on the hillocks. Could he have seen inside them, he would perhaps not have given the order so quickly, for the tents alone stood; everything else—stores, ammunition, &c.—had been removed.

The attack took place at the express order of the Emperor. War has been compared to chess: there may be some truth in this, but

the player is not yet born who can play the game of war from a distance of 1000 miles with success.

When the attack was over, and the Russians began to retire, everybody expected something from another side, but, when nothing came, and the Russians, after a partial attack on our centre, which, although violent enough, lasted not more than two hours, fell back, the whole attack seemed incomprehensible. It appeared incredible that a movement for which the Russians were known to have been preparing so long should end thus, as all kinds of suppositions arose that it was only a reconnaissance in force, that the main attack was to have been from the Sebastopol side, &c. The order was obeyed against the better conviction of him who had to execute it, and this latter seized the first opportunity to draw back from an enterprise in the success of which he had no faith. The loss of 9000 or 10,000 men *hors de combat* was quite sufficient proof of obedience.

During the attack on the Tchernaya there was likewise a demonstration towards Baidar. The French cavalry had retired during the night preceding the attack and the early part of the morning, and had occupied the ridge on which Count Ticrawsky's villa was situated at the entrance of the valley, while the two battalions of infantry, which had been down for the protection of the passes, retired on the hills above Biuk Miskomia. They had scarcely gone off when two hundred Cossacks came down into the valley and picked up everything the French had left behind them—a number of bullocks, some biscuits, rice, and 140 loads of hay. Content with this plunder, they retired again to the heights.

CHAPTER VI.

State of Suspense—A Turkish Festival—Movements in Front of Balaklava—Casualties—Reinforcements—Rumours of Peace—New Works—Waste of Money—A Conversation with John Bull—Terrible Explosion—Rumours—Jack Tar's Play-bill—Fashionable Audience—A Sortie.

THE camp on the Tchernaya was kept in a state of continual suspense by the expectation of a renewed attack, and the French, who were convinced that in the face of a strong force of the enemy, who might come down with his battalions in a few hours during the night, slight field fortifications were never *de trop*, as they afforded a guarantee against a surprise, threw up three redoubts to command the bridge, which was the weakest point of their defence. They were named Raglan Redoubt, Bizot Redoubt (in honour of the fallen general of Engineers), and La Bussonière Redoubt (in honour of the colonel of Artillery of that name, who fell on the 18th of June).

These three new redoubts were not the only field-works thrown up for the defence of the Tchernaya line. The Sardinians were briskly occupied in strengthening their position on the right of the French. Their works assumed more and more the shape of an entrenched camp, and every variation in the ground was taken advantage of to

render them as strong as possible. The hills about Kamara were particularly suited for fortified lines, as they formed down to the Tchernaya a chain of heights opening on both sides in a basin towards the plain.

The Turks, who occupied the extreme right of our position, and who had to guard the two roads leading from the valley of Varnutka, did nothing in the *tabia* line. In vain did the Sardinian engineers throw out gentle hints about the propriety of erecting a couple of *épaulements*, and point out divers hills and heights peculiarly suited for a redoubt; they turned a deaf ear to all these suggestions, and, except the works which had been previously thrown up by the Piedmontese, when they held some of the positions guarded by the Turks, not a shovelful of earth was turned up on this side towards the enemy. This would have seemed so much the more surprising, as the Turks had become notorious by their mania for fortification, which the works on the Danube, at Kalafat, Giurgevo, and Eupatoria showed, if we had not remembered that every abuse is followed by a reaction.

In the midst of our excitement, the Turks celebrated their Korban Bairam, and there was no end of sweetmeats and visiting. The solemnity of the occasion seemed to have acted powerfully on their religious feelings: for in passing through their camp at the hours of prayer, whole battalions might be seen going through their prayers and prostrations. Each battalion had a space cleared for the purpose, and it was provided with the few arrangements which their simple worship required. Some of them had only a stick planted in a south-easterly direction; others went much further, and made enclosures of earth or wickerwork pulpits, and in one place even a minaret was erected in a most primitive way—it consisted of nothing but slender poles interwoven with branches of brushwood. By coming in contact with Europeans the Turks did not seem to have lost any of their zeal for their religion; and although no one was forced to take part in the prayers, there were but few absentees from service, particularly in the evening.

On the 25th, the Highland division under General Cameron arrived from the front at Kamara, and encamped close to the Piedmontese. On the same day, General Simpson reconnoitred with great care the position of the enemy in front of Balaklava, which he was led to do in consequence of the continued reports of the concentration of the enemy in that direction. They certainly had amassed a considerable number of troops on the Mackenzie Plateau at Taura and Korales, and had pushed forward strong parties as far as Makoul. It was understood from the spies that two divisions of the Grenadier Corps had been sent down in light carts from Simpheropol to reinforce the enemy. At the same time the Russians were busy at an enormous line of earthworks on the north side, connecting all their defences from the sea to the West Inkermann Lighthouse Hill. Their bridge of boats or pontoons from north to south, across the road, was completed. It passed from the western curve of Fort Nicholas on the south, to the creek between Nachimoff Battery and Fort Michael on the north side. The fire each night was very heavy, and our men

kept up a constant fusillade upon the Russian works at night, in order to prevent their repairing their damaged parapets and embrasures. From the 20th to the 23rd of August inclusive, we lost no less than 2 sergeants, 24 rank and file killed; 8 officers, 8 sergeants, 168 rank and file wounded—total, 220 *hors de combat*. On the 20th, Lieutenant Home, 48th, was contused on the shoulder; Lieutenant Campbell, 72nd, slightly wounded; Lieutenant McBarnet, 79th, ditto; Captain Dickson, R.A., ditto;—on the 21st, Lieutenant Smith, 28th, ditto;—on the 22nd, Lieutenant Campbell, Scots Fusileer Guards, ditto; Lieutenant Wield, 95th, severely; on the 23rd, Lieutenant de Winton, R.A., slightly.

The casualties from the 24th to the 26th August were—24 rank and file killed; 9 officers, 6 sergeants, and 137 rank and file wounded, and missing. On the 24th, Major Warden, 97th, and Lieutenant Bigge, 23rd, were slightly, and Captain J. F. Browne, R.E., was severely wounded. On the 25th, Captain R. Drummond was dangerously wounded. Hopes were entertained of saving the latter officer's life, and it was one which, by his zeal, energy, and courage, he had rendered valuable to his country. The gallant officer, who was badly wounded at Inkermann, was adjutant of the Scots Fusileer Guards; but he went into the trenches in his turn of duty. As he was posting his sentries in front of the fifth parallel, a Russian rifleman shot him from the Redan ambuscade. Colonel Seymour (who was wounded in the thumb at Inkermann) was hit in the head by a piece of a shell. Lieutenant Laurie, 34th, was slightly wounded the same day; and on the 26th, Lieutenant Rous, of the 90th, and Captain Arbuthnot, R.A., were wounded severely. From the 27th to the 30th August, 1 officer, 1 sergeant, and 20 rank and file were killed; 6 officers, 4 sergeants, and 152 rank and file were wounded. On the 28th, Captain Forbes, Grenadier Guards, received a very slight flesh scratch. On the 29th, Captain Farquharson, Scotch Fusileer Guards, and Major Graham, 41st Regiment, were wounded, the first slightly, the latter severely; and on the 30th, Captain Wolsley, of the 90th, acting as Engineer, was severely wounded. On the 4th, the 82nd Regiment disembarked from Corfu, and relieved the 13th at Balaklava. The casualties from 31st August to 2nd September were 1 officer, 1 sergeant, 22 rank and file killed; 6 officers, 7 sergeants, 106 rank and file wounded; 1 officer, 1 rank and file missing. Captain Fraser, 95th, was killed on the 31st, and on the same night Lieutenant Burningheim, of the 3rd Regiment, was slightly, and Lieutenant Forbes, 30th Regiment, mortally wounded; and Captain Ross, of the Buffs, was missing. On 1st September, Lieutenant Price, R.A., was slightly, and Lieutenant Cary, Rifle Brigade, was severely wounded. On the 2nd September, Lieutenant Roberts, R.A., and Captain Smith, 90th, were slightly wounded.

The state of tension in which we were kept by the daily and almost hourly expectation of an attack, although every precaution was taken against surprise, was somewhat relaxed towards the end of August. Everybody was afoot or in readiness to turn out at an instant's notice, and dusty and disgusted enough some of the Staff

appeared, after knocking about all night in anticipation of a fight that did not come off. The 56th Regiment, about 800 strong, arrived at Balaklava, and were annexed to the First Division. The army continued to get under arms before daybreak, and on the 26th the cavalry turned out 2950 British sabres and lances, and, had the necessity arisen, 500 or 600 more could have been brought into the field.

Although many were disposed to treat as idle rumour, and even to turn into ridicule the reports that the Russians meditated an attack upon Balaklava, it would appear that some private information on the subject had been received at head-quarters. The "Leander" and "Diamond" frigates were moored by a single cable, and Lieutenant Fletcher, of the "Triton," was ordered to be in readiness to get his steam up at brief notice, in order to tow them out of Balaklava harbour to a position whence their guns would bear on the Marine Heights.

Notwithstanding these preparations, there were at this very period many rumours of peace. We had a peace party in camp, who reasoned that the Russians could sustain the contest no longer, owing to the want of water and the difficulty of obtaining supplies; their final attempt had been made in the action of the 16th, and, having been repulsed with heavy loss at the point which they had selected on account of its seeming to offer most chances of success, they would not risk another battle to raise the siege, but would yield, treat for peace, and make the necessary concessions to obtain it. According to these authorities, in a couple of months the British army was to go home again. The hopefulness of youth, and a certain vivacity of imagination, doubtless qualify a man to produce rose-tinted sketches of this kind, and there certainly could be no manner of question as to the immense superiority of a merry Christmas in England to a muddy one on the heights of Balaklava, any more than there could be of the smoking sirloin and tenderly-fed turkey being preferable to lean kine of the Crimea, and fowls that refused to be fattened. But there is no magic in wishes any more than in words, and these prophets of peace underrated the tenacity and endurance of the Russian government and people. The enemy's position was no doubt a difficult one, but they evinced through this contest a dogged, passive courage, which is the very quality that enables generals to hold difficult positions. Our works on the left continued to advance. Several new batteries —one of 15 mortars—were constructed in front of what had been our most advanced positions on that part of the line.

The ceremony of the Investiture of the Order of the Bath took place on the 27th at head-quarters, between one and two o'clock, and Lord Stratford, who had come specially from Constantinople for the purpose, placed the insignia of the Order on the officers who had been selected for the honour.

The French detachment and waggon-train, employed collecting the hay in the valley of Baidar, were constantly moving all this time, as the rumours of attack arrived or were falsified, and they either moved out towards the valley of Varnutka, and occupied the wooded ridge which runs along from Buyuk Miskomia down to Kaitou, and sepa-

rates this latter valley from that of Baidar, or pushed forward reconnaissances to the heights towards Koloulouz and Markoul.

These precautions became necessary on account of the large number of waggons and arabas which, having only the Woronzoff-road to retire by, would run the risk of being captured should the Russians have attacked in force. Many of their cattle died, and the two valleys, so sweet formerly, became quite the reverse, for the carcases were left lying about, or thrown among the bushes, and there were no vultures to feast upon them. When one remembered the host of those scavengers which infested our army during the previous winter, it seemed strange that not one was visible that summer. Whether they were disgusted by the numbers of paid Tartar and Croat scavengers enlisted by the Allied armies, and dreaded starvation, or whether they found more choice morsels on the Russian side, where there might be likewise a good deal to excite their gluttony, or whether they were driven away by the heat, it is impossible to determine.

The English cavalry came down to the valley every morning, as if haunting the ground where its comrades fell, and watching an opportunity to revenge them. The effect was imposing—perfect, one might say, if anything human could be called so. Horses and men were in excellent condition, as fit for work as any cavalry could be.

All the latter part of August passed quietly away: the Russians on the alert to resist an assault—we prepared to meet the rumoured attack upon our lines. After the failure of June 18, our cannonade languished. We talked of it as slackening, and considered it extinct. Prince Gortschakoff assured the world that it was a mere squib, a feeble firework, which did those tough Russians no harm, and caused their troops no inconvenience; and yet, somehow or other, between the 18th of June and 18th of July, not less than eight thousand pretty little globules of iron, eight, ten, and thirteen inches in diameter, and falling with a weight equivalent to fifty and to ninety tons, were deposited inside the lines of Sebastopol, and every one that burst sent forth some six or eight fragments, of several pounds weight each, a distance of two or three hundred yards, unless they were stopped *in transitu* by traverse or sinew.

The authorities took active measures to curtail the proportions of the vast village of sutlers' houses at Kadikoi. As there was a report that the fair was a nest of spies—that strange fires were occasionally lighted up on the hills behind it, towards Karanyi, and were answered by the Russians on the Plateau Mackenzie, and people came and departed as they listed without any interference with their movements, it was resolved to keep its limits more under control and supervision.

Some divisions managed to get together a considerable accumulation of stores in advance, and almost in anticipation of the winter, but fuel was brought up *de die in diem* by a most thriftless process. It was no unusual thing to see a string of fine Spanish mules and ponies, each of which cost a good round sum, coming from Kasatch or Balaklava with a couple of stout boughs lashed to each side of their pack-saddles, the ends trailing on the ground, and the drivers urging them at full speed. The proper load of wood for a mule is 200lb.

Judging from the loads I saw weighed, they actually carried less than 100lb., and at the same time the costly pack-saddles were ruined, and the animals distressed and injured by this clumsy mode of carriage. As I could not help exclaiming at the time, "How the money is flying! If Mr. John could but have stood upon one of the hill-tops in the Crimea, and if, after gladdening his heart with the sight of his fine fleet floating grandly on the water outside the 'beleaguered city,'—rejoicing over his brave sons whose white tents studded the brown steppe row after row,—and rubbing his hands with delight at the thunder of his batteries—he would just have wiped his glasses and looked at the less glorious and exciting portions of the scene, he would have some uneasy tinglings in his breeches-pockets, depend on it."

"Where are all these horses going to?"

"Oh, they're Spanish horses, which have been *cast* by the artillery, and they're going to be sold as unfit for service."

"Why, Lord bless me! it's only a few months since I paid 30,000*l.* for that very lot, and they've done nothing, I hear, but stand at their picket ropes ever since. They cost me, I'm sure, carriage and all, 100*l.* a-piece. What do you think I'll get for them?"

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I don't think as how they'll fetch more than 10*l.* a-head, if so much."

To speak plainly, for the old gentleman's peace of mind, I would not advise him to be too inquisitive, and a visit to the camp, when in its most flourishing condition and healthy aspect, might injure his nerves irremediably.

"Who are those fellows in that secluded valley, hunting among the vines for some grapes, while their horses are left to wander through the neglected gardens?"

"They belong to Division A, or B, or C, or D; see the letter branded upon the horses' flanks. They are Turks, Elamites, Affghans, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Kurds, Parthians, Canaanites, Greeks, for whose services in the Land Transport Corps you, John, pay daily the sum of 3*s.* per man, and they ought now to be carrying up provisions for your soldiers; but, being philosophers of the Epicurean school, they prefer the pursuit of the grape and the *insouciance* of the siesta to tramping over dusty roads, or urging their mad career down stony ravines on thy much be-whacked quadrupeds!"

"And those miles of mules and carts winding all along the plain, emerging from ravines, ascending hills, and that vast army of drivers in quaint attire, the concentration of the floating vagabondage of the world, the flotsam and jetsam of the social life of every nation, civil and barbarous, on earth—to whom do they belong, and who pays them and for them?"

"Even you, my dear sir, and very handsomely too, I can assure you."

"And those ships in Balaklava?"

"Yours again, sir; but don't be uneasy; things are managed better there now; occasionally the authorities root out a great demurrager, and send her off hopping after she has lain *perdu* some months doing nothing. The other day the Walmer Castle, a fine Indiaman, sir, was sent off at last—she had been in Balaklava since February, doing

nothing but affording comfortable lodgings for a few of the authorities. But we wont talk of these things any more, for really the arrangements are much improved."

"Who are those officers in blue, with grey, yellow, and red facings —apparently men of rank, with stars and crowns and lace on their collars?"

"They are of the Land Transport Corps—captains and quarter-masters of brigade."

"Hallo! is there a theatrical company here? Who're the queer-looking chaps with the huntsmen-in-*Der-Freischutz*-caps and tunics, smoking short pipes, and driving their carts like so many Jehus?"

"Well, we have the Zouave Theatre and the Sailors' Theatre, but these men belong to Colonel McMurdo, and certainly they have let their hats get cruelly out of shape; they were neat enough and looked well while the rosettes were clean, but now——"

"And who are the gentlemen in grey, with black braid and swords, and pouch-belts and telescopes—some new riflemen, eh?—capital dress for sharpshooters."

"Why, dear me, sir, don't you know those are harmless civilians, who neither wish to shoot any one or to be shot at themselves? They are civil engineers and civilians belonging to your recently formed Army Works Corps."

"Hallo! here's another—what's he? a felt helmet with a spike in it and brass binding—a red frock with black braid—a big horse—a cavalry man, eh?"

"Well, he's one of the Mounted Staff Corps, and he gets as much as an Ensign in the line for being ready to go anywhere—when he's wanted."

"Who's that drunken fellow—an old soldier in the odd uniform, with medals on his breast?"

"Hush! he's the last one left of the Ambulance Corps. They cost a lot of money, and did some good, but McMurdo wont have them now, unless he gets his own way with them, and——"

"I beg your pardon, but who is that foreign officer in a white bournous, and attended by a brilliant staff of Generals—him with the blue and silver stripe down his trousers I mean, and gold braid on his waistcoat, and a red and white cap; it must be Pelissier?"

"*That!* why, that's M. Soyer, *chef de nos batteries de cuisine*, and if you go and speak to him, you'll find he'll talk to you for several hours about the way your meat is wasted; and so I wish you good morning, sir, and every success in trade and commerce to enable you to pay all the gentlemen you have seen to-day, as well as a speedy entry into Sebastopol."

The camp, from one extremity to the other, was, on the 30th August, at one o'clock, shaken by a prodigious explosion, which produced the effects of an earthquake. A deplorable accident occurred to our gallant Allies as they were pursuing their works with their accustomed energy. A tumbrel, from which they were discharging powder into one of the magazines near the Mamelon, was struck by a shell from the Russian batteries, which bursting as it crashed through the roof of the carriage, ignited the cartridges within; the flames reached the powder in the

magazine, and, with a hideous roar, 1400 rounds of gunpowder rushed forth in a volcano of fire to the skies, shattering to atoms the magazine, the tumbrels, and all the surrounding works, and whirling from its centre in all directions over the face of the Mamelon and beyond it, 150 officers and men. Of these, 40 were killed upon the spot, and the rest were scorched and burnt, or wounded by splinters, stones, and the shot and shell which were thrown into the air by the fiery eruption. Masses of earth, gabions, stones, fragments of carriages, and heavy shot were hurled far into our works on the left of the French, and wounded several of our men. The light of the explosion was not great, but its roar and the shock it gave the earth were very considerable. The heaviest sleepers awoke and rushed out of their tents. There was silence for an instant, and but for an instant, as the sullen thunder rolled slowly away and echoed along the heights of Inkermann and Mackenzie; then the Russians, leaping to their guns, cheered loudly, but their voices were soon smothered in the crash of the French and English batteries, which opened along the right of the attack, and played fiercely upon their works.

The Russians replied to our fire, but they were unable to take any advantage of our mischance, owing to the firmness of the French in the advanced trenches, and the steadiness with which the cannonade was continued. A bright moon lighted up the whole scene, and shed its rays upon a huge pillar of smoke and dust, which rose into the air from the Mamelon, and, towering to an immense height, unfolded itself and let fall from its clustering waves of smoke and sulphurous vapour a black precipitate of earth, fine dust, and pebbles, mingled with miserable fragments, which dropped like rain upon the works below. The dark cloud hung like a pall for nearly an hour over the place, reddening every moment with the reflection of the flashes of the artillery, which boomed incessantly till dawn. The musketry was very heavy and fierce all along the advanced trenches, and as no one except those in the parallels near the Mamelon knew the precise nature of the explosion, great anxiety was manifested to learn the truth. Some persons asserted that the Russians had sprung a mine—others, that the French had blown in the counterscarp of the Malakoff—and with the very spot under their eyes, people were conjecturing wildly what had taken place; just like those at home who did not hesitate to make the boldest assertions respecting the events which occurred in the Crimea, and of which they knew neither the scene nor the circumstance. But with the morning came the exact news, and also the cheering intelligence that no damage of importance had been done to the parapet or to the works of our gallant Allies, for whose loss all felt the liveliest sympathy. The weight of powder exploded was nearly seven tons, or 1400 rounds of 10lb. Four officers lost their lives by this deplorable accident [illegible] take into consideration that there were several hundreds of men about the Mamelon and the adjacent parallels, it must be [illegible] but it is wonderful that the loss of life and limb was [illegible] greater. The shell which did the damage was fired [illegible] of which the Russians possessed comparatively few [illegible] quite evident that they had then recently received a [illegible]

from the fact that the number of mortar shells thrown into our works was much more numerous than before.

There were at this time rumours that the garrison of Sebastopol was in an extremely disorganized state. A deserter reported the fusillade of an officer of rank and nearly 100 men, who had disobeyed orders. The losses in the town were frightful, and notwithstanding their official and non-official declarations, the Russians suffered from want of water and of spirits. The army on the Belbek and along Mackenzie's ridge seemed to have diminished in numbers very much. For hours I watched their huts and tents, and could see no men moving about their camp. Indeed, it was confidently affirmed, that owing to the deficiency of forage, their cavalry had been compelled to fall back on the road to Bakschiserai. Their telegraphs were busy at work, and at night revolving lights or flash lights could be seen from the extreme ridge of Mackenzie towards Aitodor up to Inkermann. They threw up another battery, close to the Spur Battery, commanding a small path from the Tchernaya. The French, with their usual energy, constructed extremely strong redoubts on the site of the old redoubts in the plain, which were so miserably made by us, and to which, among other causes, may be attributed the disastrous loss of the 25th of October, when they were abandoned by the Turks. These works were in connexion with the outer line of defence from Kamara, Traktir, and Tchorgoun, and the Sardinian and Turkish batteries towards Baidar, and behind them were the old batteries defending Balaklava, which became one of the strongest positions in the world.

Our gallant and admirable Allies were losing heavily, in the White redoubt which they captured on the 7th of June. The 12-gun battery on the north side took them in flank and reverse, the Malakoff enfiladed them on the other side, and they were exposed to the direct fire of the shipping in front. They gaily called the place "l'Abattoir," where they lost one-half of the men who went into it every day. Our own losses were very heavy, but still the army were full of hope and courage. Certainly, the spirit and *morale* of the men were excellent.

As for Jack Tar, he can speak for himself. This was the bill of the play:—

THEATRE ROYAL, NAVAL BRIGADE.

On Friday Evening, 31st of August, will be Performed

DEAF AS A POST!

To be followed by

THE SILENT WOMAN.

The whole to conclude with the laughable Farce, entitled,

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

Doors to be taken at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence precisely at 8 o'clock.

God save the Queen! Rule Britannia!

Well they played. True, the theatre was the amputating brigade, but no reflections as to its future and past use to mar the pleasure of present enjoyment. The scenes were furnished

from "The London," the actors from the Brigade. There was an agreeable ballet girl, who had to go into the trenches to work a 68-pounder at three o'clock in the morning, and Rosa was impersonated by a prepossessing young boatswain's mate. Songs there were in plenty, with a slight smack of the forecastle, and a refrain of big guns booming down the ravine from the front; but they were all highly appreciated, and the dancing was pronounced to be worthy of Her Majesty's ere Terpsichore and Mr. Lumley retired from the concern. Nor were fashionable and illustrious personages wanting to grace the performance with their presence, and to relieve the mass of 2000 commoners who cheered and laughed and applauded so good-humouredly. The "Duke of Newcastle" paid marked attention to *Deaf as a Post*, and led the *encore* for a hornpipe of the first force; "Lord Rokeby" was as assiduous as his Grace. The sense of enjoyment was not marred by the long-range guns, which now and then sent a lobbing shot near the theatre, and never did any harm; and if the audience were amused, so were the performers, who acted with surprising spirit and taste. What would old Benbow or grim old Cloudesley Shovell have thought of it all?

There was a sortie early on the morning of the 1st of September on the advanced trenches of our right attack, and the Russians kept up a very heavy fire upon our working parties.

CHAPTER VII.

Crisis of the Siege—Concentration of Russian Forces—Service in the Trenches—Condition of the Army—Its Strength—Russian Sortie—Commencement of the Sixth Bombardment—View from Cathcart's Hill—Aspect of the City—The "Crow's Nest"—Signal for the Opening of the Fire—Terrible Storm of Missiles—Relative strength of French and English Batteries—Comparison between the First and Sixth Bombardments—Effect of the Fire—Fearful Scene—Conflagrations in Sebastopol—Explosions—Agitation in the City—Council of Generals—Burning Ship—Fires—Losses.

As the crisis of the siege approached, many an anxious eye was cast upon the Russian position, for it was confidently affirmed that the enemy were about to try the chances of war once more, and that in one grand attack along the whole of our line they intended to assault the Allies with 90,000 men at three or four points between Baidar and the gorge of Inkermann, and at the same time to make a general sortie in great force from Sebastopol on the left, centre, and right of our works. Prince Gortschakoff, Generals Liprandi, Paniutin, and Osten-Sacken were mentioned as the directors of the attacking columns. The mass of the Russian forces was concentrated on the cultivated plateau between Kamishli and Kalankoi, on the south side of the Belbek, supported by divisions echeloned on the road to Bakschiserai. Near Kalankoi "a bad and difficult" mountain road to Balaklava crosses the Belbek; strikes off to the right to Mackenzie's Farm; descending thence from the plateau, crosses the Tchernaya at the bridge of the Traktir, famous as the scene of the brilliant action of the 16th of

August, and sweeps across the plain of Balaklava, intersecting in its course the Woronzoff-road. Several paths or indifferent roads branch from this grand causeway ere it descends the plateau of Mackenzie's Farm, leading by Chuliou and Ozenbasch towards Baidar, and it was thought that the Russians might have put these in tolerable condition, and rendered them available for the passage of troops and artillery. It seemed incredible that any General would trust his army among those defiles and mountain-passes, because a failure on the part of the corps on his right to seize Tchorgoun and Kamara would have left him without support, and an active enemy could have easily pursued and crushed him before he could have possibly gained the plateau from which he had descended. Nothing would have given such universal satisfaction to the whole army as another attempt by the enemy to force our position. If the Russians descended into the plain we were sure of success, and the prospect of a sanguinary engagement gave positive pleasure to both officers and men, alike weary of the undistinguished, if not inglorious, service of the trenches.

With nearly 3000 English cavalry and upwards of 5000 French sabres we should have made signal examples of our defeated foes in their retreat; and our 56 field guns, all in high efficiency and order, together with the admirable batteries of the French, would have annihilated any artillery which the Russians could have placed in position to check pursuit or cover the flight of their infantry. As to their cavalry, they were inferior in number to our own, and in dash and pluck they could not have matched the men who charged at Balaklava.

The Russians concentrated considerable masses in and about Upu, Ozembasch, and Chuliou, and Prince Gortschakoff visited the army destined to operate against the Turks, French, and Sardinians on the rear, and was prodigal of promises and encouragement. The intelligence received by the English, French, and Turkish Generals coincided on these points, and was believed to be entirely trustworthy. As to a sortie, although it might have been made with large bodies of men, it had no better chance of success, for our reserves had been kept in readiness to act at once, and the force in the trenches was greatly augmented. It had been our practice to send only 1400 men into the trenches of the left attack, of which one-half was of the reserve; and, as the latter were allowed to go back to camp in the day, it frequently happened that only 700 men were left to guard the whole of our extensive works in Chapman's attack. But afterwards our force was increased, and the reserves were maintained in all their integrity, so as to be ready to give efficient support to the trench guard should the enemy make any serious demonstration against our lines.

I took the opportunity of referring to this matter to make the following remarks, which many officers at the time assured me conveyed their feelings on the subject:—"And here I may be permitted to offer one word on behalf of such officers and men as have not had an opportunity of sharing the honours conferred on those who have been so fortunate as to be engaged in general actions during this war. I am certain that there is a very general feeling in the army that there should be some distinctive decoration for 'service in the trenches.'

Men have been decorated for the battles of the Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava, who were not in the least danger, or even more under fire than if they had remained in their club card-room; but no man goes into the trenches who is not exposed to a heavy fire and to continual danger. The Adjutant-General's returns will show that in a fortnight we lose nearly as many officers and men as are put *hors de combat* in a regular battle, although it will be observed that the proportion of officers to men killed and wounded is far smaller than it is on occasions of drawn battle. A man who has served thirty nights in the trenches will have undergone more fire than if he had been in the hottest fight of the campaign. Why not let him have a decoration, were it only a bit of iron with the words 'Trenches before Sebastopol' engraved upon it? The arduous nature of our trench service is best indicated by our returns, and by the fact that many young officers who come out from England are rendered unfit or unable to discharge their duties after a few weeks' experience. Although there are many complaints of the rawness of the recruits, they are as nothing compared to the outcry against the crudity of the lads who are despatched as 'officers' to the Crimea, and who perforce must be sent in responsible positions into the trenches. A reference to the daily General Orders will satisfy any one of the truthfulness of that outcry. The number of officers who sicken and are ordered home, or to Scutari, or to go on board ship, is increasing, and it is not found that the recently arrived regiments furnish the smallest portion of those worn out by *ennui*, and reduced from good health to a state of illness by a few days' service. The old officers, of course, grumble, and the grim veterans who have remained with their regiments since the beginning of the campaign are indignant at having as comrades puling boys, who, from no fault of their own, are utterly helpless and inefficient, and soon sicken, and leave the duties of the regiment to be performed by their overworked seniors. Why should not vacancies in regiments out here be filled up from regiments stationed elsewhere? Such a course was pursued in the Chinese war, in our Indian wars, and I believe in the long war, and it secured the services of experienced soldiers. There are many ensigns of four, five, and six years' standing in the latter regiments, while it would be difficult to find many lieutenants who have seen so much service in any regiment which has been here since the beginning of the war.

"With all our experience we still permit the existence of absurdities and anomalies. About 100 doctors are sick from overwork or of disgust, and yet we have civil hospitals on the Dardanelles, maintained at some expense, in which the medical men have so little to do that they come up to camp to 'tout' for patients and practice. The surgeons say that, as it is very evident Government will never give them any honour or reward, except mere service promotion and pay, they will look to the latter alone, and it may be easily imagined in what frame of mind they will serve in cases where they can escape the necessity of energetic exertion. With a kind of refined irony, two of the medical officers were 'invited to attend' at the investiture of the K.C.B.'s the other day, as none of them were eligible as C.B.'s. Two commissariat officers were kindly invited to represent their body.

These complaints are the echoes of voices in the camp, loud enough to be heard, and as such I report them."

The condition of the army, notwithstanding the existence of a considerable amount of sickness, of some discontent, and of an element of weakness in the youthful recruits, was, on the whole, satisfactory. It was not, however, as strong as people at home imagined. With all our reinforcements in fresh regiments and draughts, it did not reach the strength Mr. Sidney Herbert and his friends over and over again declared it to be when it was struggling for life in the snow and mud. The Sardinians, acclimatized, flushed with triumph, and anxious for another opportunity to try their steel, formed a fine corps of about 8000 effective bayonets, and the Turks could turn out about 13,000 strong. The French, notwithstanding their enormous losses by sickness, their sufferings in the capture of the Mamelon, in the assault on the 18th of June, and, above all, in the trenches, where they had on an average 150 *hors de combat* on "quiet nights," and perhaps twice as many when the enemy were busy, could present 55,000 bayonets to the enemy without distressing themselves, or calling on the camp guards, &c., to leave their posts. The Allied cavalry was just 9000 sabres strong, and our field artillery was overpowering.

In a word, while the siege works were advancing steadily, and with very few checks, the Allies could present on any side a front which was quite strong enough to hold its own against whatever numbers the Russians could bring up. There was no ground for them to attack in large masses; there was no room to deploy the men if they had had them; and they had discovered that in attacking by masses of columns successively surging against us, their slaughter was increased, and the confusion of their repulse very much aggravated. From the French sap in front of the Mamelon one could at this period *lay his hand on the abattis of the Malakoff!* It was a hazardous experiment sometimes. Major Graham lost his arm in trying it *en amateur*, for he was hit as he was returning up the trench; indeed, it was a subject of remark that amateurs and officers who had then recently come into the trenches were more frequently hit than was consistent with the rules of proportion. Mr. Gambier, a midshipman of the "Curaçoa," went as an amateur into the advanced parallel of the left attack, and took a shot at a Russian rifleman; he was rewarded by a volley from several of the enemy, and in another instant was going up on a stretcher, with a ball through both his thighs. It was a very common thing to hear it said, "Poor Smith is killed; just imagine—his first night in the trenches." "Jones lost a leg last night; only joined us this week, and his second night on duty," &c. The Russians, of course, suffered in the same way, but I doubt if they had many amateurs. They had quite enough of legitimate fighting, and their losses were prodigious.

At a quarter past 9 p.m. on the 3rd of September, a heavy fire of musketry to the left of the Malakoff showed that the enemy were attacking the French advance in front of the Mamelon. The night was dark, but clear, and for half an hour our lines were a blaze

of quick, intermittent light. The musketry rattled incessantly. Chapman's and Gordon's Batteries opened with all their voices, and the Redan, Malakoff, Garden, and Barrack Batteries replied with roars of ordnance. After twenty minutes of this infernal conflict the musketry fire flickered and died out, and then commenced for a quarter of an hour a general whirling of shells from both sides, so that the light of the very stars was eclipsed, and their dominion usurped by the wandering flight of these iron orbs. Twenty or thirty of these curves of fire tearing the air asunder and uttering their shrill "tu whit! tu whit! tu whit!" as they described their angry flight in the sky, could be counted and heard at once. While it lasted, it was one of the hottest affairs we have yet experienced. The Russians in this sortie attacked our advanced sap on the right once more, and were repulsed with great loss; but Captain Pechell, of the 77th, a brave and beloved young officer, in setting a brilliant example to his men, was killed. The gallant 77th behaved extremely well.

A party of the 97th, under Captain Hutton, was posted in the advanced trench of the left of the Right Attack. The Russians, at midnight, attacked our working party at a new sap, and drove it in. Lieutenant Brinkley and Lieutenant Preston, with 100 of the 97th, were ordered to proceed to the right of the new sap, to act as a covering party; and on arriving at the trench they found it so crowded with men of the 23rd that it was impossible to keep the party of the 97th together, and they were obliged to find room as well as they could. This crowded state of the trench is said to have arisen from the party of the 23rd not having recommenced working when the firing ceased, and remaining in the trench with the covering party of the 77th. At 12·30 Lieutenant-Colonel Legh, 97th, was ordered to take his men to Colonel Bunbury, 23rd, who was in the open space in advance of the new sap. He collected about forty-five rank and file, and telling Lieutenant Preston to advance with the rest, proceeded to the head of the sap, which was knocked to pieces, either by the Russians when they had entered it, or by a battery on the flank of the Malakoff. Here Lieutenant Preston was slightly hit, and one man killed. About fifteen yards in front of the sap Colonel Bunbury and a party of the 77th, under Captain Pechell, were stationed; and that party having been relieved by the party of the 97th, Colonel Legh dispersed his men in cover as well as possible, sending out two parties of six each under Sergeants Coleman and O'Grady in advance. The Russians pushed on and commenced firing sharply from some rifle-pits and large stores in front. All of a sudden they gave a loud cheer, and the men of the 97th at once stood up, expecting a rush. When the Russians saw the effect of their ruse, they fired a volley, which killed and wounded several men. Lieutenant Preston, who had stepped in front of Colonel Legh, was mortally wounded, and carried to the rear by Sergeant Coleman; Sergeant O'Grady fell dead just as he had demanded permission to take the enemy's rifle-pits. Lieutenants Ware and Whitehead were sent down by Captain Hutton to assist their comrades, when the Russians again fired and wounded Lieutenant Ware; but Lieutenant Whitehead suc-

ceeded in bringing in all the wounded, except Corporal Macks, who was lying close to the rifle-pits with two legs broken. Lieutenant Brinkley then came up in support. The Russians renewed their firing, but without result; and they retired from the pits before dawn, having put, in this little affair, three officers and twenty-four men *hors de combat*. The Russians tore down some gabions, and were only driven out after a desperate struggle, in which and during their retreat they lost at least 600 men. The French loss was upwards of 300 men *hors de combat*. Our shell practice was beyond all praise, and the Redan suffered severely in the contest, and could not cover the retreat of the enemy.

Two deserters—daring fellows in their fear—actually swam out, on the 3rd, to one of the French ships on guard off Sebastopol and gave information of great importance. They declared that most of the heavy guns had been transferred from Fort Constantine and Fort Nicholas to the defensive works, and that the powder had been removed from the works of the harbour and placed in Fort Nicholas. The number of men who started on this perilous expedition was five, and as only two arrived safely, the rest are supposed to have perished. They supported themselves during their long swim by means of bladders.

At last, on the morning of the 5th of September, the Allied batteries opened fire for the sixth time on Sebastopol, and the LAST BOMBARDMENT commenced. The air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the south-east, which continued all day, drifted over the steppe, and blew gently into Sebastopol. The sun shone serenely through the vapours of early morning and wreaths of snowy clouds, on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionnade which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this "august city." The ships floated quietly on the waters of the roads, which were smooth as a mirror, and reflected the forms of these "monarchs of the main," while outside our own fleet and that of the French, equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing between Kasatch and Constantine as idly as though they were "painted ships upon a painted ocean." From Cathcart's-hill the view took in a portion of the defences of the Quarantine—the French approaches to it and to the Flagstaff Batteries, up to the junction of their parallels with our left attack, in the ravine at the end of the Dockyard-creek. The spectator could see at a glance the Flagstaff Batteries works—the suburb of ruined houses, or rather the sites of cottages and residences, all that was left of long streets destroyed by the fire of our Allies. This mass of ruins was enclosed between the Flagstaff and the crenellated sea wall, and beyond this, at a *coup-d'œil*, might be seen the civil town behind, presenting a stately appearance as it rose on the hillside tier over tier, displaying churches, stately mansions, and public buildings of fine white or red sandstone, with gardens interspersed and trees growing in the walks. These fine structures were not exempt from "low neighbourhoods" of whitewashed houses, belonging to the garrison or to the poorer inhabitants.

The hill on which this part of the city stands rises from the rear of the Flagstaff Battery to the height of 200 feet or more; it presents a steep face to the creek from the Dockyard, and then sweeps round towards the roadstead, to the level of which it abruptly descends at the rear of the southern forts. The houses upon this face of the hill were not visible, but those situated on the eastern face, or on the descent to Dockyard-creek, were discernible to the naked eye. There was a poor suburb at the base, and thence the houses rose in terraces, with flights of steps and curving roads, up to the brow of the hill. The bombardment was beginning to tell upon these buildings. A church decorated with many small pinnacles at the angles of the roof, had been struck by a shell, which destroyed the roof. Some of the best mansions were split open, or with their cracked walls admitted the light of the day; others were perforated with shot-holes, through which the light was visible—windows, doors, pillars, and columns were broken or destroyed. In the rubbish of the suburb, next to the Flagstaff works, there were several batteries in excellent order, which had not been injured by the Allied batteries. They were mostly *flêches*, intended as out-lying works of the second line of defences. Near the top of the hill, inside the crenelled wall, a portion of the interior line of these defences was to be seen.

A battery, called the "Crow's Nest," from its elevated position, was placed near this line, and commanded to a certain extent the right of the French left attack, and our sailors' batteries in the left of our left attack, and to all of these it was rather troublesome. It contained a couple of large mortars in addition to some long-range guns, and could bear on any troops between the outer defences and the foot of the hill on which the town rises, and the ravine between our left and the French left attack. A series of very strong earthworks crowned the ridge of the same hill, and the defences broken by the creek were continued towards the right by the various batteries (Barrack, Road, Garden, Black, &c.), which were connected with the Great Redan, and thence were carried to the Malakoff and its outlying works. The suburb behind these defences next the creek, and in front of our left attack, was in ruins, but our line of batteries was almost too far to do injury to the public buildings behind the suburb. Our old first parallel had been disarmed, on account of the distance, and the guns moved from it into the second parallel, and various batteries in front of it. The line of the first parallel and the hill on which it was placed concealed from the spectator at Cathcart's-hill the cemetery which we occupied after the 18th of June. They also hid the course of the Woronzoff-road and the ravine in front under the proper right of the Redan. That portion of the ravine between our right and left attack, which was not closed up by the sweep of the hills on which the attacking batteries were placed, or by the ragged height seamed with rifle-pits, craters of bombs, zigzags, and the works of our Quarries Battery, was still visible. Behind the Redan was seen the long line of the dockyard and arsenal buildings, and the barracks, which had been rendered uninhabitable on the near side by our fire—the

great shears, the floating bridge across the roads to the north side, the two lines of men-of-war—the "Twelve Apostles" and five two-deckers, frigates, and steamers. Then, on our right of the Redan lay the Malakoff, Mamelon, and the White Works, and Mount Sapoune peering over them; and the north side—the citadel, the Russian camp, Inkermann, its batteries, and the plateau of the Belbek forming the background, which was defined still further by a strip of blue sea.

From Cathcart's-hill, therefore, on the right front of the Fourth Division camp, one could gain an admirable view of certain points of the position from the sea on the left to our extreme right at Inkermann. That advantage was, however, rarely obtainable when there was any heavy firing, as the smoke generally hung in thick clouds between the earthworks, not to be easily dispelled, excepting by the aid of a brisk wind. If one of the few persons who were in the secret of the opening of the French batteries had been on Cathcart's-hill on the morning of the 5th he would have beheld then, just before half-past five o'clock, the whole of this scene marked out in keen detail in the clear morning air. The men in our trenches might have been seen sitting down behind the traverses, or strolling about in the rear of the parapets. Small trains of animals and files of men might have been continually observed passing over the ground between the trenches and the camp, and the only smoke that caught the eye rose from the kettles of the soldiery, or from the discharge of a rifle in the advanced works. On the left, however, the French trenches were crowded with men, and their batteries were all manned, though the occupants kept well out of sight of the enemy, and the mantlets and screens were down before the muzzles of some of their guns. The men beneath the parapets swarmed like bees. A few grey-coated Russians might have been noticed repairing the works of the Flagstaff Battery, or engaged in throwing up a new work, which promised to be of considerable strength, in front of the second line of their defences.

Suddenly, close to the Bastion du Mât, along the earthen curtain between Nos. 7 and 8 Bastions, three jets of flame sprang up into the air and hurled up as many pillars of earth and dust, a hundred feet high, which were warmed into ruddy hues by the horizontal rays of the sun. The French had exploded three fougasses to blow in the counterscarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. In a moment, from the sea to the Dockyard-creek, a stream of fire three miles in length seemed to run like a train from battery to battery, and fleecy, curling, rich white smoke ascended, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes. The lines of the French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of Heaven had settled down upon them, and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns and in sheets, all commingled, involved together, and uniting as it were by the vehement flames beneath. The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere did

not permit the sound to produce any great effect in our camp; in the city, for the same reason, the noise must have been terrific and horrible. The iron storm tore over the Russian lines, tossing up, as if in sport, jets of earth and dust, rending asunder gabions, and "squelching" the parapets, or dashing in amongst the houses and ruins in their rear. The terrible files of this flying army extending about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and terror in their train, swept with heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core. A volley so startling, simultaneous, and tremendously powerful, was probably never before discharged since cannon were introduced.

The Russians seemed for a while utterly paralysed. Their batteries were not manned with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overlapping and crushing fire; but the French, leaping to their guns with astounding energy, rapidity, and vigour, kept on filling the very air with the hurling storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies. More than 200 pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, played incessantly upon the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—"a war-cloud rolling dun"—spread from the guns on the left of Sebastopol; but the roar of the shot did not cease, and the cannonade now pealed forth in great irregular bursts, now died away into hoarse murmurs, again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from one extremity to the other of the line like the file-fire of infantry. Stone walls at once went down before the discharge, but the earthworks yawned to receive shot and shell alike. However, so swift and incessant was the passage of these missiles through the embrasures and along the top of the parapets, that the enemy had to lie close, and scarcely dare show themselves in the front line of their defences. For a few minutes the French had it all their own way, and appeared to be on the point of sweeping away the place without resistance. This did not last long, as after they had fired a few rounds from each of their numerous guns, the Russian artillerymen got to work, and began to return the fire. They made good practice, but fired slowly and with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away an ounce of powder. The French were stimulated rather than restrained by such a reply to their astonishing volleys, and sent their shot with greater rapidity along the line of the defences, and among the houses of the town. Our admirable Naval Brigade and our gallant siege train were just working their guns at a quiet rate, but they maintained their usual destructive and solid "hammering" away at the faces of the Redan and of the Malakoff, and aided our invaluable Allies by keeping up a regular shell practice on the batteries from the Creek to the Redan. Now two or three mortars from Gordon's, then two or three mortars from Chapman's, hurled 10 and 13-inch shell behind the enemy's works, and connected the discharges by rounds from long 32's or 68's.

The French had, however, obtained a great superiority to us in the number of their guns. On the 5th their armament was as follows:—

FRENCH BATTERIES.

	Guns.
Left Attack.—Against Flagstaff-Bastion . . .	129
„ „ Central „ . . .	134
„ „ Quarantine „ . . .	83
	346
Right Attack.—Against Malakoff, &c.	281
Total French . .	627

ENGLISH BATTERIES.

	Guns.
13-inch mortars	34
10-inch „	27
8-inch „	10
Cohorns	20
8-inch guns	37
10-inch „	7
32-pounders	61
68-pounders	6
Total English . .	202

It may be as well to add that Batteries Nos. 1, 2, 3, 8, 11, 12, and 13 of the Right Attack bore on the Malakoff; Batteries Nos. 5, 9, 10, 11, and 12 bore on front and flanks of Redan and other works. In our Left Attack, Batteries Nos. 1, 2, 7, 9, 11, 12, bore on Barrack and Redan; No. 4 on Bastion du Mât and Garden; No. 3 on Redan; No. 5 on Creek; No. 6 on Garden; No. 8 on Barrack and Lower Garden; No. 10 on Creek, Barrack, Redan, and Malakoff; No. 13 on Garden and Barrack; and No. 14 on Creek and Barrack.

It will be observed that there was a great difference in the material of this armament from that with which we began our first attack on Sebastopol. On the 17th of October, 1854, we had but ten mortars, and they were 10-inch. We had also two Lancasters; *no* 24-pounders. On 17th of October nearly one-half of our guns were 24-pounders. Sixty-one 32-pounders as compared with seven on 17th October, thirty-seven 8-inch guns as compared with sixteen, seven 10-inch guns as compared with nine, six 68-pounders, and three 9-pounders for the heads of the saps. We threw 12,721 bombs into the town as compared with 2743 in the first bombardment; and we fired 89,540 shot against the place as compared with 19,879 on the same date. In the left attack our batteries had been advanced 2500 feet towards the front of the old line of fire, but it was impossible to make any further advance by sap for the purpose of assault, as the very steep ravine by which the Woronzoff-road sweeps into the town ran below the plateau on which the attack was placed, and separated it from the Redan. The old parallel of the attack, wherein our Batteries Nos. 3, 4, and 5 were placed at the ridiculous distance of 4000 feet from the Redan, and our Batteries Nos. 9 and 12 at the same distance

from the Flagstaff Bastion works, was now a mere base from which the advanced works had proceeded. The second parallel was 15,000 feet in front of it, and in that parallel were Batteries Nos. 10 and 14, still 2500 feet from the parapet of the Redan. The third parallel was about 700 feet in front of the second; and as it was found that we could not hope to advance much beyond that position, owing to the nature of the ground, our batteries were placed more towards the proper left face of the Flagstaff Battery, and towards the Garden Battery in the rear of it. In this parallel, Batteries Nos. 7, 8, 13, 14, and 15 were opened. Our fourth parallel, which was unarmed, was about 600 feet in advance of the third, and was filled with infantry and riflemen, who kept up a constant fire on the place, more particularly at night. The ravine in which the Woronzoff-road is made, ran between our Left and Right Attack, and separated them completely. The Right Attack, which was by far the most important, was originally commenced at the distance of 4500 feet from the Redan, and of more than 5000 feet from the Malakoff. It contained Batteries Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; at its right was the old Lancaster Battery detached on No. 11; and in an advanced parallel on the left flank of No. 12 was Battery No. 10. In the approach from the 1st to the 20th parallel was Battery No. 7. The second parallel was more than 1000 feet in front of the first parallel; and it contained Batteries Nos. 9, 14, 12, 6, and 15. The Battery No. 8 was in the third parallel, which was a few hundred feet in advance of the second. The fourth parallel, which communicated with the Quarries, was about 1200 feet in advance of the third parallel. In the Quarries were the Batteries Nos. 16 and 17. The fifth parallel, from which the assault took place, was about 300 feet in front of the Quarries; and there was a feeble attempt at a sixth parallel a few yards in advance.

Our Quarry Battery, armed with two mortars and eight coehorns, just 400 yards below the Redan, plied the suburb in the rear of the Malakoff vigorously with bombs, and kept the top of the Redan clear with round shot and grape. Redan and Malakoff were alike silent, ragged, and torn. At most the Redan fired three guns, and the adjoining batteries were equally parsimonious. The parapets were all pitted with shot and shell, and the sides of the embrasures greatly injured, so that the gabions were sticking out, and dislodged in all directions. There was no more of that fine polishing and of that cabinet-maker's work which the Russians bestowed on their batteries; our constant fire by night, the efforts of our riflemen, and incessant shelling, having rather checked their assiduous anxiety as to external appearance.

After two hours and a-half of furious firing, the artillerymen of our Allies suddenly ceased, in order to let their guns cool, and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair damages to their works, and shook sandbags full of earth from the banquette over the outside of their parapets. Their gunners also took advantage of the sudden cessation to open on our Sailors' Batteries in the Left Attack, and caused us some little annoyance from the "Crow's Nest." At ten o'clock, however, having previously exploded some fougasses, as before, the French re-opened a fire if possible more rapid

and tremendous than their first, and continued to keep it up with the utmost vigour till twelve o'clock at noon, by which time the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff-road and Garden Batteries in a position to reply. We could see them in great agitation sending men and carts to and fro across the bridge, and at nine o'clock a powerful column of infantry crossed over to resist our assault, while a movement towards Inkermann was made by the army of the Belbek. Soon after our fire began, as early as six o'clock, the working parties which go over to the north side every morning were evidently recalled, and marched back again across the bridge to the south, no doubt to be in readiness for our expected assault. From twelve to five o'clock p.m. the firing was slack; the French then resumed their cannonade with the same astounding vigour as at dawn and at ten o'clock, and never ceased their volleys of shot and shell against the place till half-past seven, when darkness set in, whereupon all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, opened with shell against the whole line of defences.

A description of this scene is impossible. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air; not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated by their explosion. Our practice was beyond all praise. Every shell burst as it ought, and the lines of the Russian earthworks of the Redan, Malakoff, and of all their batteries, were rendered plainly visible by the constant light of the innumerable explosions. The Russians scarcely attempted a reply. At five o'clock it was observed that a frigate in the second line, near the north side, was smoking, and, as it grew darker, flames were seen to issue from her sides. Men and officers rushed to the front, in the greatest delight and excitement, and as night came on, the whole vessel was enveloped in one grand blaze from stem to stern. The delight of the crowd upon Cathcart's-hill was intense. "Well, this is indeed a sight! to see one of those confounded ships touched at last!" These, and many different and stronger expressions, were audible on all sides, but there were some wise people who thought the Russians had set the ship on fire, or that incendiaries and malcontents were at work, and one gentleman even went so far as to say that he "thought it was merely a signal—may be to recall their cavalry from Eupatoria!" It is not known precisely how the thing was done. Some said it was done by the French; others, by ourselves; and bombs, red-hot shot, and rockets, were variously named as the means by which the vessel was set on fire. In spite of the efforts of the Russians, the flames spread, and soon issued from the ports and quarter-gallery. At eight o'clock the light was so great that the houses of the city and the forts on the other side could be distinguished without difficulty. The masts stood long, towering aloft like great pillars of fire; but one after the other they came down; the decks fell in about ten o'clock, and at midnight the frigate had burnt to the water's edge.

On the night of September 6th a steady fire was kept up all along the front, with the view of preventing the Russians from repairing damages. At ten p.m., orders were sent to our batteries to open the

following morning, as soon as there was a good light, but they were limited to fifty rounds each gun. At 5·30 a.m. the whole of the batteries from Quarantine to Inkermann began their fire with a grand crash. There were three breaks or lulls in the tempest; one from half-past eight till ten; another from twelve till five; and the third from half-past six till seven—during these intervals the fire was comparatively slack.

The agitation in the town was considerable throughout the day; and the enemy seemed to be greatly distressed. They were strengthening their position on the north side—throwing up batteries, dragging guns into position, and preparing to defend themselves should they be obliged to leave the city. They evinced a disposition to rely upon the north side, and were removing their stores by the large bridge of pontoons, and by the second and smaller bridge of boats to the Karabalnayia. Notwithstanding the large number of men in the town, the enemy showed in strength from Inkermann to Mackenzie; and General Pelissier and General Simpson received intelligence which led them to believe that the enemy meditated another attack on the line of the Tchernaya as the only means of averting the fall of the place.

The bombardment was renewed on Thursday night at sunset, and continued without intermission till an hour before daybreak on Friday, and the musketry fire was most tremendous and unremitting. The orders to the trench guards were to keep up a perpetual fusillade on the face of the Russian works, and about 150,000 rounds were expended each night after the opening of the bombardment. On Friday at daybreak the cannonade was reopened and continued as before—the Russians made no reply on the centre, but their Inkermann Batteries across the harbour fired briskly on the French Right Attack, and distressed our Allies considerably. A strong wind from the north blew clouds of dust from the town, and carried back the smoke of the batteries, so that it was very difficult to ascertain the effect of the fire, but now and then the veil opened, and at each interval the amount of destruction disclosed was more evident and appalling. At midday, a council of generals was held at our head-quarters, at which General Pelissier and General Della Marmora attended. After the council broke up, orders were sent to the surgeons to clear out the hospitals of patients, and prepare for the reception of wounded. The Guards received orders to occupy the right trenches at night, and were relieved by the Highlanders in the morning—the attack was confided to the Light and Second Divisions.

A bright flame broke out in the rear of the Redan in the afternoon, and another fire was visible in the town over the Woronzoff-road at a later period of the evening. At 11 p.m., a tremendous explosion took place in the town, but it could not be ascertained exactly where or how it occurred. At dusk, the cannonade ceased, and the bombardment recommenced—the thunder of the bombs bursting from the sea-shore to the Tchernaya sounded like the roll of giant musketry. The Russians replied feebly, threw bouquets into the French trenches, and showers of vertical grape into ours, and lighted up the works now and then with fire-balls and carcasses. Captain

John Buckley, Scots Fusileer Guards, was killed in the evening as he was posting his sentries in the ravine between the Malakoff and the Redan in front of our advanced trench of the right attack. Major M'Gowan, 93rd Regiment, was carried off, and Captain Drummond was killed soon afterwards at this spot. Captain Buckley was a young officer of zeal and promise. He was devoted to his profession, and although he was wounded so severely at the Alma that he could have had every excuse and right to go home, he refused to do so, and as soon as he came out of hospital, on board a man-of-war, in which he was present when the attack of the 17th October was made, he returned to his regiment and shared its privations during the winter of '54-5. In the fire of that twenty-four hours, we lost 1 officer 11 rank and file killed, and 48 rank and file wounded.

In addition to the burning ship and the fires in the town, a bright light was observed at the head of the great shears of the Dockyard about four o'clock in the afternoon, and it continued to burn fiercely throughout the night. It was probably intended to light up the Dockyard below, or to serve as a signal, but it was for some time imagined that the shears had been set on fire by a shell.* The night was passed in a fever of expectation and anxiety amid the roar of the bombardment, which the wind blew in deafening bursts back on the Allied camp.

Our losses indeed were becoming so heavy that even the slaughter of an assault, if attended with success, was preferable to daily decimation. From the 3rd to the 6th, we had 3 officers, 3 sergeants, and 40 rank and file killed; 3 officers, 9 sergeants, and 180 rank and file wounded. Captain Anderson, Acting Engineer, was killed on the 4th; and Captain Snow, R.A., was killed on the 6th. On the 3rd, Lieutenant Chatfield, 49th; on the 5th, Captain Verschoyle, Grenadier Guards, and Lieutenant Phillips, 56th Regiment, were slightly wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparations for the Assault—Last and decisive Cannonade—Day of the Assault—Plan of Attack—Position of Generals—French rush into the Malakoff—English charge the Redan—Mistakes—Desperate Struggle—Colonel Windham's Gallantry—Conflict at the Left Face of the Redan—Scene at the Salient—Want of Supports—Colonel Windham goes for Reinforcements—The Russians advance—Failure of the English Attack—Contest in the rear of the Malakoff—Additional Details—Cause of the Repulse—Mistakes—Casualties—Duration of the Attack—Ominous Signs—Losses in the Assault.

THE contest on which the eyes of Europe had been turned so long—the event on which the hopes of so many mighty empires depended, was all but determined. On the 9th September, Sebastopol was in

* It was, as I have since heard, caused by a barrel of tar at the top of the shears, which was placed there in order to light up the dockyards, where the Russians were embarking their wounded and stores for the north side.

flames! The fleet, the object of so much diplomatic controversy, and of so many bloody struggles, had disappeared in the deep! One more great act of carnage was added to the tremendous but glorious tragedy, of which the whole world, from the most civilized nations down to the most barbarous hordes of the East, was the anxious and excited audience. Amid shouts of victory and cries of despair—in frantic rejoicing and passionate sorrow—a pall of black smoke, streaked by the fiery flashings of exploding fortresses, descended upon the stage, on which had been depicted so many varied traits of human misery and of human greatness, such high endurance and calm courage, such littleness and weakness—across which had stalked characters which history may hereafter develope as largely as the struggle in which they were engaged, and swell to gigantic proportions, or which she may dwarf into pettiest dimensions, as unworthy of the parts they played. A dull, strange silence, broken at distant intervals by the crash of citadels and palaces as they were blown into dust, succeeded to the incessant dialogue of the cannon which had spoken so loudly and so angrily throughout an entire year. Tired armies, separated from each other by a sea of fires, rested on their arms, and gazed with varied emotions on all that remained of the object of their conflicts. On the 8th we felt that the great success of our valiant Allies was somewhat tarnished by our own failure, and were doubtful whether the Russians would abandon all hope of retaking the Malakoff. On the next day, ere noon, we were walking about the streets of Sebastopol, and gazing upon its ruins.

The last and decisive cannonade was commenced on the morning of Wednesday, September 5, by the French; it was continued with great vigour and effect, and followed at night by a devastating bombardment, in which all the Allied batteries joined. On the morning of the 6th, the English and French together opened the cannonade, beneath which the Russian batteries were almost broken to pieces, and to which they could not answer. In the evening the bombardment was renewed, and kept up all night; a fire appeared behind the Redan, and the enemy seemed, by their constant signalling, to be in much uneasiness. It was observed that great quantities of forage were being sent across the bridge from the north to the south side, although there were no cavalry in the latter. On the 7th the cannonade was continued in salvoes, as before, and it was remarked that the town began to present, in a most unmistakeable manner, traces of the terrible effects of the nightly bombardment. Nearly every house within range was split or in ruins. The bridge between the north and the south side was much crowded all day with men and carts passing to and fro, and large convoys were seen leaving the town. Towards evening the head of the great dockyard shears, so long a prominent object from our batteries, caught fire, and burnt fiercely in the high wind, for it blew a gale all day. A two-decker was set on fire and destroyed; and a steamer was busily employed towing a large dismasted frigate to the dockyard, out of range. In the middle of the day there was a council of the Allied Generals, and at two o'clock it became generally known that the

Allies would assault the place at noon on the 8th, after a vigorous cannonade and bombardment. The hour was well selected, as it had been ascertained that the Russians were accustomed to indulge in a siesta about that time. In the course of the night there was an explosion behind the Redan.

The weather changed suddenly on the 7th September, and on the morning of the 8th it became bitterly cold. A biting wind right from the north side of Sebastopol blew intolerable clouds of harsh dust into our faces. The sun was obscured; and the sky became of a leaden wintry grey. Early in the morning a strong force of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hodge, received orders to move up to the front and form a chain of sentries in front of Cathcart's-hill, and all along our lines. No person was allowed to pass this boundary excepting staff officers, or those provided with a pass. Another line of sentries in the rear of the camps was intended to stop stragglers and idlers from Balaklava, the object of these arrangements being in all probability to prevent the Russians gathering any intimation of our attack, from the unusual accumulation of people on the look-out hills. If so, it would have been better to have kept the cavalry more in the rear, and not to have displayed to the enemy a line of Hussars, Lancers, and Dragoons, along our front. At 11·30 the Highland Brigade, under Brigadier Cameron, marched up from Kamara, and took up its position in reserve at the right attack; and the Guards, also in reserve, were posted on the same side of the Woronzoff-road. The first brigade of the Fourth Division served the trenches of the left attack the night before, and remained in them. The second brigade of the Fourth Division was in reserve. The Guards, who served the trenches of the left attack, and only marched that morning, were turned out again after arriving at their camp, and resumed their place with alacrity. The Third Division, massed on the hill-side before their camp, were also in reserve, in readiness to move down by the left attack in case their services werer equired. General Pelissier, during the night, collected 36,000 men in and about the Mamelon, to form the storming columns for the Malakoff and Little Redan, and to provide the necessary reserves.

The French were reinforced by 5000 Sardinians, who marched up from the Tchernaya. It was arranged that the French should attack the Malakoff at noon, and, as soon as their attack succeeded, we were to assault the Redan. Strong columns of French were to make a diversion on the left, and menace the line of the Bastion du Mât, Centrale and Quarantine Bastions. The cavalry sentries were posted at 8·30 a.m. At 10·30 a.m., the Second and the Light Division moved down to the trenches, and were placed in the advanced parallels as quietly and unostentatiously as possible. About the same hour, General Simpson and Staff repaired to the second parallel of the Green-hill Battery, where the Engineer officers had placed them for the day. Sir Harry Jones, too ill to move hand or foot, nevertheless insisted on being carried down to witness the assault, and was borne to the trenches on a litter, in which he remained till all was over. The Commander-in-Chief, General Simpson, and Sir Richard Airey,

the Quartermaster-General, were stationed close to him.* The Duke of Newcastle was stationed at Cathcart's-hill in the early part of the day, and afterwards moved off to the right to the Picket-house look-out over the Woronzoff-road.

At 10·45, General Pelissier and his Staff went up to the French Observatory on the right. The French trenches were crowded with men as close as they could be packed, and we could, through the breaks in the clouds of dust, which were most irritating, see our troops all ready in their trenches. The cannonade languished purposely towards noon; but the Russians, catching sight of the cavalry and troops in front, began to shell Cathcart's-hill and the heights, and the bombs and long ranges disturbed the equanimity of some of the spectators by bursting with loud "thuds" right over their heads, and sending "the gunners' pieces" sharply about them. After hours of suspense, the moment came at last.

At five minutes before twelve o'clock, the French, like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches close to the Malakoff, scrambled up its face, and were through the embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the seven metres of ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battalion after battalion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch the tricolor was floating over the Korniloff Bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed, our Allies took the Russians by surprise, and very few of the latter were in the Malakoff; but they soon recovered themselves, and from twelve o'clock till past seven in the evening the French had to meet and repulse the repeated attempts of the enemy to regain the work, when, weary of the fearful slaughter of his men, who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, and, despairing of success the Muscovite General withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared, with admirable skill, to evacuate the place. Of the French attack on the left I know but little. It intended in earnest, it was not successful, and caused great loss to our Allies. As soon as the tricolor was observed waving through the smoke and dust over the parapet of the Malakoff, four rockets were sent up from Chapman's attack one after another, as a signal for our assault upon the Redan. They were almost borne back by the violence of the wind, and the silvery jets of sparks they threw out on exploding were scarcely visible against the raw grey sky.

Now, it will be observed that, while we attacked the Redan with two divisions only, a portion of each being virtually in reserve, and not engaged in the affair at all, the French made their assault on the Malakoff with four divisions of the second *corps d'armée*, the first and fourth divisions forming the storming columns, and the third and fifth being the support, with reserves of 10,000 men. The French had, probably, not less than 30,000 men in the right attack on the 7th of

* On the 18th June, Lord Raglan and Staff were stationed in the parallel of the right attack, close behind the Quarries, where they were exposed to heavy fire, but were close to the scene of the assault. The position in which General Simpson was placed by the Engineers was far from the Redan, and was separated from the trenches by the Woronzoff Ravine.

September. The divisional orders for the Second Division were very much the same as those for the Light Division.

DIVISION ORDERS.

June 17th, 1855.

1. The Light Division being about to be employed with others in the attack on the Redan, provisions will be issued and cooked this afternoon for to-morrow, and care must be taken that the men's canteens are filled with water this afternoon. Each man will be provided with twenty rounds of additional ammunition, to be carried in his haversack.

2. The whole guard of the trenches will be furnished this evening from the 2nd Brigade, and that portion of the Brigade which is not so employed will be formed in the morning in the first parallel, to the right of the 21-gun Battery, where it will be joined by the reserve of the trenches at daylight.

3. Weakly men and recruits will be selected for the camp guards and general care of the camp, where they are to remain, and will be directed not to show themselves on the high ground in front.

4. The Lieutenant-General having been charged with the columns of attack, the command of the Light Division will for the moment devolve on Major-General Codrington.

5. The officer in command of the guards of the trenches will take care to make such a disposition of his men as shall leave room for the additional troops which it is proposed shall be sent forward to the attack.

6. The right attack will be made by the 1st Brigade, under Colonel Yea, 7th Royal Fusileers, in the following order:—

100 of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, under Captain Forman, to form the covering party.

The 34th Regiment, consisting of 400 men, under Captain Guilt, the attacking party.

The support, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons—300 men of the 7th Fusileers, 300 of the 33rd Regiment, and 200 of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers.

Working party, under the command of Major Macdonell—400 of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade.

DIVISION ORDERS.

September 7th, 1855.

1. The Redan will be assaulted after the French have attacked the Malakoff. The Light and Second Divisions will share this important duty, each finding respectively the half of each party. The 2nd Brigade of the Light Division, with an equal number of the Second Division, will form the first body of attack, each Division furnishing, 1st, a covering party of 100 men, under a field-officer; 2nd, a storming party, carrying ladders, of 160 men, under a field-officer (these men to be selected for this especial duty—they will be the first to storm after they have placed the ladders); 3rd, a storming party of 500 men, with two field-officers; 4th, a working party of 100 men, with a field-officer. The support will consist of the remainder of the Brigade, to be immediately in the rear.

2. The covering party will consist of 100 rank and file of the 2nd

Battalion Rifle Brigade, under the command of Captain Thyers, and will be formed on the extreme left of the fifth parallel, ready to move out steadily in extended order towards the Redan. Their duty will be to cover the advance of the ladder party, and keep down the fire from the parapet.

3. The first storming party of the Light Division will consist of 160 men of the 97th Regiment, under the command of Major Welsford. This party will carry the ladders and will be the first to storm; they will be formed in the New Boyeau running from the centre of the fifth parallel; they will form immediately in rear of the covering party. They must be good men and true to their difficult duty, which is to arrive at the ditch of the Redan and place the ladders down it, to turn twenty ladders for others to come down by.

4. The next storming party will consist of 200 of the 97th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Hancock, and 300 of the 90th Regiment, under the command of Captain Grove. This party will be stationed in the fifth parallel, and will assault in columns of Divisions at one place. The Light Division will lead the whole column of attack, which will be formed in divisions of twenty files, and so told off.

5. The supports, consisting of 750 men of the 19th Regiment and 88th Regiment (with part of a Brigade of the Second Division on their left), will be placed as they stand in Brigade in the fourth parallel, from whence they will move into the fifth parallel as soon as the assault is made by those in front of them.

6. The working party of 100 men will be furnished by the 90th Regiment, under command of Captain Perrin, and will be placed in No. 2 and 3 Left Boyeau; they will afterwards receive their instructions from an officer of the Royal Engineers.

7. The remainder of the Light and Second Divisions will form a reserve—the Light Division in the Right Boyeaus between the third and fourth parallels, the Second Division in the Left Boyeaus between the third and fourth parallels.

8. The First and Highland Divisions will be formed in that part of the third parallel in communication with the French Right Attack, and in the Middle Ravine.

9. Two days' rations will be drawn and cooked, and issued to the men before 6 A.M. to-morrow.

10. Ten additional rounds of ammunition will be served out to each man on the private parades of regiments to-morrow morning.

11. The men will parade with red coats and forage caps, water-bottles to be quite full.

12. The covering party and first storming party will assemble at the usual place of meeting for the trenches, at 7 A.M. The next storming party, the working party, the supports, and the reserve, will parade, respectively, at the same place, at intervals of half-an-hour.

The covering party consisted of 100 men of the 3rd Buffs, under Captain John Lewes, who highly distinguished himself, and 100 men of the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under the command of Captain Hammond. The scaling-ladder party consisted of 160 of the

3rd Buffs, under Captain Maude, whose gallantry was very conspicuous throughout the affair, in addition to the 160 of the 97th Regiment, under the gallant and lamented Welsford. The part of the force of the Second Division consisted of 260 of the 3rd Buffs, 300 of the 41st (Welsh), 200 of the 62nd, and a working party of 100 men of the 41st Regiment. The rest of Windham's Brigade, consisting of the 47th and 49th, were in reserve, together with Warren's Brigade of the same division, of which the 30th and 55th were called into action, and suffered severely. Brigadier Shirley was on board ship, but as soon as he heard of the assault he resolved to join his brigade, and accordingly came up to camp that very morning. Colonel Unett, of the 19th Regiment, was the senior officer in Brigadier Shirley's absence, and on him would have devolved the duty of leading the storming column of the Light Division, had the latter not returned. Colonel Unett, ignorant of the Brigadier's intention to leave shipboard, had to decide with Colonel Windham, acting Brigadier, who should take precedence in the attack. They tossed, and Colonel Unett won. He had it in his power to say whether he would go first or follow Colonel Windham. He looked at the shilling, turned it over, and said, "My choice is made; I'll be the first man into the Redan." But fate willed it otherwise, and he was struck down badly wounded ere he had reached the abattis, although he was not leading the column.

As the Light Division rushed out into the open, they were swept by the guns of the Barrack Battery and by several pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused considerable loss amongst them ere they reached the salient or apex of the work at which they were to assault.

Brigadier Shirley, blinded by the dust knocked into his eyes by a shot, was obliged to retire, and his place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, of the 23rd Regiment, who was next in rank to Colonel Unett, already struck down and carried to the rear. Brigadier Van Straubenzee received a contusion on the face, and left the field. Colonel Handcock was mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammond fell dead. Major Welsford was killed on the spot, as he entered the work through an embrasure. Captain Grove was severely wounded. Many officers and men were hit and fell; and of the commanders of parties only Colonel Windham, Captain Fyers, Captain Lewes, and Captain Maude got untouched into the Redan, and escaped scatheless from the volleys of grape and balls which swept the flanks of the work towards the salient.

It was a few minutes after twelve when our men left the fifth parallel. The musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which the troops had to pass over about two hundred and thirty yards from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large proportion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders, with such exceptions as I have stated. The Riflemen behaved, as usual, admirably; but from their position they could not do much to reduce the fire of the guns on the flanks and below the re-entering angles. As they came nearer the salient, the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abattis without difficulty; it was torn to pieces and destroyed by our shot,

and the men stepped over and through it with ease. The Light Division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, at this place about fifteen feet deep. The men, led by their officers, leaped into the ditch and scrambled up the other side, whence they scaled the parapet almost without opposition; for the few Russians who were in front ran back and got behind their traverses and breastworks, and opened fire upon them, as soon as they saw our men on the top.

To show what different impressions different people receive of the same matter, let me remark that one officer of rank told me the Russians visible in the Redan did not exceed 150 men when we got into it—that the men could have carried the breast-works at the base with the greatest ease, if they had only made a rush for it. He further expressed an opinion that they had no field-pieces inside the breastworks from one re-entering angle to the other. A regimental officer, on the other hand, positively assured me that when he got on the top of the parapet of the salient he saw at about a hundred yards in advance of him the breastwork with gaps in it, through which were run the muzzles of field-pieces, and that in the rear of it were compact masses of Russian infantry, the front rank kneeling with fixed bayonets as if prepared to receive a charge of cavalry, while the two rear ranks over them kept up a sharp and destructive fire upon our men. The only way to reconcile these discrepancies is to suppose that the first spoke of the earliest stage of the assault, and that the latter referred to a later period, when the Russians may have opened embrasures in the breastwork, having been reinforced by the fugitives from the Malakoff, and by the troops behind the barracks in the rear. Lamentable as it no doubt is, and incredible almost to those who know how well the British soldier generally behaves in presence of the enemy, the men, when they reached the parapet, were seized by some strange infatuation, and began loading and file-firing, instead of following their officers, who were now falling fast, as they rushed on in front and tried to stimulate their soldiers by their example. Notwithstanding the popular prejudice to the contrary, most men stand fire much better than the bayonet—they will keep up a fusillade a few paces off much sooner than they will close with an enemy. It is difficult enough sometimes to get cavalry to charge, if they can find any decent excuse to lay by their swords and take to pistol and carabine, with which they are content to pop away for ever; and when cover of any kind is near at hand, a trench-bred infantry-man finds the charms of the cartridge quite irresistible.

I shall now proceed to give a detailed account of the part taken in the assault by the different regiments engaged in it, such as I gathered at the time from the officers engaged in it, and from the information I collected on the spot. The 77th Regiment furnished 160 men for the ladder party, and 200 for the storming party. The former, under the command of Major Welsford, were to proceed to the advanced parallel, and the latter, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Handcock, were to be in the fifth parallel. At 5 A.M. the regiment paraded and marched off. Eight men were told off to each ladder, and they had orders to leave the trench when the appointed

signal was made from the Malakoff. They were to be preceded by 100 of the Rifle Brigade, and by some Sappers and Miners to cut down the abattis, and they were to be followed by 160 of the 3rd Buffs, with twenty ladders also. The storming party was to follow the ladder party. A few minutes after twelve, Major Welsford, seeing the signal flying from the Malakoff, gave the word—"Ladders to the front!" The men instantly ran out of the parallel towards the salient of the Redan, and at the same time, Colonel Handcock, with his 200 stormers of the 97th, and 100 of the 90th, left the parallel. The ladders were managed with difficulty, but on entering the place there was little or no resistance. However, the Russians were soon roused out of their casemates, and flocked to the traverses, from which they kept up a heavy fire on the men getting over the parapet or through the embrasures. Thus it happened that so many were killed and wounded, that no sufficient force was left of the first arrivals to make a rush across the open space which lay between the salient and the traverses. By a rapidly increasing flanking and direct fire, converging on the salient, the Russians diminished our force; and as we were weakened they were strengthened by parties from both re-entering angles. The leader of the ladder party was killed by a gun fired as he entered the embrasure; Captain Sibthorpe was hit in two places; Lieutenant Fitzgerald and Ensign Hill were wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel Handcock was mortally wounded; poor M'Gregor fell, *inter primos*, inside the Redan; Captain Lumley, who shot two Russians in the angle on entering, was badly wounded; and Lieutenant Good-enough died of his wounds soon after; Captain Woods and Lieutenant Browne were also hit,—so that the 97th Regiment had five officers killed and six wounded, out of a complement of thirteen engaged; and their loss in non-commissioned officers and men was 201 out of 360. Those officers of the regiment who saw Colonel Windham in the Redan say they were in ten minutes before they observed him. The 3rd Buffs and 41st parties came in through the embrasures immediately after the 97th and 90th, till the enemy made their rush, and drove the English into the angle, and finally over the parapet to the exterior slope, where men of different regiments of the Light and Second Divisions were closely packed together firing into the Redan as long as their ammunition lasted, and as long as supplies were handed from those in rear to the front. One hour and a half had elapsed, the Russians having cleared the Redan, but not being in possession of the parapets, when they made a second charge with bayonets under a heavy fire of musketry, and throwing great quantities of large stones, and grape, and small round-shot, drove those in front back on the men in the rear, who were precipitated into the ditch. The gabions in the parapets also gave way, and rolled down with those upon them; and the men in the rear, thinking all was lost, retired precipitately into the fifth parallel. A party of the 30th advanced from this parallel just as Colonel Windham was asking for reinforcements, and ran up to the salient of the Redan, where they suffered severe loss.* Captain Rowlands, 41st, made a very gallant

* A private named O'Brien led them, or at least was the first to leap out of the trench, and was shot through the back as he was crossing the ditch by a Russian above him.

attempt to charge across the open space with a few men, but they were nearly all killed or wounded, and he was obliged to retire. Lieutenant Whitehead, Captain Sibthorpe, Lieutenants Browne and Fitzgerald, remained, with Colonel Legh, till only three privates were left in the angle, and they then all retreated together. Immediately after the head of the storming party of the Light Division entered, Colonel Windham, with the 2nd Division, got inside the Redan on their right, below the salient on the proper left face of the Redan, but in spite of all his exertions, he could do little more than the gallant officers of the 90th and 97th, and of the supporting regiments.

The storming columns of the Second Division issuing out of the fifth parallel rushed up immediately after the Light Division; but when they came close to the apex, Colonel Windham brought them, by a slight détour, to the right flank of the Light Division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure to which they came was in flames, but, moving on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and, with the aid of ladders and of each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Windham was the first or one of the very first men to enter on this side, and with him entered Pat Mahony, a great grenadier of the 41st, and Kennelly and Cornellis, privates of the same regiment. As Mahony entered with a cheer, he was shot through the head by a Russian rifleman, and fell dead before Colonel Windham; at the same moment Kennelly and Cornellis were wounded on each side of him. (The latter claimed the reward of 5*l.* offered by Colonel Herbert to the first man of his division who entered the Redan.) Running parallel to the faces of the Redan there was an inner parapet, intended to shield the gunners at the embrasures from the splinters of any shell which might burst in the body of the work. Several cuts in the rear of the embrasures enabled the men to retire inside in case of need, and very strong and high traverses ran all along the sides of the work itself, offering additional shelter.

At the base of the Redan, before the re-entering angles, was a breastwork, or, rather, a parapet with an irregular curve, which ran in front of the body of the place to the height of a man's neck. As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and this breastwork retreated behind the latter, or got behind the traverses for protection. From these they poured in a quick fire on the parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the Second and Light Divisions; and they, with an infatuation which all officers deplore, but cannot always remedy on such occasions, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing or charging behind the traverses. They loaded and fired as quickly as they could, doing but little execution, as the Russians were well covered by the breastwork. There were also groups of Russian riflemen behind the lower traverses near the base of the Redan, who kept up a galling fire upon our men. As the alarm of an assault circulated, the enemy came rushing up from the barracks in rear of the Redan, increasing the force and intensity of their fire, while our soldiers dropped fast. The

Russians were encouraged to maintain their ground by the immobility of our soldiers and the weakness of a fusillade, from the effects of which the enemy were well protected. In vain the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring valour, tried to urge our soldiers on to clear the work. The men, most of whom belonged to regiments which had suffered in the trenches, and were acquainted with the traditions of June 18th, had an impression that the Redan was extensively mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up; yet, to their honour be it recorded, many of them acted as became the men of Alma and Inkermann, and, rushing confusedly to the front, were swept down by the enemy's fire. The officers fell on all sides, singled out as a mark for the enemy by their courage. The men of the different regiments got mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 19th did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th, nor did the soldiers of the 23rd heed the commands of an officer who did not belong to the regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the Brigadiers, save Colonel Windham, were wounded, or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack.

This was all going on at the proper left face of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient. Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers, while the Russians were arriving in swarms from the town, and rushing down from the Malakoff, which had been occupied by the French. Thrice did Colonel Windham despatch officers to Sir W. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, to entreat of him to send up supports in some order of formation; but all these three officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear, and the Colonel's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Swire, of the 17th, a gallant young officer, was hit dangerously in the hip, as he went on his perilous errand. Supports were, indeed, sent up, but they advanced in disorder, from the fire to which they were exposed on their way, and arrived in driblets on the parapet, only to increase the confusion and the carnage. The narrow neck of the salient was too close to allow of any kind of formation; and the more the men crowded into it, the worse was the disorder, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour. The Russians had congregated in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Colonel Windham resolved to go to General Codrington himself. Seeing Captain Crealock, of the 90th, near him busy in encouraging his men, and exerting himself to get them into order, he said,* "I must go to the General for supports. Now, mind, let it be known, in case I am killed,

* Very unfavourable comments have been made upon Major-General (then Colonel and acting Brigadier) Windham's conduct in leaving the Redan at such a moment, and some French officers did not hesitate to speak of his "desertion" of his men, as they called it, in the severest terms. I have therefore thought it advisable to give the lengthened statement, which was furnished to me on the best authority the very day after the assault, of the motives which led General Windham to quit the Redan, and of the circumstances which preceded and followed that proceeding. I offer no opinion on the merits of the controversy. I merely state what were presented to me—I believe correctly—as facts by one who ought to have been conversant with them.—W. H. Russell.

why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel, through a storm of grape and rifle bullets, in safety; and standing on the top of the parapet he again asked for support. Sir W. Codrington asked him if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford, and said, if he thought so, "he might take the Royals," who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation the Redan is ours," was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for at that very moment our men were seen leaping into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, the Russians following them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even throwing stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch.

The struggle that ensued was short, desperate, and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet too, and isolated combats occurred, in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this *mêlée* the officers, armed only with their swords, had but little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a close and sudden contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians inside the Redan, locked in an embrace which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, were found next day as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on and fed each moment from the rear by company after company, and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, which had abandoned that protection which unanimity of courage affords, and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock advanced into the sea, and forced back the agitated waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp. Bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb craters in the external slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, having to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt.

The scene in the ditch was appalling, although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate to plunge headlong upon the mass of bayonets, muskets, and sprawling soldiers—the ladders were all knocked down or broken, so that it was difficult for the men to scale the other side—and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the uninjured, were all lying in piles together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grapeshot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, and under cover of this fire a good many

of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances the Russians persisted in remaining outside, in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand, and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is but right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery, ere they fired it—the only foundation for which report, as far as I could discover, was, that many of the bodies of our men found in the Redan were dreadfully scorched and burnt; but there were many Russians lying there in a similar state.

General Pelissier observed the failure of our attack from the rear of the Malakoff, and sent over to General Simpson to ask if he intended to renew it. The English Commander-in-Chief is reported to have replied that he did not then feel in a condition to do so. All this time the Guards and Highlanders, the Third and Fourth Divisions, and most of the reserves, had not been engaged. They could, indeed, have furnished materials for making another assault; but the subsequent movements of the Russians render it doubtful whether the glory of carrying the Redan, and of redeeming the credit of our arms, would not have been dearly purchased by the effusion of more valuable blood. As soon as we abandoned the assault, the firing slackened along our front; but in the rear of the Malakoff there was a fierce contest going on between masses of Russians, released from the Redan, or drawn from the town, and the French inside the work; and the fight for the Little Redan, on the proper left of the Malakoff, was raging furiously. Clouds of smoke and dust obstructed the view, but the rattle of musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke there could be seen now and then a tricolor, surmounted by an eagle, fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults of the enemy were vain against it. We could see, too, our noble Allies swarming over into the Malakoff, from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelon; or rushing with speed towards the right, where the Russians, continually reinforced, sought to beat back their foes, and to regain the key of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us all, but its issue was never doubted. It would be untrue to say that the result of our assault was not the source of deep grief and mortification to us, which all the glorious successes of our Allies could not wholly alleviate. Even those who thought any attack on the Redan useless and unwise, inasmuch as the possession of the Malakoff would, in their opinion, render the Redan untenable, could not but regret bitterly that, having undertaken the assault, we had not achieved a decisive triumph, and that so much blood had been, if not ingloriously, at least fruitlessly, poured forth.

The French, indeed, were generous enough to say that our troops behaved with great bravery, and that they wondered how we kept the Redan so long under such a tremendous fire; but British soldiers are rather accustomed to the *nil admirari* under such circum-

stances, and praise like that gives pain as well as pleasure. Many soldiers, entertaining the opinion to which I have alluded, think that we should at once have renewed the attempt. It is but small consolation to them to know that General Simpson intended to attack the Redan the following morning, inasmuch as the Russians by their retreat deprived us of the chance of retrieving our reputation, and at the same time acknowledged the completeness of the success achieved by our Allies, and the tremendous superiority of the fire directed against them.

As any particulars must be interesting, I have no hesitation in giving some additional details of the events of the 8th of September :—

"The Second Brigade, Light Division, stormed at noon. The 97th and 90th, 300 of each, commanded, the former by Major Welsford (whose head was blown off as he was mounting an embrasure—the gun was fired by a Russian officer, who immediately gave himself up as a prisoner to a sergeant of the 97th, that entered the moment after, throwing down his sword and saying, 'I am a prisoner of war'), the latter by Captain Grove, the senior officer of the regiment present with the service companies. The salient was carried at once, and the men entered the stronghold, which is a work traced on a most obtuse angle, requiring a large mass of men to assault it, not only at the salient, but at the same moment on both flanks, so as to turn them, and to enable the salient storming party to advance down the interior space of the works at once, taking the defenders in front and flank, and indeed in rear, at the same moment. In consequence of attacking the salient only, no front could be formed, on account of the small interior space at that point; the men were forced to advance by driblets, and at the same moment fired on from traverses on either flank, where they could not see their assailants, an evil at once obviated had the attack on the flanks and salient been simultaneous. The handful of men who assaulted and took the salient most gallantly held it against far superior numbers for a considerable time, until their ammunition being nearly expended, and receiving no flank support, which could alone assist them to any purpose, and being rushed on from these flanks by a vastly superior force, they retreated to the extreme side of the parapet, where they remained, and, being reinforced by some fresh men, kept up a heavy and continuous fire on the Russians in the interior of the work. They held their ground on this fast sinking parapet of loose earth, stones, and broken gabions, under a most galling fire from both flanks and in front, and continuous showers of vertical grape, from inside the work, for an hour and a half at least, when a sudden rush, made by the enemy, who had crept up the faces by the traverses, obliged the troops to give way, and step by step, pelting each other with huge stones, they retired, slipping and tumbling into the ditch, where many poor fellows were buried alive, from the scarps giving way. Then came the fearful run for life or death, with men rolling over like rabbits, then tumbling into the English trench, where the men lay four deep on each other. The men once in manned the parapet, and kept up a heavy and continuous fire on the enemy on the parapets of the Redan.

"The rest you know. The Rifles behaved nobly, and where they had tried to creep up the ditch to pick off the Russians on the flanks, they lay four and five deep, all together. Colonel Lysons, of the 23rd, as usual, was all energy, and, though severely wounded through the thigh and unable to stand, remained on the ground cheering on the men and giving directions to the last. Colonel Handcock, of the 97th, was shot through the head on the crest of the Redan, and died soon after arriving in camp. Captain Preston, and Lieutenants Swift and Wilmer, of the 90th, were all killed inside, where their bodies were found the next morning. Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, whose conduct was beyond praise, was shot in both legs severely, and taken prisoner when we left the place, it being impossible to get him over the ditch. He was found in a Russian hospital, and brought to camp to die. Lieutenant and Adjutant Dyneley, of the 23rd Fusileers, was mortally wounded—a most excellent officer, and a great loss to the regiment and the service. Individual deeds of daring were too frequent to particularize. The first dead Russian on the extreme salient was a Russian officer shot through the mouth—a singularly handsome man, with hands and feet white and delicate as a woman's.

"The 41st, which followed the Light Division storming party, whose position in advance was determined, as I have already stated, by Colonel Windham and Colonel Unett 'tossing up for choice,' got into the Redan nearly as soon as the 90th and 97th, who formed the leading column of attack on the salient, and the parties of each division were soon inextricably mixed. I do not know the names of the first soldiers of the 90th and 97th who got in, but several soldiers of these regiments lay dead and wounded in advance near the Russian breastwork on the morning of the 9th. The men of the 41st who rushed into the Redan with Colonel Windham, were, Hartnady, Kennelly, Cornellis, and Pat Mahony; the last, a fine tall grenadier, fell dead in the embrasure by Colonel Windham's side, shot through the heart as he was shouting, "Come on, boys—come on!" His blood spouted over those near him, but the men rushed on till they became confused among the traverses, and then the scene took place which I have tried to describe. The salient, however favourable to the assailants in one sense, was extremely disadvantageous to them in another, inasmuch as it prevented them getting into any kind of formation. It was, of course, the apex of the triangle, and was very narrow, while the enemy firing from the base poured a concentrated fire upon the point, and felled every man who showed boldly from behind the traverses, and the parapet upon which our soldiers were crowded. At the first rush, had Colonel Windham been able to get a handful of men together to charge at the breastwork, the few Russians there must have been routed, and by the time their reinforcements came up our men would have been able to reverse the face of the breastwork, and to close the Redan to their assailants. But seconds of time generate great events in war. Our delay gave the enemy time both to recover from their panic when they were driven from the salient, and to send up strong bodies of men from their bomb-proofs and the cover at the back of the Redan; and by degrees this accumulating mass, advancing from the angles of the breastwork, moved up

along the traverses parallel with the parapets of the Redan, and drove our men into the salient, where, by feeble driblets and incapable of formation, they were shot down in spite of the devotion and courage of their leader and the example of their officers. The salient was held by our men for one hour and fifty-six minutes!

"While General Codrington, who seemed (in the opinion of those around him) to have lost for the time the coolness which characterized him, was hesitating about sending up more men, or was unable to send them up in any formation, so as to form a nucleus of resistance and attack, the Redan was lost,* and our men, pressed by the bayonet, by heavy fusillades, and by some field guns, which the enemy had now brought up, were forced over the parapet into the ditch. Colonel Eman, one of the very best officers in the army,—a man of singular calmness and bravery, who was beloved by his regiment, his officers and men, and whose loss was lamented by all who knew him,—was shot through the lungs as he was getting his men into order. His sword arm was uplifted over his head at the time, and it was thought his lungs were uninjured. The surgeon, when he was carried back, told him so, but he knew too well such hopes were vain. 'I feel I am bleeding internally,' he said, with a sad smile. He died that night. Two captains of the same regiment fell beside him—Corry and Lockhart. Captain Rowlands, who very much distinguished himself, had the most extraordinary escapes, and was only slightly wounded, though hit in two places. This detachment lost 184 officers and men. The 49th, who were in reserve, lost 1 officer killed, 2 wounded, 2 privates killed, and 23 wounded. For the last thirty minutes of this contest the English, having exhausted their ammunition, threw stones at their opponents, but the Russians retaliated with terrible effect by 'hand-grape' and small cannon-shot, which they hurled at our men. Captain Rowlands was knocked down and stunned by one of these missiles, which hit him right on the eye. As soon as he recovered and got up, he was struck by another grape-shot in the very same place, and knocked down again.

"The 30th Regiment was formed in the fourth parallel, left in front, on the right of the 55th; and when the storming party moved out of the fifth parallel the supports occupied it, and were immediately ordered to advance on the salient angle of the Redan, by three companies at a time, from the left. The distance from the place in which they were posted up to the salient considerably exceeded 200 yards; and as the men had to cut across as quickly as they could in order to escape the raking fire of grape, and to support the regi-

* Sir W. Codrington, who acted with great gallantry at the Alma, and who proved himself a most careful and excellent Brigadier and a zealous General of Division, denied at the time, in a letter which came under my notice, that he was at all discomposed by the untoward events of the 8th September. But a man, under such circumstances, is not the best judge of his own acts; and though I have the highest admiration for General Codrington's bravery, honesty, simplicity of mind and character, and soldierly qualities, I think it right to retain the statement which I made on the faith of officers who had opportunities of observing him on that day, when he was indeed charged with enormous responsibility, and subjected to the severest test by which a general can be tried.

ments in front, they were breathless when they arrived at the ditch. When they arrived, all blown by this double, they found only two scaling-ladders at the scarp, and two more at the other side, to climb up to the parapet. They got over, however, and ascended the face of the Redan. By the time the supports got up, the Russians were pushing up their reserves in great force, and had already got some field-pieces up to the breastwork; and the regiment falling into the train of all around them, instead of advancing, began to fire from the parapet and upper traverses till all their ammunition was exhausted, when they commenced pelting the Russians with stones. In this condition no attempts were made to move the reserves whatever, while the Russians accumulated mass after mass upon them from the open ground in rear of the Redan, and deployed their columns on the breastwork, whence they delivered a severe fire upon us. The whole garrison of the Malakoff and their supports also came down on the left flank of the Redan and added to our assailants, and indeed there was reason to fight, for the possession of the Redan would have destroyed the enemy's chance of escape. In this gallant regiment there were 16 officers, 23 sergeants, &c., and 384 privates. On marching down to the trenches, 1 officer was killed and 10 were wounded, 6 sergeants were wounded, 41 privates were killed and 101 privates were wounded, and 2 officers and 6 privates died of their wounds.

"The 55th Regiment was the support along with the 30th, and was stationed in the fourth parallel till the assaulting columns had cleared out of the fifth parallel, which it then occupied, and left soon afterwards to mingle in the *mêlée* at the salient of the Redan. Poor Lieut.-Colonel Cuddy, who assumed the command when Lieut.-Colonel Cure was wounded in the right arm, was killed as he led his men up the open to the face of the Redan; and of the remaining 10 officers who went out with the regiment, Captain Morgan, Captain Hume, Lieutenant J. R. Hume, and Lieutenant Johnson, were wounded. The regiment went out less than 400 strong, and suffered a loss of 140 officers and men killed and wounded.

"The 62nd Regiment went into action 245 of all ranks. They were formed into two companies, with four officers to each, and the Colonel, Major, Adjutant, and Acting Assistant-Surgeon O'Callaghan, and formed part of the storming party. Colonel Tyler was hit in the hand crossing the open space in front of the Redan, and retired. Lieutenant Blakeston was shot in getting through an embrasure of the Redan. Lieutenant Davenport was shot through the nose. On the parapet two officers were killed or died of their wounds, and four officers were wounded out of a total of eleven; three sergeants were killed and four wounded out of sixteen; one drummer was killed out of eight, and fourteen rank and file were killed, and seventy-five were wounded out of 210. Such was this heavy day. To show how it fell on our Allies, I give the following *fact*:—The 15th Regiment, Colonel Garrain, went into action 900 strong against the Little Redan, and came out 310. The two Chefs de Bataillon were killed, eleven officers were killed, and nineteen officers were wounded. It was observed that an immense number of the Russian dead in the front were officers.

"Our attack lasted about an hour and three-quarters, and in that time we lost more men than at Inkermann, where the fighting lasted for seven hours. At 1·48 P.M., which was about the time we retired, there was an explosion either of a tumbrel or of a fougasse between the Mamelon and the Malakoff, to the right, which seemed to blow up several Frenchmen, and soon afterwards the artillery of the Imperial Guard swept across from the rear towards the Little Redan, and gave us an indication that our Allies had gained a position from which they could operate against the enemy with their field-pieces. From the opening of the attack the French batteries over Careening Bay had not ceased to thunder against the Russian fleet, which lay silently at anchor below; and a lively cannonade was kept up between them and the Inkermann batteries till the evening, which was interrupted every now and then by the intervention of the English redoubt, and the late Selinghinsk and Volhynia redoubts, which engaged the Russian batteries at the extremity of the harbour. At one o'clock wounded men began to crawl up from the batteries to the camp; they could tell us little or nothing. 'Are we in the Redan?' 'Oh, yes; but a lot of us is killed, and the Russians are mighty strong.' Some were cheerful, others desponding; all seemed proud of their wounds. Half-an-hour more, and the number of wounded increased; they came up by twos and threes, and—what I had observed before as a bad sign—the number of stragglers accompanying them, under the pretence of rendering assistance, became greater also. Then the ambulances and the cacolets (or mule litters) came in sight along the Woronzoff-road filled with wounded. Every ten minutes added to their numbers, and we could see that every effort was made to hurry them down to the front as soon as they were ready for a fresh load. The litter-bearers now added to the length of the melancholy train. We heard that the temporary hospitals in front were full, and that the surgeons were beginning to get anxious about the extent of their accommodation for the wounded.

"Another bad sign was, that the enemy never ceased throwing up shell to the front, many of which burst high in the air, over our heads, while the pieces flew with a most unpleasant whir around us. These shells were intended for our reserves; and, although the fusees did not burn long enough for such a range, and they all burst at a considerable elevation, they caused some little injury and annoyance to the troops in the rear, and hit some of our men. The rapidly-increasing swarms of wounded men, some of whom had left their arms behind them, at last gave rise to suspicions of the truth; but their answers to many eager questioners were not very decisive or intelligible, and some of them did not even know what they had been attacking. One poor young fellow, who was stumping stiffly up with a broken arm and a ball through his shoulder, carried off his firelock with him, but he made the *naïve* confession that he had 'never fired it off, for he could not.' The piece turned out to be in excellent order. It struck one that such men as these, however brave, were scarcely a fit match for the well-drilled soldiers of Russia; and yet we were trusting the honour, reputation, and glory of Great Britain to undisciplined lads from the plough, or the lanes of our towns and

villages! As one example of the sort of recruits we rece
mention that there was a considerable number of men i
which came out to regiments in the Fourth Division, who had
enlisted a few days, and who had never fired a rifle in their

"As I wrote at the time—'It must not be imagined t
rawness can be corrected and turned into military efficiency ou
for the fact is, that this siege has been about the worst possible
for developing the courage and manly self-reliance of a so
neither does it teach him the value of discipline and of united ac
When he goes into the trenches he learns to dodge behind gab
and to take pot shots from behind stones and parapets, and at
same time he has no opportunity of testing the value of his co
rades, or of proving himself against the enemy in the open fie
The natural result follows. Nor can it be considered as aught bu
ominous of evil that there have been two Courts of Inquiry recently
held concerning two most distinguished regiments—one, indeed, be-
longing to the highest rank of our infantry; and the other a well-tried
and gallant regiment, which was engaged in this very attack—in con-
sequence of the alleged misconduct of their young soldiers during
night affairs in the trenches.'

"General Simpson remained in the Green-hill Battery till six o'clock, at which hour General Pelissier sent to inform him that the Malakoff was perfectly safe, and to ask him what the English intended to do with respect to the Redan. General Simpson had by this time, it is said, formed the determination of attacking it the following morning at five o'clock with the Guards and the Third and Fourth Divisions, but he would not act when asked to do so by the French General. The difficulty of obtaining accurate information of the progress of an action cannot be better exemplified than by this fact, that at three o'clock one of our Generals of Division did not know whether we had taken the Redan or not. Towards dusk, the Guards, who had been placed in reserve behind our Right Attack, were marched off to their camp, and a portion of the Highlanders were likewise taken off the ground. The Guards had only arrived from the trenches the very same morning; but, to their great credit be it said, they turned out again without a murmur after a rest of a couple of hours for breakfast, although they had been 'on' for forty-eight hours previously. The Third Division and a portion of the Highlanders were sent down to do the trench duties in the evening and night."

From the following statement of the loss sustained by the Light Division, it will be seen that this gallant body, which behaved so well at the Alma, and maintained its reputation at Inkermann, suffered as severely as it did in gaining the former great victory; and an examination of the return will, we fear, show that the winter, the trenches, and careless recruiting, did their work, and that the officers furnished a noble example of devotion and gallantry. In the Light Division there were 73 officers and 964 men wounded—total, 1037.

The loss of this division was 1001 in killed and wounded at the Alma.

The number of officers killed was 15; of men killed, 94—total, 109. The regiments of the division which furnished storming columns were

[illegible] (or Perthshire Volunteers) and the 97th (or Earl of Ulster's). [illegible] 90th, Captain Preston and Lieutenants Swift and Willmer were [illegible]; only 3 men were killed. Lieutenant Swift penetrated the [illegible]nest of all those who entered the Redan, and his dead body was [illegible]covered far in advance, near the re-entering angle. Captains [illegible]rove, Tinling, and Wade, Lieutenants Rattray, Pigott, Deverill, and Sir C. Pigott, and 90 men severely; Captains Perrin and Vaughan, Lieutenants Rous, Graham, and Haydock and 35 men slightly, wounded. Total killed, 3 officers, 3 men; wounded, 12 officers, 126 men. In the 97th, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. R. Handcock, Major Welsford, Captain Hutton, and Lieutenant Douglas M'Gregor, and 1 man were killed. Captain Lumley and 10 men dangerously; Captain Sibthorpe, Lieutenant Goodenough, and 38 men severely; Captain Woods, Lieutenants Hill, Fitzgerald, Brown, and 40 men slightly, wounded. Total killed, 4 officers, 1 man; wounded, 7 officers, 88 men. The colonel having been shot through the head, was carried to his tent, but the ball having lodged in the brain, he was never sensible, and expired that night. Lieutenant M'Gregor, the son of the Inspector-General of Irish Constabulary, was adjutant of the regiment, and as remarkable for his unostentatious piety and Christian virtues as for his bravery and conduct in the field. The rest of the division was engaged in supporting the storming columns.

In the 7th Royal Fusileers, Lieutenants Wright and Colt, and 11 men were killed; Major Turner, Lieutenant-Colonels Heyland and Hibbert, Captain Hickey, and Captain Jones (Alma), were wounded; 67 men were wounded. In the 23rd (Royal Welsh Fusileers), Lieutenants Somerville and Dyneley were killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons was slightly wounded, and the following officers more or less injured by shot, shell, or bayonet:—Captains Vane, Poole, Millett, Holding, Beck, Hall-Dare, Williamson, Tupper, O'Connor, Radcliffe, Perrott, and Beck. Total killed, 2 officers, 1 man; wounded, 13 officers, 130 men. In the 33rd, Lieutenant Donovan, a most promising and dashing officer, lost his life while looking over the parapet at the fight. He went with the regiment as an amateur, in company with his brother, all through Bulgaria, and into action with them at the Alma as a volunteer, where he so much distinguished himself that the colonel recommended him for a commission, which he received without purchase. Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, who was shot through the body at the Alma, was severely wounded; Captain Ellis and Lieutenants Willis and Trent were slightly, and the Adjutant Toseland severely, wounded; 45 men wounded. Total killed, 1 officer; wounded, 5 officers, 45 men. In the 34th, which was in the parallel behind the columns, 3 men were killed. Lieutenants Harris and Laurie were severely wounded, and 62 men were wounded. In the 19th, nearly every officer was touched more or less, 128 men were wounded, and 25 killed. The officers wounded were—Colonel Unett, severely (since dead); Major Warden, slightly; Captain Chippindall, ditto; Lieutenants Godfrey, Goren, and Massey, dangerously; Molesworth, severely; Bayley, slightly; Ensign Martin, slightly; and Ensign Young, dangerously. Total killed, 25 men; wounded, 10 officers, 128 men. In the 77th, 42 men were wounded; killed not known;

Captain Parker mortally wounded. Wounded, Captain Butts, s
Lieutenants Knowles, Leggett, and Watson, ditto. One officer
4 officers, 42 men wounded. In the 88th Regiment, 105 me
wounded. Captain Grogan was killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Max
C.B., was wounded twice in the thigh and once in the arm sever
Captains Mauleverer and Beresford, Lieutenants Lambert, Hopto
Scott, and Ensign Walker, were wounded severely. Total, 1 officer
killed; wounded, 9 officers, 105 men. In the Rifle Brigade, Captain
Hammond, who was only three days out from England, and Lieutenant
Ryder and 13 men were killed; and Lieutenant Pellew slightly,
Lieutenant Eyre severely, Major Woodford slightly, Captain Eccles
and Lieutenant Riley severely, wounded. Total, 2 officers, 13 men
killed; wounded, 8 officers, 125 men. The loss of officers in Wind-
ham's Brigade, and in the portion of Warren's Brigade which moved
to his support, was equally severe.

The Second Division had on the General Staff, 1 officer, Lieutenant
Swire, Aide-de-camp, dangerously; 2 officers, Major Rooke and Lieu-
tenant Morgan, Aide-de-camp, severely; 1 officer, Brigadier Warren,
slight scratch in head; and 1 officer, Colonel Percy Herbert, a still
slighter scratch. Total, 5 officers wounded. In 1st Royals, 2nd Bat-
talion, 1 man was killed; 2 officers, Major Plunkett and Lieutenant
Williams, and 3 men, severely; Captain Gillman, and 2 men, danger-
ously; Lieutenant Keate, and 13 men slightly, wounded. Total
killed, 1; wounded, 4 officers, 18 men. 3rd Buffs, 39 men killed, 76
wounded, 7 officers. Brigadier Straubenzee, a scratch over the eye;
Captain Wood Dunbar, Lieutenant Cox, Ensigns Letts and Peachey,
wounded. In 41st Foot, 2 officers, Captains Lockhart and Every,
2 men, killed; Colonel Eman, C.B., dangerously (since dead); Lieu-
tenant Kingscote, severely; Major Pratt, Captain Rowlands, Lieu-
tenants Maude and Hamilton, slightly wounded. Total killed,
2 officers, 2 men; wounded, 6 officers, 111 men. In 47th Regiment,
3 men killed, 27 men wounded. In 49th Regiment, Captain Rochfort
and 2 men killed; Major King, Ensign Mitchell, and 26 men,
wounded. In 55th Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Cuddy, killed;
Major Cure, Captain R. Hume, Captain J. Hume, Captain Richards,
Lieutenant Johnson, and 105 men, wounded. In 62nd Regiment,
Captains Cox and Blakeston, killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Tyler, Major
Daubeney, Captain Hunter, Lieutenants Dirin and Davenport, and
67 men, wounded. In 95th Foot, Captain Sergeant and Lieutenant
Packinton, slightly contused, and 3 men slightly wounded.

In the First Division, 2nd Brigade, the 31st Foot lost an excellent
officer, Captain Attree, before the assault took place; he was mortally
wounded in the trenches. They had two men slightly wounded. In the
Scots Fusileer Guards, and 56th Foot, there were only two men slightly
wounded—one in each regiment; out of 256 men admitted into the
General Hospital, Third Division camp, 17 died almost immediately.
In the Highland Division, the 42nd Foot had 12 men wounded;
the 72nd Foot had 1 officer, Quartermaster Maidmont, mortally
wounded; 1 man killed, and 17 men wounded; the 79th had 11 men
wounded; and the 93rd had 5 men wounded. In the Fourth Divi-
sion, the 17th Regiment had Lieutenant Thompson and Lieutenant

Parker, and 19 men wounded; the 20th Regiment had 6 men wounded; the 21st, 8 men wounded; the 46th Regiment, 1 man, wounded; the 48th, 6 men wounded; the 57th, 4 men wounded; the 63rd Regiment, Colonel Lyndsay (severely), and 4 men wounded, and 1 killed; the 68th, 1 man wounded; the Rifle Brigade, 1st Battalion, 2 men killed, and 9 men wounded. In the Right Attack of the Royal Artillery Siege Train, Commissary Hayter and 5 men were killed; Captain Fitzroy, Lieutenants Champion and Tyler, and 34 men were wounded. In the Left Attack, Captain Sedley, Major Chapman, Lieutenant Elphinstone, R.E., and 7 sappers and miners, were wounded. The regiments in the trenches lost as follows:—Rifle Brigade, 2 wounded; 3rd Foot, 2 ditto; 17th, 1 ditto; 23rd Fusileers, 13 ditto; 41st, 3 ditto; 55th, 1 ditto; 62nd, 2 killed, 3 wounded; 77th, 1 killed, 1 wounded; 88th, 1 wounded; 90th, 1 killed, 11 wounded; 93rd, 1 wounded; 97th, 2 wounded; 19th, 1 killed, 1 wounded. The total given by Sir John Hall was—24 officers, and 129 men killed; 134 officers and 1897 men, wounded.

CHAPTER IX.

Painful Depression—Tremendous Explosions—Retreat of the Russians—Chronicle of Events—General After-Order—Visit to the City—Strength of the Works—Surprise in Camp—Rush to the City—Plunder—Ghastly Sights—The Dead and the Dying—Inside the Works—Value of the Malakoff—Terrible Picture of the Horrors of War—Hospital of Sebastopol—Heart-rending Scene—Chambers of Horrors—The Great Redan—Wreck and Destructon—Russian Steamers—Tornado—Destruction of Russian Steamers—Sinope avenged.

THERE was a feeling of deep depression in camp all night. It was quite uncertain what the result would be, as we knew the French were only in the Malakoff, and we were painfully aware that our attack had failed. It was an eventful night. The camp was full of wounded men; the hospitals were crowded; and sad stories ran from mouth to mouth respecting the losses of the officers, and the behaviour of the men.

Fatigued and worn out by excitement, I lay down to rest, but scarcely to sleep, on the night of the 8th September. At my last walk up to the front of the camp, after sunset, nothing was remarkable, except the silence of the batteries on both sides—the firing being chiefly on the extreme left and right of the attack. About seven o'clock, an artillery officer in the Quarries observed the enemy pouring across the bridge in large masses, and said he sent word to that effect to General Simpson. About eleven o'clock my hut was shaken by a violent shock as of an earthquake, but I was so thoroughly tired and worn out that it did not rouse me for more than an instant; having persuaded myself it was "only a magazine," I was asleep again. In another hour these shocks were repeated in quick succession several times, so that Morpheus himself could not have slumbered; and I got up, and walked up to Cathcart's Hill. Fires blazed in Sebastopol,

but they were obscured with smoke, and by the dust which still blew through the night air. As the time wore on, these fires grew and spread, fed at intervals by tremendous explosions. When the first grey rays of morning came, the truth was revealed—the Russians were abandoning the city they had defended so gallantly and so long. Their fleet was beneath the waters. A continuous stream of soldiery could be seen marching across the bridge to the north side, where all seemed agitation and alarm. And what were we doing? Just looking on. It was after five o'clock ere General Bentinck came out of his hut, close to Cathcart's Hill, to "see what the matter was." Of course, that careful officer was not in any way concerned in the arrangements for the attack or for the assault. He was only a divisional officer, and could not in any way direct the action of the troops.

At 8 o'clock the night before, the Russians began quietly to withdraw from the town, in the principal houses of which they had previously stored up combustibles, in order to render Sebastopol a second Moscow. With great art the General kept up a fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as though he intended to renew his efforts to regain the Malakoff. About 12·30 A.M. the men of the Highland Division on duty in the trenches were surprised at the silence in the Redan, and some volunteers managed to creep into it. Nothing could they hear but the heavy breathing and groans of the wounded and dying, who, with the dead, were the sole occupants of the place. As it was thought the Redan was mined, the men came back, and soon afterwards the Russian tactics became apparent. About 2 o'clock A.M., flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town. They spread gradually over the principal buildings. By 2 o'clock A.M. the fleet, with the exception of the steamers, had been scuttled and sunk. At 4 o'clock A.M., a terrible explosion behind the Redan shook the whole camp; it was followed by four other explosions equally startling. The city was enveloped in fire and smoke, and torn asunder by the tremendous shocks of these volcanoes. At 4·45 A.M. the magazine of the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up. At 5·30 A.M. two of the southern forts, the Quarantine and Alexander, went up into the air, and the effect of these explosions was immensely increased by the rush of a great number of live shell that followed, and which burst in all directions. While this was going on, a steady current of infantry was passing to the north side over the bridge; and at 6·45 A.M. the last battalion had escaped, and the hill-sides opposite the city were alive with Russian troops. Several small explosions took place inside the town at 7·10 A.M. Columns of black smoke began to rise from the neighbourhood of Fort Paul at 7·12 A.M., from a steamer in one of the docks. At 7·15 A.M. the connexion of the floating-bridge with the south side was severed. At 7·16 A.M. flames began to ascend from Fort Nicholas. At 8·7 A.M. the last part of the bridge was floated off in portions to the north side. At 9 A.M. several violent explosions took place in the works on our left, opposite the French. The town at 10 A.M. was in a mass of flames, and the pillar of black, grey, and velvety fat smoke ascending from it seemed to support the very heavens. The French continued to fire guns on the left, probably to keep out stragglers; but ere the Russians left the

place, the Zouaves and sailors had obtained entrance, and were busily engaged in plundering. Not a shot was fired to the front and centre. The Russian steamers were very busy towing boats and stores across.

It is difficult, as I have had occasion to observe on similar occasions, to give with any pretensions to accuracy the details of a battle; but it becomes almost impossible to attain correctness in describing such an affair as the assault on the Redan, under the peculiar circumstances which attended it. In addition to the smoke of battle, flying clouds of dust mingled with sand blew right into the faces of the men and swept the hills in their rear, which were crowded with the spectators, or those who tried to catch a glimpse of what was going on. The irregularity of the ground offered another impediment to the view; but greater than all these obstacles was this, that no one could see what was going on inside the Redan, which seemed to engulf our soldiers within its huge dun-coloured and ragged parapets, only to vomit them forth again in diminished numbers. It was all along but too plain to understand what was taking place within from the external aspect of that ill-fated work, the slopes of which twice astonished the world with the sight of British troops retreating after two successive attacks on its formidable defences. This Redan cost us more lives than the capture of Badajoz, without including those who fell in its trenches and approaches; and, although the enemy evacuated it, we could scarcely claim the credit of having caused them such loss that they retired owing to their dread of a renewed assault. On the contrary, we must, in fairness, admit that the Russians maintained their hold of the place till the French were established in the Malakoff, and the key of the position was torn from their grasp. They might, indeed, have remained in the place longer than they did, as the French were scarcely in a condition to molest them from the Malakoff with artillery; but the Russian General possessed too much genius and experience as a soldier to lose men in defending an untenable position, and his retreat was effected with masterly skill and with perfect ease in the face of a victorious enemy. Covering his rear by the flames of the burning city, and by tremendous explosions, which spoke in tones of portentous warning to those who might have wished to cut off his retreat, he led his battalions in narrow files across a deep arm of the sea, which ought to have been commanded by our guns, and in the face of a most powerful fleet. He actually paraded them in our sight as they crossed, and carried off all his most useful stores and munitions of war. He left us few trophies, and many bitter memories. He sank his ships and blew up his forts without molestation; nothing was done to harass him in his retreat, with the exception of some paltry efforts to break down the bridge by cannon-shot, or to shell the troops as they marched over.

His steamers towed his boats across at their leisure, and when every man had been placed in safety, and not till then, the Russians began to dislocate and float off the different portions of their bridge, and to pull it over to the north side.

On the 9th the following After-Order was issued, when it became known that the city was abandoned:—

"General After-Order.

"Head Quarters, *September* 9.

"The Commander of the Forces congratulates the army on the result of the attack of yesterday.

"The brilliant assault and occupation of the Malakoff by our gallant Allies obliged the enemy to abandon the works they have so long held with such bravery and determination.

"The Commander of the Forces returns his thanks to the general officers and officers and men of the Second and Light Divisions, who advanced and attacked with such gallantry the works of the Redan. He regrets, from the formidable nature of the flanking defences, that their devotion did not meet with that immediate success which it so well merited.

"He condoles and deeply sympathizes with the many brave officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who are now suffering from the wounds they received in the course of their noble exertions of yesterday.

"He deeply deplores the death of the many gallant officers and men who have fallen in the final struggle of this long and memorable siege.

"Their loss will be severely felt, and their names long remembered in this army and by the British nation.

"General Simpson avails himself of this opportunity to congratulate and convey his warmest thanks to the general officers, officers, and soldiers of the several divisions, to the Royal Engineers and Artillery, for their cheerful endurance of almost unparalleled hardships and sufferings, and for the unflinching courage and determination which on so many trying occasions they have evinced.

"It is with equal satisfaction that the Commander of the Forces thanks the officers and men of the Naval Brigade for the long and uniform course of valuable service rendered by them from the commencement of the siege.

"By order,

"H. W. Barnard, Chief of the Staff."

When we visited the city, the wonder of the spectators was divided at the strength of the works, and at the defence. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place would explain the apparent contradiction. It was clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would have soon become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily have annihilated an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity

and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves was prodigious. One heard our engineers feebly saying, "They are badly traced," and that kind of thing; but it was quite evident that the Russian, who is no match for the Allies in the open field, had been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardments ever known, and a siege of eleven months; that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position; and the inference is, that his engineers possessed consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts.

It is sufficient to say that of the three or four points attacked —the Little Redan and the Malakoff on the right, and the Bastion Centrale and the re-entering angle of the Flagstaff Work on the left—but one was carried, and that was a closed work. The Great Redan, the Little Redan, and the line of defence on the left were not taken, although the attack was resolute, and the contest obstinate and bloody for both assailants and defenders. Whether we ought to have attacked the Great or Little Redan, or to have touched the left at all, was another question, which was ventilated by many, but which it is not for me to decide. It is certain that the enemy knew his weakness, and was too good a strategist to defend a position of which we held the key. Sebastopol in flames, his ships gone, told the story next morning, and some 10,000 French and English soldiers were its commentators. Could we have done so, it would have been well for the English to claim the honour of joining in the assault on the Malakoff, the tower of which we had beaten into ruins, and abstain from attacking the Redan, which could offer a desperate, and, as events proved, a successful resistance, till the works around the Malakoff were taken.

The surprise throughout the camp on the Sunday morning was beyond description when the news spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. When I rose before daybreak, and got up to Cathcart's Hill, there were not many officers standing on that favourite spot; and the sleepers, who had lain down to rest doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamt that Sebastopol was ours. About twelve o'clock, the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up an embrasure of the Redan, and found the place deserted by all save the dead and dying. Soon afterwards, wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became alight —the flames shone out of the windows of the houses—rows of mansions caught and burned up, and before daybreak the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye—was on fire from the sea to the Dockyard Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up early in the night, with a stupendous crash, that made the very earth reel. At sunrise, four large explosions on the left followed in quick succession, and announced the

destruction of the Quarantine Fort, and of the magazines of the batteries of the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Fort. In a moment afterwards the proper left of the Redan was the scene of a very heavy explosion, which must have destroyed a number of wounded men on both sides. Fortunately, the soldiers who had entered it early in the night were withdrawn. The Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up, one after another, at 4·45. At 5·30 there were two of the largest and grandest explosions on the left that ever shook the earth—most probably from Fort Alexander and the Grand Magazine. The rush of black smoke, grey and white vapour, masses of stone, beams of timber, and masonry into the air was appalling, and then followed the roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown up into the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky—innumerable flashes of fire twittering high up in the column of dark smoke over the town, and then changing rapidly into as many balls of white smoke, like little clouds.

All this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off *matériel* from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction, and renew the fires of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet, all that remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line-of-battle ships. As soon as it was dawn, the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by that of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon-shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the very object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, tepi and Zouave fez, could soon be distinguished amid the flames, moving from house to house. Before five o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behindhand in looking for "loot," and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness.

Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day. At 7·10 small detonations of shells and powder magazines took place in the town behind the Redan, and on the left of the Dockyard Creek. At 7·12 immense clouds of black smoke rose from behind Fort Paul, probably from a steamer which we found burning in the dockyard. The Russian columns, which had been defiling in a continuous stream across the bridge, then became broken into small bodies, or went over in intermittent masses, unscathed by the shot and shell which plunged into the water close beside them. At 7·45 the last dense column marched past, and soon afterwards the bridge was pulled asunder, and the pieces were all floated across to the north side at 8·7. The boats did not cease pulling backward and forward all the time, and the steamers were exceedingly busy long after the garrison moved. At 9 there were many ex-

plosions in the town amid the burning ruins, and the battlements of Fort Nicholas appeared in flames. Still, there was no explosion there nor in Fort Paul.

As the rush from camp became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep back all persons except the Generals and Staff, and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not stop the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man, after lugging a heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some such article, was deprived of it by our sentries. The French in one instance complained that our Dragoons let English soldiers pass with Russian muskets, and would not permit the French to carry off these trophies; but there was not any foundation for the complaint. There was assuredly no jealousy on one side or the other. It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments engaged on the left against the Malakoff and Little Redan marched to their tents in the morning, our Second Division was drawn up on the parade-ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed, the men, with one spontaneous burst, rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the Second Division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by.

Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased,—now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo,—and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with cacolets or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labours. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and evinced the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and spread all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catherine. By degrees the Generals, French and English, and the Staff officers, edged down upon the town, but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for forty-eight hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and Malakoff. The ground was here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface was deeply honeycombed by the explosions of the bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded by Frenchmen

returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform greatcoat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave.

There were ghastly sights on the way, too—Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionnades, and of zigzags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bore full tokens of the bloody fray, we came at last to the head of the French sap. It was barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rose full twenty feet in height above the level, and showed in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolor waved placidly from its highest point, and the French were busy constructing a semaphore on the top. There was a ditch at one's feet, some twenty or twenty-two feet deep, and ten feet broad. That was the place where the French crossed—there was their bridge of planks, and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had two hundred, and the men were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling-ladders? This explains how easily the French crossed. On the right hand, as one issued from the head of the French trench, was a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That was a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are these embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than eighteen feet. There were eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each row receded towards the top, it left in the ledge below an excellent *banquette* for the defenders.

Inside, the sight was too terrible to dwell upon. The French were carrying away their own and the Russian wounded, and four distinct piles of dead were formed to clear the way. The ground was marked by pools of blood, and the smell was noisome; swarms of flies settled on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks, were lying in indescribable confusion all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and canister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses were so high and deep that it was almost impossible to get a view of the whole of the Malakoff from any one spot, and there was a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of

sixty were found in the work, were all ships' guns, and mounted on ships' carriages, and worked in the same way as ships' guns. There were a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars. On looking around the work, one might see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work might be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high, and eight or ten square. These were only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers was villanous, and the air reeked with blood and abominations unutterable. There were several of these places, and they might bid defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world: over the roof was a layer of *ships' masts*, cut into junks, and deposited carefully; then there was over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again.

In one of these dungeons, excavated in the solid rock, and which was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance were littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in upon them like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes. The Malakoff was a closed work; only open at the rear to the town, and the French having once got in, threw open a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Great Redan and to the Little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated, to retake the place. They brought up their field-guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and supports, while Strange's batteries from the Quarries carried death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karabelnaia. With the Malakoff the enemy lost Sebastopol. The ditch outside, towards the north, was full of French and Russians, piled over each other in horrid confusion. On the right, towards the Little Redan, the ground was literally strewn with bodies as thick as they could lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians lay inside the work in heaps, like carcases in a butcher's cart; and the wounds, the blood—the sight exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed.

Descending from the Malakoff, we came upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea—it was filled with dead. The Russians had crept away into holes and corners in every house, to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, were stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to re-take it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some

public buildings, sentry-boxes—all alike were broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left, we proceeded by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall was pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside were the docks, which, naval men say, were unequalled in the world. The steamer was blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides were splintered and pierced by shot. There were the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean and white and spruce. Parts of them were knocked to atoms, and hung together in such shreds and patches that it was only wonderful they cohered. The soft white stone of which they and the walls were made was readily knocked to pieces by a cannon-shot.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol offered the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. How the poor human body could be mutilated, and yet hold its soul within it, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life-stream, one might study there at every step, and at the same wonder how little will kill. The building used as an hospital was one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and was situated in the centre of the row, at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery; and it bore in sides, roof, windows, and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonade.

Entering one of these doors, I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed. In a long, low room, supported by square pillars arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead—the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingling with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears—with shells and shot pouring through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay—with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectator—oh! with such looks! Many, with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fan-

tastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever held a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree; and the features, distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth, which had set upon it in the death-rattle, made one shudder and reel round.

In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who afterwards died of his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must have the wounded felt, who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many, perhaps, on the Friday before—indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat, the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them on pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our over-crowded hospitals could not contain, and our over-worked surgeons could not attend to any more.

The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin!—all the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock; a pagoda in ruins; another clock-tower, with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words, "Barwise, London," thereon; cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler, and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not have recognised it on that fatal day. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun-carriages here was extraordinary; the ground was covered with them. The bomb-proofs were the same as in the Malakoff, and in one of them a music-book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

As the Russian steamers were intact, notwithstanding the efforts of the French battery at the head of the roads near Inkermann to touch them, it was resolved, on the day after the fall of the

place, to construct a battery on the ruins of Fort Paul, within 700 yards of the northern shore, under which they had taken refuge. The steamers lay in three irregular lines to the eastward of Fort Catherine, where the deep creeks in the high cliffs gave them some sort of shelter against the fire of the French. There they had been agents of much mischief and injury to the Allies, from the time of the battle of Inkermann. There was the famous "Vladimir," with her two large funnels and elegant clipper hull; the "Elbœuf," the steamer which made the celebrated dash into the Black Sea through all our fleet the year before, and burnt some Turkish vessels near Heraclea, just as the "Vladimir" was seen in Odessa harbour in the month of July, 1854; there was the "Gromonossetz," which had caused such an annoyance from the Dockyard Creek; the "Chersonese," and "Odessa;" and there were three others with hard, and to me unknown names, as calmly floating on the water as though no eager eyes were watching from every battery to lay a gun upon them. A number of very capacious dockyard lumps and row-boats were also secured in these creeks, or hung on by the steamers.

On the morning of the 11th, about an hour after midnight, an exceedingly violent storm raged over the camp. The wind blew with such fury as to make the hut in which I was writing rock to and fro, at the same time filling it with fine dust. The fires in Sebastopol, fanned by the wind, spread fast, and the glare of the burning city illuminated the whole arch of the sky towards the north-west. At 2 o'clock A.M. the storm increased in strength, and rain fell heavily; the most dazzling flames of lightning shot over the plateau and lighted up the camp; the peals of thunder were so short and startling as to resemble, while they exceeded in noise, the report of cannon. The rain somewhat lessened the intensity of the fire at Sebastopol, but its flames and those of the lightning at times contended for the mastery. There was, indeed, a great battle raging in the skies, and its thunder mocked to scorn our heaviest cannonade. In the whole course of my life I never heard or saw anything like the deluge of rain which fell at 4 o'clock. It beat on the roof with a noise like that of a cataract: it was a veritable waterspout. The lightning at last grew fainter, and the gusts less violent. At 9·45 the tornado passed over the camp once more—hail, storm, and rain. The ground was converted into a mass of mud.

In the course of the afternoon of the 11th (Tuesday) some of the Russian guns in the ruined battery below the Redan were turned on these steamers, and in a few rounds—not more than twelve, I think—succeeded in hulling them eight times. The range was, however, rather long, and it became expedient to move a little nearer, in order to afford them the full advantage of our shot and shell. On Tuesday evening, when Lieutenant Gough, of the "London"—who commanded in the Naval Batteries on the Left Attack—came down with his men, he was ordered to take his relief over to the Right Attack, and to accompany Lieutenant Anderson, R.E., down to the town, in order to erect a battery for two 95-cwt. guns on the right of St. Paul's Battery. The site of this battery was about 700 yards from Fort Catherine, on the opposite side. The men, although

deprived of the quiet night and undisturbed repose they anticipated, set to work with a will, and began throwing up the parapet and filling gabions; and as it was possible that some interruption of the work might take place from the other side, a covering party of 120 men was ordered down from the trenches. There were French sentries in charge of this portion of the place, and the little party found that their Allies were on the *qui vive*, and were keeping a sharp look-out on all sides. The men had been working some time, when it was observed that one of the enemy's steamers had left the north side, and was slowly and noiselessly dropping down to the very spot where the sailors and the covering party were at their labours. The night was dark, but they could clearly make out the steamer edging down upon them, and coming closer and closer. Every moment they expected their guns to open upon them with grape and canister. The men, therefore, lay down upon their faces, and kept as near to the ground as they could, and the steamer came over gently till she was within about 100 yards of the very spot where they had been working. They heard her anchor splash into the water, and then the rattle of her cable as it ran through the hawsehole. Now, certainly, they were "going to catch it;" but, no—the Russian opened no port and showed no light, but seemed to be making himself comfortable in his new quarters.

Captain Villiers, of the 47th, who commanded the covering party, ordered his men to observe the utmost silence, and the same injunction was given to the seamen. About 2·30 in the morning, when she had been an hour or so in her novel birth, a broad light was perceived in her fore hatchway. The leading steamer on the opposite side in a second afterwards exhibited gleams of equal brightness, and then one! two! three! four! five!—as though from signal guns, the remaining steamers, with one exception, emitted jets of fire from their bows. The jets soon became columns of flame and smoke—the wind blew fresh and strong, and the night was dark, so that the fire spread with rapidity along the vessels, and soon lighted up the whole of the northern heavens. The masts were speedily licked and warmed into a fiery glow, and the rigging burst out into fitful wavering lines of light, struggling with the wind for life: the yards shed lambent showers of sparks and burning splinters upon the water. The northern works could be readily traced by the light of the conflagration, and the faces of the Russian soldiers and sailors who were scattered about on the face of the cliff shone out now and then, and justified Rembrandt. The work of destruction sped rapidly. The vessels were soon nothing but huge arks of blinding light, which hissed and crackled fiercely, and threw up clouds of sparks and embers; and the guns, as they became hot, exploded, and shook the crazy hulls to atoms. One after another they went down into the seething waters.

The cavalry out on the plains wondered what great conflagration had broken out anew in the town. At daybreak only one steamer remained. A boat pushed alongside her from the shore. They boarded her, and, after remaining below about ten minutes, returned to their boat and regained the shore. Very speedily the vessel began to be seized with a sort of internal convulsion—first she dipped her bows, then her stern,

then gave a few uneasy shakes, and at length, after a short quiver, went down bodily, cleverly scuttled. Thus was Sinope avenged. Of the men who planned, the sailors who executed, and the ships which were engaged on that memorable expedition, no trace remained. Korniloff, Nachimoff, Istomine, and their crews, disappeared: their vessels rest at the bottom of the roadstead of Sebastopol. The Russians preferred being agents of their own destruction, and did not give the conqueror a chance of parading the fruits of his victory. We could not delight the good people of Plymouth or Portsmouth by the sight of Russian liners and steamers. We could only drive the enemy to the option of destroying or of doing the work for him, and he invariably preferred the former.

CHAPTER X.

Review of the Struggle—Preparations for Winter Quarters—An Armistice—Sad Changes—First Anniversary of the Battle of the Alma—Movements of the Russians—Their Coolness—Hide and Seek with the Mortars—Russian Respect for their Dead and Wounded—Movements of the Fleet—Review at Eupatoria—Disappointment of the Sailors—Winter Quarters—Cathcart's Hill—Memorials of the Brave—Sir George Cathcart's Resting-place.

In one year we stormed the heights of the Alma, sustained the glorious disaster of Balaklava, fought the great fight of Inkermann, swept the sea of Azoff and its seaboard, wasted Kertch and seized upon Yenikale, witnessed the battle of the Tchernaya, opened seven bombardments upon Sebastopol, held in check every general and every soldier that Russia could spare; and, after the endurance of every ill that an enemy at home and abroad could inflict upon us—after passing through the summer's heat and winter's frost—after being purged in the fire of sickness and death, repulse and disaster, and, above all, in the glow of victory, the British standard floated over Sebastopol. But our army was not the same. Physiologists tell us that we undergo perpetual change, and that not a bit of the John Smith of 1854 goes into the composition of the same respected individual in 1864; but we had managed to work up tens of hundreds of atoms in our British army between 1854 and 1855, and there were few indeed to be found in the body corporate who landed in the Crimea a twelvemonth before. Some regiments had been thrice renewed, others had been changed twice over. The change was not for the better—the old stuff was better than the new.

The silence in camp was almost alarming; were it not for a gun now and then between the town and the north side, and across the Tchernaya, it would have been appalling. The Naval Brigade was broken up and sent on board ship. The French moved large masses of the corps of the left siege army to the rear between Baidar and Tchorgoun. Our batteries were disarmed; and the Army Works Corps, assisted by soldiers, was engaged in the formation of a new road from Balaklava, parallel with the line of railway. Everything around us indicated an

intention on the part of the chiefs of putting the army into winter quarters on the site of their encampment.

The French military road, made for us by Vinoy's Brigade, from Kadikoi, past the Cavalry Camp, up to the Col, was in tolerably good order, and had been repaired by the Croats, Eupatorians, &c., but it required to be enlarged and much improved before it could meet the exigencies of our winter traffic. Fifteen hundred soldiers were detached to make new roads and repair old ones, in conjunction with the Army Works Corps. One or two active Quartermasters-General of Division laid down roads from their divisional commissariat depôt up to the centre and front of their respective camps. In fact, there was some energy exhibited in preparing for the winter.

Our Sappers and Miners sank deep mines, to blow in and destroy the unrivalled docks, that had cost Russia so much anxiety, money, and bloodshed; and, if it were not that they were intended to be, and had been, accessory to violence and slaughter, one would have regretted that such splendid memorials of human skill should be shattered to atoms. But the fleet of Sinope sailed thence, and in them it was repaired on its return; and these vessels were built, not to foster peace and commerce, but to smite and destroy them.

The French erected a mortar battery behind Fort Nicholas, with which they shelled the Russian working parties. The latter fort afforded excellent cover, though it was rather avoided, in consequence of a popular belief that it was extensively mined, and would go up some fine day with a crowd of distinguished visitors. In spite of the flames it was intact, and did not in any way justify the assertions of those travellers who maintained that the Russian casemated forts would crumble to pieces, or would smother the gunners with smoke. The casemates were open, with fine airy galleries behind, and the whole building was most admirably and compactly built. Fort Alexander was likewise, comparatively speaking, but little injured, although the mines underneath exploded with a tremendous crash. The walls of the fort were then erect. Fort Paul alone was in perfect ruins.

There was an armistice for a few minutes on Tuesday, Sept. 11th, to effect an interchange of letters for the benefit of the prisoners, and to make inquiries respecting missing officers on both sides. The Russian officer who conducted it, and who was supposed to have been the commander of the "Vladimir," expressed the same opinion as the Russian Admiral did on Monday, Sept. 10th—"With this before us," pointing to the ruins of Sebastopol, "peace is further off than ever." The Russians had very large parks of artillery on the north side of the harbour; and the piles of provisions, *matériel*, and coal which were visible, showed that they did not want the means of carrying on the war, as far as such things were concerned. Many of the guns found here were cast at Carron, from the letters on their trunnion heads and breeches.

It is not easy to destroy a city, and Titus must have had wonderful engineers if he really razed Jerusalem to the ground. Sebastopol, indeed, was in ruins; it was shattered in many places to splinters, as it were, by the iron storm which for many long months had been

driven by the fierce breath of gunpowder against it. The retreating enemy had not spared it, and the agency of fire and the shocks of great explosions had been added by them to the devastating effects of cannonade and bombardment, which smote down palaces, churches, storehouses, barracks, and stately buildings, as though they had been built of cards. But a large portion of Sebastopol remained, in spite of these terrible visitations; and although there was scarcely one house in the place which was uninjured, or one square yard of ground which did not bear the traces of shot or shell, there was enough left to show that it really had been a princely city, and that no pains had been spared to render it the queen city of the Euxine. In the course of a year the finest place in the world would look neglected and dirty, if no steps were taken to keep the streets trim and orderly. The cessation of commerce would permit the grass to grow in the public ways, and it may readily be imagined that the inhabitants of a besieged city could have found but little time to preserve the gardens and places of recreation neat and kempt. Grass, indeed, grew in the streets of Sebastopol, the gardens were overrun with weeds, and the vineyards at the back of the Redan bore grape of a very different nature from that for which they once were famous. The walks were full of rank grass, and the borders of the paths were trodden down by the soldiery.

The enemy persisted in casting up formidable earthworks on the north side, and we looked on as we did from September 27 till October 17, 1854, and saw them preparing their defences, with the sure conviction that we should be able to carry them, or sap up to them, or take them in some way or other in a year or two. Meantime, the weather came in with a word of its own, and said to our deliberating Generals, "Stop! as you have waited so long, I wont let you move now."

It was on the 19th of September, twelve months before this was written, that the Allied armies marched from Old Fort, and that the Russians drew first blood at Bouljanak. What an eventful year had elapsed! and how few survived through all our sufferings and our glories! The old soldiers had disappeared; in some regiments there were not more than fifteen men, in others there were not so many, remaining out of those who moved in magnificent parade to their first bivouac. Those whom the war had swallowed up were not replaced by better men. The Light Division—those steady, noble soldiers of the Rifle Brigade; the gallant Fusileers; the 19th, the 23rd, the 33rd, the 77th, the 88th—the men who drew the teeth of that terrible Russian battery on the bloody steeps of the Alma—how few of them were then left to think and wonder at the failure in the Redan! The Second Division, old companions of the Light in hard fighting and in hard work, were sadly reduced. The Third Division, though singularly freed from active participation in any of the great battles or sanguinary struggles of the war, had been heavily smitten by sickness, and had borne a large share of the exhausting and harassing duties of the trenches and of the siege, and its old soldiers had been used up, as those of the other corps. The Fourth Division earned for itself a high reputation. In the fierce contest of Inker-

mann it won imperishable laurels, which few of the winners were left to wear. As to the Guards—those majestic battalions which secured the fluttering wings of victory on the Alma, and with stubborn front withstood the surge of Muscovite infantry which rolled up the ravines of Inkermann—disease and battle had done their work but too surely, notwithstanding the respite from the trenches during our wintry spring-time, which was allowed perforce to their rapidly vanishing columns. Every one felt assured that if the attack on the Redan had been renewed the following morning, the Highlanders and the Third Division must have succeeded, if supported properly by the Guards and the Fourth Division; and that assurance does not throw the shadow of a shade on the brilliant reputation of the Light Division and the Second Division, but simply rests on the fact that, with the exception of the Guards (in which, however, there is more careful recruiting than in other regiments), and of some regiments of the Fourth Division, which were engaged at Inkermann, these battalions had not undergone the hard work and constant labours of the Light and Second Divisions, which were, indeed, "put to everything" from the beginning of the war. One of the Highland regiments was sickly, and lost many men in the winter, but the brigade had almost nothing to do, except guard the lines at Balaklava, after the battle of the Alma; and at that battle, owing to its position on the left, and the judicious way in which Sir Colin Campbell moved them up the side of the hill, their loss was very insignificant.

As many of the medals, clasps, and ribands as had been issued to commanding officers, were distributed on the 20th of September to the various regiments, and on an average there were about ten medals for each company; that, of course, excited dissatisfaction. As to the riband, there was but one opinion,—that it was unbecoming and *mesquin* to a degree. Men differed as to the merits of the medal; but a large majority abused it, and the clasps were likened generally to the labels on public-house wine-bottles. The proceedings at the distribution were tame and spiritless. A regiment was drawn up, with the commanding officer in front; beside him stood a sergeant, with a big bag. "John Smith" was called.

"Here."

"Step forward;" and up came John Smith to the Colonel, who dipped his hand into the bag, took out a small parcel, and said, "John Smith, you were at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann?"

"Yes." The Colonel handed him the parcel, and John Smith retired to his place in the ranks, carrying the said packet in his hand, which he opened at the "dismiss;" and this was all, so far as I could see, that was made out of a proceeding which could have been rendered in the highest degree interesting and exciting to the soldier. Perhaps the John Smith alluded to never saw a shot fired except at the distance of several miles. He might have been on peaceful guard at Lord Raglan's head-quarters on the 5th of November; yet he wears the clasp for Inkermann. He might have been engaged in no more sanguinary work than that of killing oxen and sheep for the division in the commissariat slaughter-house, and yet he will show on his breast "Crimea" (of course), "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkermann."

Our wretched system of bestowing decorations on classes, and sowing them broadcast over a whole army, deprives them of much of their real value. What can a survivor of the Light Cavalry charge think of the clasp "Balaklava," when he sees whole divisions of infantry soldiers wearing the same on their breasts?

This great anniversary was celebrated enthusiastically throughout the army. There were many "Alma dinners" in the regiments, among both officers and men; and music and song kept the camp awake till long after midnight. Many a memory of the dead was revived, many an old wound reopened, at these festive meetings. The French also had their banquets and festivities. They had a grand ceremony early in the morning—a *Missa Solennis* for the repose of the dead. Indeed, they had some splendid military spectacles about this time, but one never heard of them in this vast camp till his attention was aroused by the echoes of the 101 guns with which they were brought to a close.

General Pelissier was made a Marshal of France, and received from her Majesty the Grand Cross of the Bath. Of the latter order he seemed exceedingly proud, and he on several occasions signed his name "Pelissier, G.C.B." General Simpson received the rare distinction of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The French established mortars at the western angle of Fort Nicholas, whence they threw bombs at the magazines and at the working parties and convoys. Our indefatigable Allies also placed a rocket battery on the Karabelnaïa, on the slope of the Malakoff, and these alarming but uncertain missiles flew far over the magazines, and burst near the roads, among the trains of carts, and kicked up a dust in the graveyards at the north side. They also constructed a mortar battery behind the aqueduct in the ravine at the back of the Malakoff.

At daybreak on the morning of the 21st of September I saw through the mist on the Mackenzie ridge a numerous line of watch-fires, and later in the early light a strong column of the Russian infantry was visible in bivouac to our right of the telegraph station and to the left of the Spur Battery, near the Mackenzie road. Part of these marched away again in the course of the day; the rest remained in the same place, and hutted themselves with great skill and alacrity. They were encamped in a sort of chapparell, and they converted the branches into the sides and coverings of their huts. Their arms were piled when they first arrived at the bivouac, but three hours later the glistening barrels and bayonets had disappeared, having possibly been placed in some dry and secure place. Having secured their right flank by the very formidable earthworks and batteries which we permitted the enemy to erect, in addition to their former defences and their regular forts, the Russians directed the bulk of their army to protect their centre resting on the Tchernaya and Mackenzie, and their left at Aitodor, and on the Upper Belbek to Bakschiserai. They prepared to hold this extensive line; and as the Allies could scarcely spare men enough to send to Eupatoria, and thence to march on Simpheropol, or to force the Russian position on the Belbek by a moving corps to operate against them on the north,

and as there was no apparent intention of attacking them from Inkermann or the Tchernaya, the dead lock was likely enough not to be relaxed that winter.

The quantity of stores removed by the Russians from the north side to their depôt showed that they were not in want of provisions, unless they took the trouble to carry dummy sacks and fill their carts with "make-believes." It must have been difficult for them to feed their army, but somehow or other they did so. They left considerable quantities of food behind them in the city; large flocks and herds studded the plains near the citadel. The soldiers who fell into the hands of the Sardinians and French on the 16th of August carried abundance of bread and spirits, and they had meat and plenty of everything except water, when they came down to attack the Allies; so that, altogether, I was not so very sanguine as to think the Russians would be forced to abandon their position on the approach of winter. The country around them would supply abundance of wood for fuel, and they were skilled in making comfortable and warm underground huts. The enemy, therefore, would be as well housed as the Allies, supposing the latter succeeded in getting up huts before the winter set in. "Leaving them alone" would never drive a Russian army out of the field; the only thing to do that was the French and English bayonet, and plenty of fighting.

It was amusing to watch the coolness of the fellows at work inside the large Russian magazine. Some of them stood in the doorway by the waterside to look out for the mortars. "Bom" went one, and the thick white smoke flew upwards in a circling pillar, marked here and there with whirling rings. "T-wit! twit! twit!" the bomb whistles aloft, the sound becoming fainter and fainter as it left us, till it began to grow on the ear of the gentleman in grey who was on the watch at the other side; he popped in his head, and at his summons, like rabbits scuttling from a ferret-haunted warren, a swarm of his comrades appeared just as the bomb, with a prodigious crash, and knocking up a cloud of tiles, timber, stones, and dirt, rushed through the roof, and burst inside; the fellows were down on their faces in a moment, and the bits flew over them, and struck the earth far inland, or dashed the water of the harbour into foam. Then the "Rooskies" got up, and returned placidly to their work inside till the next bomb came dangerously near. If it did not fall inside the building, or was not likely to slip down on them through the roof, they never stirred. When the French discovered the column of men near the telegraph on the 24th, they opened upon it with round shot, and I saw the earth torn up close to the men, but the Russians never turned round from their camp fires. They are assuredly a stolid infantry, and, if they had *élan* and dash with their other undeniably good qualities as soldiers, they would not be second to the warriors of any nation in the world.

The Muscovite generals cannot be accused of any great regard for their killed and wounded, but they have certainly much respect for the prejudices and feelings of their soldiers. We were over and over again astonished at the wonderful way in which the dead and wounded disappeared after the repulse of a sortie in which there were probably

200 of the enemy put *hors de combat*. Except the dead and wounded left in our trenches, none were ever to be seen after such contests when day broke. A soldier of the 68th (M'Geevor), who was taken prisoner in a sortie, and who returned to his regiment after a long and (to others) interesting march in Russia, explained the mystery such as it was. On the night alluded to it could not be ascertained what the Russian loss was, but it was certain that the firing had been very heavy and the work very warm while it lasted. As this man was being carried to the rear after a stout resistance, he observed that there were hundreds of soldiers without weapons between the reserves and the column of sortie, and that these men were employed exclusively in removing the dead and wounded, who would otherwise have been left in the hands of the British. The most extensive provision we make in such cases is sending one, or at most two, litters to a regiment, except when the ambulances go out for a pitched battle. Perhaps we do not calculate on leaving our ground, but the best General is always prepared for retreat as well as for victory, and if ever we should be placed in the same circumstances as the Russians have been, it would be advisable to follow their example.

Captain Chapman, of the 20th Regiment, was buried on the 20th. For some time he acted as Assistant Engineer under his distinguished relative, Colonel Chapman, R.E., and he had not long returned from sick-leave at Therapia, when he was called upon to take his share in the assault on the 8th, during which he was wounded in the knee: of that wound the gallant and lamented officer died.

The fleet which sailed towards Balaklava on the 14th turned back and passed by Sebastopol, and proceeded thence to Eupatoria on the 15th, returning to Kamiesch on the 16th, after an immense consumption of coal and production of black smoke, and with utter want of success so far as regards the supposed object of their curious manœuvres, which is stated to have been to attract the attention of the enemy from their present position to meet some imaginary demonstration in their rear.

On the 24th Sir Edmund Lyons and Admiral Stewart, with several post-captains, attended at head-quarters, and it was understood that they, in common with the whole fleet, were most anxious "to do something" ere the season was too far advanced for naval operations. At Eupatoria they found no less than 31,000 Turkish infantry in a fine state of discipline, and in perfect readiness for any military service. These soldiers were all reviewed and inspected on the occasion, and officers of rank, English and French, were alike gratified by the disciplined alertness and efficiency of these neglected and almost useless infantry. It is difficult to imagine that these Turks could not have aided us materially in driving the enemy from Sebastopol if strengthened by an English division and two French divisions, which could have been easily spared from the army before Sebastopol. Moreover, they might have been aided by all our cavalry, which were in very excellent condition, and were of no earthly service at Kadikoi or Baidar. Between French, English, and Sardinians, we could have sent a force of at

least 5500 sabres to the north side of the Alma, which certainly would have had nothing to fear from any Russian cavalry in the Crimea. Colonel McMurdo had collected more than 10,000 horses and mules for the service of the Land Transport Corps, and it would have been very strange indeed if he could not have spared enough of them to supply and carry food for an expeditionary column during a week or ten days, nor was there any reason why he should not have been able to aid the French *intendance* in the field, should they have required our assistance. The allied fleet could have embarked and landed the whole force in forty-eight hours, or, at all events, in sixty hours, at any points between Balaklava or Kamiesch and Eupatoria. All our gallant sailors, from the Admirals downwards, felt acutely the difficulties and inglorriousness of the position in which they were placed. They had hoped to co-operate with the land forces in the attack on Sebastopol on the 8th of September; but the violent wind and high sea which sprang up early on the morning of that day did not allow them to raise an anchor; indeed such a large fleet could not have been set in motion, and directed against the narrow entrance of Sebastopol, in the bad weather that prevailed, without the certainty of collision and the risk of fatal confusion. Orders were given the night before to have steam up early and to serve the dinners for the crews at eleven o'clock, and it was fondly believed the men would have been engaged soon after noon. They were destined, however, to be again spectators of the struggle. Army and fleet were alike inactive—the only tokens of military life were displayed on the side of the enemy.

The celerity with which they threw up and finished the most formidable-looking redoubts on the land and sea sides was astonishing. The Russians are admirable diggers, and if Marshal Turenne's maxim, that as many battles were won by the spade as by the musket be true, they are good soldiers. The fire across the roads increased in frequency and severity every day, but the mortars of the French caused some injury and impediment to the Russian workmen, and occasionally damaged their magazines.

The army, French, English, and Sardinians, as well as the few Turkish troops, prepared for the winter with energy, but no steps were taken to operate against the enemy. Balaklava presented a singular aspect. There were only some dozen of the original houses left scattered amid iron storehouses, mountainous piles of wood, heaps of coal, of corn, of forage, of shot and shell, and of stores multitudinous. The harbour was trenched upon by new quays and landing-places, and two long wooden jetties projected far into its waters at the shallow head of the harbour, and rendered good service in taking the pressure off the quays at the waterside. *The quantity of corn issued for horses, mules, and ponies in the English army* was 280,000lb. *daily.*

Many of the officers were hutted, some constructed semi-subterranean residences, and the camp was studded all over with the dingy roofs, which at a distance looked much like an aggregate of molehills. In order to prevent *ennui* or listlessness after the great excitement of so many months in the trenches the Generals of Division

began to drill our veterans, and to renew the long-forgotten pleasures of parades, field-days, and inspections. In all parts of the open ground about the camps, the visitor might have seen men with Crimean medals and Balaklava and Inkermann clasps, practising goose-step or going through extension movements, learning, in fact, the A B C of their military education, though they had already seen a good deal of fighting and soldiering. Still there were periods when the most inveterate of martinets rested from their labour, and the soldier, having nothing else to do, availed himself of the time and money at his disposal to indulge in the delights of the canteen. Road-making occupied some leisure hours, but the officers had very little to do, and found it difficult to kill time, riding about Sebastopol, visiting Balaklava, foraging at Kamiesch, or hunting for quail, which were occasionally found in swarms all over the steppe, and formed most grateful additions to the mess-table. There was no excitement in front; the Russians remained immovable in their position at Mackenzie's Farm. The principal streets of Sebastopol lost the charm of novelty and possession. Even Cathcart's-hill was deserted, except by the "look-out officer" for the day, or by a few wandering strangers and visitors.

In times to come this Cathcart's-hill will be a chosen terminus of Saxon pilgrimage. Whether the traveller beholds from its humble parapet the fair aspect of the Imperial city, guarded by threefold mightier batteries than before, or sits upon the cemetery wall to gaze upon the ruins of Sebastopol, he must, if he has any British blood in his veins, regard with emotion that little spot which encloses all that was mortal of some of the noblest soldiers that ever sprang from our warrior race. He will see the site of those tedious trenches where the strong man waxed weak day after day, and the sanguine became hopeless, and where the British soldier fought through a terrible winter with privation, cold, frost, snow, and rain, more terrible and deadly than the fire of the enemy. With the Redan, the Malakoff, the Quarries, the Mamelon, Gordon's Attack, Chapman's Attack, under his eyes, he will revive with the aspect of the places where they stood the memories of this great struggle, and in his mind the incidents of its history will be renewed.

The Cemetery is a parallelogram of about forty yards long by thirty broad, formed by the base of a ruined wall, which might in former days have marked the lines of a Tartar fort, or have been the first Russian redoubt to watch over the infancy of Sebastopol. Although many a humble tumulus indicated to the eye of affection the place where some beloved comrade rests till the last *reveillée*, the care and love of friends had left memorials in solid stone of most of those whose remains were buried in this spot. The first grave towards the front and west of the Cemetery consisted of a simple mound of earth. I know not whose remains lie below. The second was marked by a simple slab, with the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant H. Tryon, Rifle Brigade, killed in action on the 20th of November, 1854." He was a thorough soldier, brave, cool, and resolute, and in the terrible crisis of Inkermann he used a rifle with more deadly certainty and success than any of his men. In the struggle for the "Ovens"

on the 20th of November, in which a small body of the Rifle Brigade dislodged a force of the enemy much greater than their own, he displayed such gallantry that General Canrobert paid him the rare honour of a special mention in the next "General Order of the Day" for the French army. Next to his reposed the remains of a lamented officer. The stone recorded his name, "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-General Thomas Leigh Goldie, commanding the first Brigade of the 4th Division of the British army, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 57th Regiment, who fell at Inkermann, November 5, 1854." No. 4 was a rude cross of stone, without mark or name. The 5th grave was distinguished by a stone cross at the feet, and at the head was a slab with an ornamented top, beneath which was written, "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-General Fox Strangways, killed in action November 5, 1854." A few lines in Russian asked the Christian forbearance of our enemies upon our departure for the bones of one whom they would have admired and loved had they known him. No. 6 was conspicuous by a large tombstone, with an ornamental cross at the top, and some simple efforts of the chisel at the sides and base. Come and read! "Here lieth the mortal remains of Captain Edward Stanley, 57th Regiment, killed at the battle of Inkermann, November 5, 1854, to whose memory this stone is erected by the men of his company—'Cast down but not destroyed,' 2 Corinthians, iv. 9." Who will not look with respect on the tombs of these poor soldiers, and who does not feel envy for the lot of men so honoured? There were fourteen other graves in the same row, of which only one could be identified.

Sir George Cathcart's resting-place was marked by a very fine monument, for which his widow expressed her thanks to those who raised it to the memory of their beloved commander. There was an inscription upon it commemorating the General's services, and the fact that he served with the Russian armies in one of their most memorable campaigns—the date of his untimely and glorious death, and an inscription in the Russian language stating who and what he was who reposed beneath. In the second row to the east there were two graves, without any inscription on the stones; the third was marked by a very handsome circular pillar of hewn stone, surmounted by a cross, and placed upon two horizontal slabs. On the pillar below the cross in front was this inscription:—"To Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Seymour, Scots Fusileer Guards, killed in action, November 5, 1854." Beneath these words were a cross sculptured in the stone and the letters "I. H. S.;" and a Russian inscription on the back, requesting that the tomb might be saved from desecration. At the foot of the tomb there was an elaborately carved stone lozenge surmounting a slab, and on the lozenge was engraved the crest of the deceased, with some heraldic bird springing from the base of a coronet, with the legend "Foy pour devoir, C.F.S. Æt. 36." How many an absent friend would have mourned around this tomb! Close at hand was a handsome monument to Sir John Campbell, than whom no soldier was ever more regretted or more beloved by those serving under him; and not far apart in another row was a magnificent sarcophagus in black Devonshire

marble, to the memory of Sir R. Newman, of the Grenadier Guards, who also fell at Inkermann. With all these memorials of death behind us, the front wall at Cathcart's-hill was ever a favourite spot for gossips and spectators, and sayers of jokes, and *raconteurs* of *bons mots*, or such *jeux d'esprit* as find favour in military circles.*

* In a subsequent portion of the work there is a fuller account of the monuments on Cathcart's-hill; but for still fuller details of that cemetery, as well as of all the burial-places in the Crimea, the reader is referred to the excellent work published by Captain Brine, R.E., and Major Colborne, called "Memorials of the Brave," of which the accuracy is as great as the interest attached to the subject.

BOOK VIII.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE TWO ARMIES—THE DEMONSTRATIONS FROM BAIDAR—THE RECONNAISSANCE—THE MARCH FROM EUPATORIA—ITS FAILURE—THE EXPEDITION TO KINBURN AND ODESSA.

CHAPTER I.

Strange inaction—What might have been done—The North Side—Its Fortifications—Sick Officers—French Reconnaissances towards Aitodor—An Ambuscade—The Mounted Staff Corps and the Ambulance Corps disbanded—Comforts for the Sick—Previous Mistakes—Disbandment of the Naval Brigade—Its Services—Rumours of Active Service—Road-making—The Russians renew the Fire—A Serious Accident—The Sailors' Experiment—An Explosion.

THE contrast between the actual proceedings of the allied armies and the fevered dreams in which the public at home, as represented by the press, soon after the capture of the south side, indulged, was as striking as it was painful. The Russians, so far from flying in discomfort over boundless wastes, calmly strengthened their position on the north side. The face of the country bristled with their cannon and their batteries. Day and night the roar of their guns sounded through our camp, and occasionally equalled the noise of the old cannonades, which we hoped had died into silence for ever. There was no sign of any intention on their part to abandon a position on which they had lavished so much care and labour. They retired from the south side when it became untenable; it had been shaken to pieces by a bombardment which it was impracticable for us to renew. In their new position, they had placed between themselves and us a deep arm of the sea, a river, and the sides of a plateau as steep as a wall. We permitted them to get off at their leisure, and looked on, much as we might have gazed on the mimic representation of such a scene at Astley's, while the Russian battalions filed over the narrow bridge, emerging in unbroken order out of that frightful sea of raging fire and smoke, which was tossed up into billows of flame by the frequent explosion of great fortresses and magazines.

At what moment our generals woke up and knew what was going on I cannot tell, but it is certain they did not, as a body, distress themselves by any violent efforts to get a near view of the enemy's movements *early* in the morning. It was late in the day of the 9th of September when Fort Paul blew up. At about 5.30, that magnificent work was shaken violently, heaved upwards, seemed to fly into pieces—the breaking masonry and embrasures emitting sheets of white smoke, lighted up by fire—and then collapsed, as it were, into ruins. The mine missed in the first instance; but, so cool were the enemy, so perfectly satisfied of our inaction were they, and so convinced that they had awed us by their tremendous energy in destruc-

tion, that they sent a boat across with a few men in her, about half-past four o'clock in the evening, and they landed quietly and went into the fort (and were seen by several people in the act of entering), in order to prepare for the explosion which followed immediately after they had retired. Spies informed the authorities in the most positive manner that the Russians had prepared all things to retreat, and had everything in readiness to cover a retrograde movement, in case that the fleet succeeded in forcing a passage, and that the Allies evinced a determination of throwing their whole force against the north side. Their field guns and guns of position were in readiness, and were strengthened by a very large corps of cavalry, which would have held our infantry in check, and our cavalry could not, of course, have got over the water in less than several days, nor could it have gained the heights of Mackenzie unless the infantry previously established themselves there.

Everything was foreseen and provided for, and the Russians were in hopes that they might catch us at a disadvantage amid some of their fortified positions in a difficult country, and retrieve their past disasters, or, at all events, make a masterly retreat. But when they saw that all was hesitation, if not confusion, in the army of the Allies, they stared the situation in the face for one moment, and the next were busily employed in making the best of it; they erected such batteries as to shut up the harbour to our navy, and to render any attempt to cross it as rash as it would be undesirable. The papers must have been amusing to the authorities, who by their want of energy had assuredly falsified all those absurd anticipations of further victory, of utter routs, of vigorous pursuit, and of energetic action, in which mere writers and readers—men who had read *Thucydides* till they were stupified, and had muddled their brains poring over histories of wars and lives of Generals, and who had musty traditions about your Cæsars, Alexanders, Buonapartes, and Wellingtons, involving disagreeable inferences and comparisons—ridiculously and unjustifiably indulged.

With the aid of a few men the army would have been ready to take the field and to carry provisions and ammunition for our available strength of bayonets detached on a short expedition. As to the French, they had certified their mobility by the rapid demonstration of four divisions on Baidar. Then, why did not the English move? Orders and counter-orders were sent day after day—requisitions on Captain This to know how many mules he had to carry ball cartridge, orders to Captain That to turn out his battery for the purpose of taking the field at daybreak next morning; counter-orders in the evening recountered and retracted at night, till it was hard to say what was to be done; and if the men who gave the commands were in half as confused a state of mind as those who received them, they were indeed in a pitiable plight. Cato with his *Plato* could not have been at all puzzled like unto them. It was quite evident that the expectations of the people at home were not gratified to the full extent, that we were not in undisputed possession of maritime Sebastopol, that the Russians were not utterly defeated, and that the campaign would have

to be renewed the following year by doing what might have been done immediately after the fall of the place.

On the north side there were few houses, but there were very large magazines. First, on the western extremity of the northern shore stood Fort Constantine. The roof was covered in to a great depth with sandbags, and there were large guns mounted on it *en barbette*, but many of the embrasures were empty, and did not show guns. A very heavy parapet with traverses—in fact, a line of batteries—struck out from the north side of the fort, and crested the seaward face of the cliff, communicating with the Wasp Fort, Star Fort, and the works of the sea defences towards the mouth of the Belbek. Next to Constantine, on the harbour, there was a large earthwork, with heavy guns, behind which was the citadel, and this was strengthened, and occupied a commanding position on a hillside. Next came more earthworks, a large stone storehouse, and the casemated walls of Fort Catherine, with two tiers of guns; then more earthworks, till the line of defence merged into the works at Inkermann. In fact, Fort Constantine, Sievernaia, Fort Michael, and Fort Catherine, with their connecting works, and the citadel and forts in their rear, formed one great battery, too far to injure us seriously behind Sebastopol, but quite able to withstand any infantry attack from the south side. The difficulty of the north side was foreseen all along—foreseen, but not provided for. In fact, there was no step taken to insure the possession of the fruits of our labour. We did not prepare for success, and we had to brave a new campaign, and the Russians had seven or eight months to strengthen themselves, recruit their exhausted army, gather new *matériel*, and dispute our progress with fresh slaughter, which would leave us victory but half enjoyed.

Large parties of our men went down every day to Sebastopol, and returned with timber, doors, window-frames, joists, slabs of marble and stonework, grates, glass, locks, iron, Stourbridge firebricks, of which a large quantity was found, and various other articles of common use in camp, and the huts which arose on every side were models of ingenuity in the adaptation of Russian property to British and French uses. However, the vast majority of the soldiers were under canvas, and were then likely to be so for a couple of months longer. The trenches—those monuments of patient suffering, of endurance, of courage—were fast disappearing. The guns were withdrawn. The gabions were going fast, for the men received permission to use them for fuel. It was melancholy, amid all these sounds of rejoicing and victory, to think that an army had been all but lost and swallowed up in these narrow dykes, and that it was "done by mistake." The firing into the town was occasionally very heavy, and was returned with spirit by the French mortars, and by a few guns in position.

The number of sick officers anxious to return home was not on the decrease. Many of those whose names appeared in general orders were, however, sufferers in the attack of the 8th of September. The proportion of men invalided on account of ill-health was about equal to the number of officers. Poor fellows, they, however, had no

"private urgent affairs" to attend to, and that was the cause assigned for many "leaves of absence." It is curious and interesting to observe how rank and social position carry with them special cares of business and the labour of affairs from which the lowlier classes are exempted. Thus, the officers of the Guards seemed to be harassed to death by "urgent private affairs," which could no how be settled anywhere but in England, and which required their presence in that land of business from October till just the week after Christmas before there was the smallest chance of their satisfactory adjustment. How the gallant fellows could have managed to stay in the army and attend to their regimental duties with such delicate negotiations to conduct, such stupendous arithmetical investigations to make, such a coil of accounts to examine, such interviews to go through, such a constant pressure of affairs to sustain, is inconceivable! Sometimes no less than three of them succumbed on the same day, and appeared in orders as victims to these cruel urgencies. There were some people in camp who maintained that the killing of grouse, partridges, pheasants, and salmon, is a necessary condition of existence, and that when these were combined with the pleasures of society, with a light course of opera, and the claims of the family, they constituted an urgent private affair quite strong enough to draw any man from the Crimea. No one blamed these officers for feeling so strongly that they were citizens. We should all have liked to get home if it had been consistent with our duty, but some of our officers think they have nothing to do when once the fighting is over. After a time, our Allies began to feel their way towards the enemy's position on our rear and on the right.

General Rose, our excellent Commissioner to the French army, accompanied the French reconnaissances towards Aitodor, and the opinion formed after a careful examination of the passes was, that it would be imprudent to attempt to force them. Killiecrankie is a bowling-green compared to those high bluffs and tremendous ravines. The villas suffered in those reconnaissances. We had a trifling share of the loot, but our Hussar outposts got some little mementos of their agreeable sojourn in those pleasant valleys, and one officer at least, who was detached for the special purpose of superintending the men and of preventing plundering, obtained possession of a very fine China set, which did not form part of his original marching outfit, after he was seen in the direction of Baidar. However, our Allies, in this respect, as in many others, had the advantage of us. They even found it worth while to come over to the slaughter-grounds of our divisions in order to gather the heads, hearts, livers, lights, and tails, which our men threw away, or buried as offal; and although they would not allow the English soldiers to go into their part of the town of Sebastopol without passes, they did not scruple to avail themselves of the free permission given to all to enter the English portion of the town, and they might be seen very busily engaged, ransacking the piles of old clothing, &c., in the magazines, in the hope of extracting something as a "curio" wherewith to tempt the British amateur. One day some of our Land Transport men were sent with mules beyond Miskomia to get wood. Ten or twelve Greek volunteers, or militiamen, made an ambuscade in a wood close by, and fired a volley at the muleteers, which emptied two saddles

and killed two mules. One of the drivers was hit on the head, but he was a native of Tipperary, and the ball hopped off his skull. The other was only slightly wounded. The French secured all the passes thoroughly, and Baidar Valley was as safe as Regent Street—indeed, safer to a simple-minded and unwary visitor.

The position of the armies, with the exception of the movement of the troops towards Baidar, remained unchanged in its larger features. Pelissier seemed inclined to rest upon his baton for the time. His gaze was fixed, no doubt, upon the Mackenzie plateau, but his courage failed him; nor did he care to repeat his little proverb, which was in his mouth when slaughter and bloodshed were spoken of in his presence in reference to our grand assaults—"On ne peut pas faire des omelettes sans casser des œufs." The Marshal gave up the manufacture of omelettes; he had plenty of eggs if he had liked to break them.

Soon after the siege was over, the Mounted Staff Corps and the Ambulance Corps ceased to exist, and the Duke of Newcastle left the camp on a cruise to the coast of Circassia. Of course the Duke of Newcastle's presence had no more to do with the fate of these bodies than it had with the conduct and events of the war, but it was odd enough that the two, which were most lauded at the time of their creation, and at whose birth his Grace presided with parental solicitude, should have come to an end, within the space of a few months, under his very eyes. The service of the ambulance was performed by soldiers detached from the army for that purpose, and officers of the Line were employed in command of them at a time when they could be very ill spared from their regiments. Charges of harshness were made by those sent in their charge to Scutari, &c., against some of the old ambulance men; they at all events served as a foil to the allegations that the men were as comfortable as they could be made on all occasions. The stream set the other way, and the authorities vied with one another in providing every accommodation, and even luxury, for the sick and wounded soldier. Dr. Hall at various periods received requisitions for such articles as "Rose water!", "Eau de Cologne!" "Champagne!" Different times these from what the army had the year before, when Sir George Brown, like some great bull of Basan, went bellowing over the camps of the affrighted Light Division, seeking for "medical comforts," that he might devour them in his wrath, and goring and butting Dr. Alexander and Dr. Tice because they would not reduce their store of medicines to that blessed old Peninsular allowance of which Sir George had only the dim recollections of a subaltern, although, with many strange oaths and ancient instances, he affirmed them to be the perfection of pharmaceutical wisdom. Perhaps the public, "the confounded public," as they were sometimes called by certain people, agreed with me in thinking that things might have been mended when they learned that just two hours before the attack on the Redan the surgeon in the Quarries was "run out" of lint, plaster, and bandages, and could get no one to go up to his principal medical officer for them for a long time, although a great action with the enemy was then just impending, and the Quarries were the very place where a large number of casualties must have been expected. This statement I had on the

word of a general officer, to whom the surgeon applied for assistance. Again, some regiments did not take down more litters than on ordinary occasions. This practice, however, would be approved by those who maintain with considerable strength of argumentation, that no wounded officers or men should be taken off the field at all while an action is going on, inasmuch as every wounded man taken to the rear carries off six or eight combatants, who retire on the pretence of carrying or attending on him, thus affording opportunities for skulking and sneaking away to a few cowardly men who set a bad example to others.

The Naval Brigade was disbanded, and the men went on board their ships. The Naval Brigade landed on the 25th of October, 1854, and were at once set to the very onerous duty of dragging up the heavy siege guns to the batteries, or to the parks of artillery in front. They brought up their own ammunition, provisioned themselves all through the winter, were their own commissariat, mounted their own guns, repaired their damaged embrasures, and were only twenty-four hours on and twenty-four off duty when the batteries were in play. During the siege the Naval Brigade served for thirty-three days of heavy bombardment and cannonade. From December, 1854, out of 1400 men, 31 died from sickness, 61 were killed, 24 wounded mortally, and 331 were more or less severely wounded—total killed, wounded, and dead, 447.

The army was amused by rumours of active service, while in camp there were signs of hybernation. The work of the army was actually that of preparation, not for motion, but for stagnation. The men were engaged on great roads from the ports to the front, which will be permanent marks of the occupation of this portion of the Crimea by the allied armies for centuries; in fact, with so much labour at their disposal, our authorities were determined, if possible, to atone for the apathy of the autumn before. The roads which we made were almost beyond the requirements of an army of temporary occupation. They were broad and well paved—in some places they had been tunnelled through the rock, which here and there could only be removed by heavy blasting charges. The railway assumed an appearance of great solidity. Beside it wound the Central-road, and from the new central *depôt*, removed from the Col de Balaklava to an open space in the rear of the Second Division, and between the Guards' Brigade and the Fourth Division, there were divisional roads, which communicated with the divisional *depôts*. All these preparations were made to enable the army to exist comfortably in its winter cantonments, to bring up huts, food, clothing, and fuel, and to remove guns, mortars, &c., from the front. For these peaceful labours we were blessed by the most lovely weather. The days were warm, and the air was charmingly fresh and pure. The autumnal or second summer of the Crimea shone upon us with all the delightful influences of repose.* The earth teemed again with herbs and flowers of autumn. Numerous bulbous plants sprung up over the steppes, among which the "Colchicum Autumnale" holds a prominent place, and the hill-sides rung with the frequent volleys directed upon innumerable quail,

against which our army waged fierce battle. The enemy had an equal amount of labour set free for the accumulation of stores and the formation and repair of roads, and they could have covered the Crimea with *depôts* and fortified lines from Simpheropol to the Belbek. The demolition of the houses in Sebastopol went on, but it was not so safe to visit the place as it was formerly, inasmuch as the Russians shelled vigorously, and threw shot at any considerable groups which they noticed in the streets. The enemy, having discovered the preparations for throwing up batteries near Fort Alexander and the ruins of Fort Paul by the French and English respectively, commenced a heavy fire from the northern works and forts, which they continued throughout the day, and which, at times, amounted to a cannonade. The French mortars, aided by some guns on the left, replied with vigour. The Russians fired from Fort Michael, from Sievernaia, and from the Harbour Spur Battery, and their shot went crashing through the ruined houses, but did no very serious injury. They were labouring with great energy at new batteries all over the extensive series of sloping hill-sides south of the Belbek. *Their* Kadikoi, or Donnybrook fair, had, like ours, revived again, and was well attended, and in the distance large herds of oxen ranged at will.

On the 27th of September, a serious accident occurred, which inflicted some loss on the army, in depriving them of a considerable magazine of wood. A shell sent by the Russians burst close to the barracks, and a merchant sailor ran to look at the crater which it formed in the ground. He then entered the building itself, and sauntered about smoking his pipe till he came to some loose gunpowder, on which, being of a scientific and experimentalizing turn of mind, he tried the effects of dropping several sparks from the burning tobacco. The powder, as is not unusual in such cases, exploded with violence, and blew up the sailor and a sentry outside. They were both dreadfully burnt. As the floor was covered with cartridges and loose powder, the fire spread, and went leaping on by fits and starts to a large quantity of combustible matter. At last it reached the magazine, and the explosion blew out the walls and ceilings of the central barrack. The flames set fire to the dry woodwork, and in a short time the whole pile of buildings, which were of admirable construction, was in a blaze. The conflagration lighted up the sky at night to a great distance. All that remained of the Imperial Barracks of Sebastopol was a mass of charred and blackened stones. The Russians, thinking that the accident had been caused by their own fire, plied their guns with increased vigour, and threw shot and shell around the place, but did no damage. The act destroyed not less than 30,000 cartloads of wood, which might have been made available for hutting and fuel. It was, on the whole, a miracle that more accidents of the kind did not occur, owing to the neglect of the authorities and the carelessness of the men. No one seemed to think it necessary to destroy the great quantities of powder, loose and in cartridges, in all the Russian batteries, and in every nook and corner of the place. It was only a day or two before the accident that a naval officer pointed out to me the danger arising from the number of live shell lying inside the Redan.

The fuses were simply open tubes of wood, and had no caps, so that a spark setting fire to one fuse would cause all the shells to explode. These live shells were to be seen in all directions, generally nicely imbedded near small magazines or piles of cartridges.

CHAPTER II.

An Expedition determined upon—The Mixed Commission: its Composition and Proceedings—Doctors in dudgeon—Strength of the Army in October, 1855—State of the Russian Army—The Deserter's Tale—Newspaper Paragraph—Honours to the Commanders—Preparations for an Expedition—Sebastopol in Ruins—Hostile Proceedings—Russian Account of the Capture of Sebastopol—Inferiority of our Soldiers as Labourers—General Simpson's Despatch respecting Operations on the 8th of September—Wellington's Circular to all Commanding Officers of Divisions and Brigades, dated Frenada, November 28th, 1812.

A PAUSE again took place; but about this time an expedition seemed to be determined upon. The Light Brigade of Cavalry, under Lord George Paget, received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark for Eupatoria, and an infantry force was told off for a sea trip. Our destination was kept as close as possible, but every one affected to know it, pointed it out slily on charts, or muttred it into your ear.

The following was the distribution of the forces of the expedition embarked under *Brigadier-General the Hon. A. Spencer*:—

Ship.	Regiment.	Officers.	Men.	Horses.
H.M.S. Royal Albert . .	17th Regiment .	28	756	—
H.M.S. Algiers	20th Regiment .	30	474	—
H.M.S. Hannibal . . .	21st Regiment .	31	643	—
H.M.S. Leopard and Sidon	57th Regiment .	32	724	—
H.M.S. Princess Royal. .	63rd Regiment .	30	524	—
H.M.S. St. Jean d'Acre .	Royal Marines .	37	800	—
Screw transport Indian .	Cavalry . . .	1	20	21
,, ,, ,,	Royal Engineers .	3	60	4*
,, ,, ,,	Staff	...	...	7
,, ,, ,,	Medical Staff . .	7	...	2
,, ,, ,,	Regimental Staff .	...	23	23
,, ,, ,,	Commissariat Staff	4	...	1
,, ,, ,,	Royal Artillery .			
Sailing ship Arabia . . .	Royal Artillery .	4	200	100†
Sailing ship Prince Alfred.	Royal Artillery .			
Screw steamer Charity . .	Land Transport, cacets, litters, &c.	3	60	120‡

The sailing ship Orient, with medical comforts, blankets, &c.
The screw-steamer Lady A. Lambton, with one month's provisions, and forage, and the St. Jean d'Acre also carried tents and officers' baggage.

The Mixed Commission which sat in Sebastopol for the purpose of dividing and valuing the warlike stores and provisions abandoned by the enemy in their retreat from the place, combined the functions of the three infernal judges with great skill, and was by turns Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus—for, although it condemned no one to death, it consigned many worthless bodies of *matériel* to destruction.

* 15 tons of stores, &c. † 6 guns, 6 waggons. ‡ 15 carts.

Its deliberations were perturbed, if not suspended, by the attentions of the enemy's cannoneers, for the street in which the house of the commissioners was situate was selected with a view to remind them of the value of guns, balls, and gunpowder, as it was completely enfiladed by the fire of one of the batteries. Sometimes a shot bumped against the walls of the mansion, and shook the bodies corporate, though it did not disturb the nerves of the members. Sometimes a shell blurted into the rooms, and routed outlying artists as they sketched the ruins of Sebastopol. But the commissioners pursued and terminated their labours.

The following is a list of the members of the commission :—

FRENCH.

Mazure, Général d'Artillerie.
Feldstraffe, Capitaine du Génie.
Laurent, Lieutenant de Vaisseau.
Cicoza, Capitaine d'Artillerie.
Goutier, Adjoint à l'Intendance.
De Calac, Capitaine d'Artillerie.
Cadurst, Chef de Bataillon du Génie.
Genoux de la Coche, Capitaine de Fregate.
La Cabrinière, Sous-intendant.

ENGLISH.

Captain Drummond, R.N.
Brigadier-General Dupuis, R.A.
Major Staunton, R.E.
Commander F. Martin, R.N.
Assistant-Commissary-General Crookshank.
Captain Shaw, R.A.
A. Rumble.
Lieutenant Buller, R.N.
Captain Montagu, R.E.
Assistant-Commissary-General Lundy.
Captain Dickson, R.A.
A. W. Johnson, Secretary to the Commission.

It is generally known that Englishmen like to grumble. Is it true that England gives them reason for indulging in their notorious tendencies? Now, for instance, the doctors (in common with nearly every class of officers) were highly indignant at the alleged neglect and indifference of the authorities to their claims. Is it to be understood that English military surgeons are not entitled to any honorary reward? Lord Panmure did not say so, but he let Lord Raglan's shade stand betwixt him and the angry doctors. The case stood thus:—After the publication of the lists of brevets, promotions, and decorations of the Bath, &c., Dr. Hall, urged thereunto by sundry weighty considerations, addressed an energetic and reasonable letter to Dr. Andrew Smith, animadverting upon, or at least pointing distinctly to, the exclusion of the surgeons of the army from the rewards bestowed with no niggard hand upon their comrades of the Staff and of the regiments. Dr. Smith sent that letter to Lord Panmure, and his Lordship, who has not studied polemical divinity

for nothing, and is, moreover, a capital hand at finding out a good official excuse, replied to it, and met the case by a plea of confession and avoidance. Nothing would his Lordship be more ready, nothing was he more anxious to do, than to recommend deserving medical officers for promotion, but the fact was, that he was in utter ignorance of the deserts of the gentlemen in question; for, on looking to Lord Raglan's despatches, he found that the Field-Marshal had never said a good word for any of that genus or species of man-militant. They could not even boast of the official damnation of a faint applause from head-quarters, nor was there much solid pudding to compensate for the want of empty praise from which they suffered. Although these officers did not wish to be placed under a system of supervision like that of the French intendance, they felt that such a course would at least relieve them from much responsibility and consequent blame, and that it would secure to them special mention and official recognition of meritorious services or of extraordinary exertion.

In one case, at least, I know for a fact that a General of Division, with many of the oaths which he lavished in enforcing professions of earnestness and sincerity, declared to the principal medical officer of his division that he had intended to mention him specially to Lord Raglan, for his zeal and devotion after the battle of the Alma, but that he had unfortunately forgotten to do so in his despatch. However, he would—he would by ——, do so at once—write a despatch, and so on. *Did he? If he did, Lord Raglan never paid the least attention to it.* The wretched jealousies of our system are contagious. The instant a civilian became connected with the army he was caught at once, and became involved with A, B, or C. The military surgeons were jealous of—well, they did not like—the civil surgeons. The latter thought the former assumed too many airs, and that they despised the civil element, which was fresher from the hospitals, and knew a great deal more about the theories of the day than besworded and bespurred fogies who swore by Lawrence or Larrey. There was an internecine battle of "corps," which was chiefly developed in brisk affairs of outposts. What man of the Line or Guards was not "down" on the Engineers? What Engineer had recovered the mortal wounds inflicted on him by lazy soldiers who would not work in the trenches? Was not that "confounded Naval Brigade, that gets all the praise," an eyesore and a stumbling-block to the ill-used siege train? Were not the infantry tickled with ironical mirth at the notion that the cavalry had done anything? Were not the cavalry wroth that they should have been turned into draymen, porters, and hewers of wood and drawers of water for the infantry during the winter? The Royal Horse Artillery had similar grievances. As to the contests between Commissariat officers and Land Transport officers, if smothered by official forms, they blazed below the paper. The defunct navvies waged *horrida bella* with the Commissariat department also. The Quartermaster-General's department was trying to do as little as it could to comply with the large requests of the Army Works Corps, and the railway interest and the road-making were by no means on the best possible terms. The Ambulance Corps, while it still existed in the body, was savagely tickled up, probed, walked into, reported upon, and attacked by the doctors; and as

to the method pursued in higher quarters—we are afraid to reveal the battlefields whereon so many of our soldiers perished in times gone by;—

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?"

In the first week of October the troops were in excellent health. Our strength was very considerable. It was almost as numerous as that with which the Duke fought the battle of Vittoria. The infantry numbered 27,000; the cavalry 3500; the artillery 9000—in fine, General Simpson had under his command not less than 38,000 effectives of all arms. There were few matters of complaint; but an army is an insatiable creature, and its providers must be as thoughtful and foreseeing as ants. A pile of stores disappeared in a day. To all commissariat officers in charge at Balaklava it might be well said—"*Nulla fronti fides*,"—"Have no faith in the front."

But what were these evils when compared with those endured by our adversary? True, indeed, that of the condition of the Russian army encamped on the Belbek nothing certain could be known in camp; but now and then one got a glimpse of the world beyond the adverse sentries. The pickets brought in some foot-sore, ragged, emaciated, sickly-looking deserter, who told a sad tale of want and suffering. Was he a Dolon or not? That was the question. The deserters who came in to the Sardinians were sent to our head-quarters; those who surrendered to the Turks were brought to the French *Quartier Général*. The last two who arrived at General Simpson's were a Pole and a Russian, and both were in such a condition as to excite the liveliest compassion among our soldiers. Their clothes were in rags, and the fragments of their boots scarcely clung to their feet. They came from the army near Baidar, and they stated that all the men were in the same condition; that all they had to eat was bread or biscuit and barley, that they got no meat, and had only occasional issues of quarter rations of vodka, or spirits. Their officers, they said, told the troops that the Allies were starving, and had no forage for their horses; and these two men were observed to laugh and throw up their hands in surprise as they passed the great piles of provisions accumulated at our *depôt* on the Col. They said they were laughing at the lies which had been told to them. They were in such a forlorn state that Colonel Blane sent down an active and intelligent non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Gillespie, of the Provost Marshal's department, under whose immediate control all prisoners were placed, to the Russian stores at Sebastopol to get them great-coats and clothing, but he could not find any boots, and it was observed that no boots were in store when the place was taken, and that the prisoners were very badly shod. This was very unusual with Russian troops, and showed the straits to which their army was reduced. When the place was evacuated, the English took sixty-two prisoners, many of whom were drunk and asleep amid the ruins of the houses, and they were all badly dressed and ill provided with shoes or boots.

The wounded men taken in affairs of outposts by the Sardinians were in the same sad state, and it was evident that the Russians were rapidly declining in condition and in external efficiency. The men stated that

they got 3lb. of bread or 1½lb. of biscuit a-day, and a little barley, which they boiled into a kind of soup; this constituted their rations. They were kept alive by assurances that the Allies must soon go, and then they would have (poor deluded creatures!) the spoils of the English camp, which was rich in everything but food. Most of these men were exceedingly tractable, and they were found to make excellent servants at head-quarters, so long as they were not allowed to have rum. They were obedient, hard-working, and easily contented, and their masters all spoke highly of them. One of them, a Polish non-commissioned officer, was of great use as a spy, but he was seized with an unconquerable desire to join the Polish Legion at Varna, and had got as far as Odessa, when he was recognised and shot as a deserter. There were many races in the Russian army, but none seemed willing to desert except the Poles, and the number of disaffected soldiers who came over to us was very small indeed.

In reference to a paragraph published in the *Times* from a contemporary, classifying the regiments engaged in the attack on the Redan into English, Irish, and Scotch, in accordance with the names each of them bears, I took occasion to remark that nothing could be more fallacious than any deductions from such *data*. It is not by any means true that each regiment consists in most part of natives of the province or county from which it derives its name, or that it is even raised in that part. For instance, a large proportion of the 41st Welsh are Irish, and that regiment till lately has been recruited in Ireland, but now orders have been issued to raise men in Wales, where the character and reputation of the regiment exercised greater influence in procuring recruits. The 77th, which is called the East Middlesex Regiment, contained one half its strength of Irishmen; the 30th, or Cambridgeshire, also comprised a very great number of Irishmen; and the 90th, or Perthshire Volunteers, had quite as many men from Tipperary as from the shire it is named after. The same remark was true of many other regiments engaged; but there were and are very few Irish in the Rifle Brigade, still fewer in the Highland regiments, and least of all in the Guards. The 21st North British Fusiliers contained many Irish and many natives of Gloucester and Somersetshire—in fact, a regiment is constituted of natives of the districts into which it sends its recruiting parties, and with which it has, as it were, a connexion, so that you will find a great number of the Royal Artillery come from the north of Ireland, and of Riflemen from Kent, and of Marines from the Midland counties and seaport towns of England, and of the 71st Highland Light Infantry from Glasgow. The names of the killed and wounded, though by no means a certain or accurate index of the districts from which regiments are recruited, generally furnish bases for a tolerably just approximation to the truth.

General Simpson was presented on the 3rd October by the Sultan's envoy with the Order of the Medjidie of the First Class, and with a magnificent sabre of honour incrusted with diamonds and precious stones, and Marshal Pelissier received a similar mark of the consideration of the Ottoman Porte. The Admirals came over from Kamiesch and breakfasted with the General. Lieutenant Geneste, who was taken

at Hango, on the Baltic, came down on board one of the small war-steamers from the northward to Kamiesch, and visited head-quarters. He was delivered up by the Russians, who treated him with their usual politic kindness.

The first brigade of the Fourth Division marched down to Kazatch on the 4th October, and proceeded to embark on board the ships, to which they were told off as speedily as circumstances permitted. They were minutely inspected by Sir Henry Bentinck, K.C.B., commanding the division, who delivered a few words of advice, kindly meant and well received, before they left. Brigadier-General Spencer, commanding the expedition, accompanied them half-way towards the port. The brigade was in very fine order, and formed a body of 3300 men, many of them tried soldiers, and others fine strong men, able to do anything, and in high spirits and courage. The Royal Marines began to embark on board the "St. Jean d'Acre," which came round outside Balaklava for them, and the P Field Battery, Captain Johnson, moved down to embark on board the ships told off for them in the harbour.

The preparations for the expedition and the embarkation of the artillery and stores continued on October 5th. A large body of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, so long encamped on the heights of Balaklava, were marched down to the water's-edge, and followed their comrades on board the "St. Jean d'Acre," to which they were conveyed in the "Wallace" steam-tug. Her Majesty's steamer "Triton," Lieutenant A. D. W. Fletcher commanding, received orders to prepare to join the expedition, and Captain Leopold Heath, R.N., the Superintendent of Transports, shifted his flag to the "Bucephalus" transport, attended by his secretary, Mr. Barrs.

Here for a time the expedition rested: the actual proceedings of the army mainly consisted in preparations for the winter on the plateau before Sebastopol, in dismantling the ruined houses of the city for wood, and in destroying the trenches for the sake of the gabions, which burned very well and saved fuel. The road made great progress. Upwards of 6000 men were engaged upon it daily, and if Mr. Doyne could have procured more tools from the Quarter-master-General, the work would have gone on still faster; but the fact was, that he experienced considerable difficulty in getting the authorities to comply with his requisitions, although he handed over the *matériel* of the corps to them when he arrived in the Crimea. Labour was, however, ample, and was not denied; the tools issued to Mr. Doyne were, however, worn out and worthless, and we were guilty of the very bad economy, in a country like the Crimea, where skilled labour cost so much, of repairing implements which had been damaged or used up, instead of issuing new ones. Many of these tools belonged to the Engineers' department, and were completely worked up by the Sappers and Miners during the siege. No, we were *not* perfect even yet. Though Sebastopol was ours, there *were* little blurs and blotches which might have been removed from our administrative escutcheon by very small labour. We borrowed flour from the French, and we borrowed flour from the Sardinians, and, indeed, as we were liberal

lenders, they could not complain of our making such small requisitions upon them now and then. Our stock of rum ran so short that the regiments in front drew upon the *depôt* of the Fourth Division for their supplies.

Sebastopol gradually came up piecemeal to the camp. Doors, windows, locks, hinges, fire-places, stoves, pictures, chairs, tables, beams of wood, roofing, ceiling, flooring, sheet-lead, rolled copper, cut stone, crockery, and innumerable articles of every description, were brought up by carts, horses, ponies, and by men, every day in great quantities, and were found most useful in the construction and ornamentation of our huts. There were very few officers who had not got some trophies; arms of various descriptions, great coats, and helmets are the most common; but pictures of saints, often embellished by the finders with grotesque adornments of moustachios, short pipes, and eye-glasses, and portraits of the late Czar, which had not quite escaped the spirit of improvement manifested by our soldiery, were very common. Many articles of English workmanship abounded, and canary birds sang and flowers bloomed amid all the murky horrors of these blood-stained casemates. All the shot and shell were collected, and the French gave their soldiers about 3½*d.* or 4*d.* for each 13-inch shell or large shot which they brought up to certain *depôts* indicated for the purpose. The thousands of tons of iron which covered the terrain for ten or twelve miles in length by five in breadth, were "worthy the attention of the speculative capitalist," or at all events of the Government.

Although the Forts Alexander and Nicholas were nearly intact—a portion of the curtain of the former was blown in by the explosion, but the rest of it remained entire, and Fort Nicholas was but slightly injured—the Russians resolved not to spare them, and the effect of their practice upon them proved that the stone of which they were composed would not resist a lengthened and continuous fire at close quarters. In other words, if a line-of-battle ship could have got alongside without having been sent to the bottom, she would soon have destroyed Fort Alexander, or any fort, such as Fort Constantine, built of similar material. The enemy suspected that the French were making a very heavy battery behind Fort Alexander, and they shelled frequently in that direction; and knowing the position of their mortar battery behind Fort Nicholas, they directed a pretty constant vertical fire on the guard behind that work. When their shot hit the stones at the angle of the fort, they generally split and broke the outer masonry. The stones were of white freestone, cut in long parallelograms, and if a shot struck the middle of a block it generally split it right through, so that a few heavy projectiles at any one point would speedily destroy all cohesion, and crumble the wall into a breach. Still, the forts were beautifully built, and were of very great strength, notwithstanding the inferior nature of the building material. They were all reared upon capacious vaults of solid masonry, and the casemates, curtains, and parapets were of prodigious thickness, and of very superior finish and workmanship. As the *débris* of the place was cleared away, it was seen that the ruin and injury of our bombardment were not so great and complete as we imagined. The Catherine Boulevard enabled us to judge of what it once was, and the cathedral, two or three churches,

and the theatre could have been readily restored to their proper uses; indeed, I heard that the French celebrated high mass more than once in the former edifice.

A boat from the "St. Jean d'Acre," under the charge of Lieutenant Lewis Reynolds, was sent round from Kamiesch to the harbour, and was employed, whenever a flag of truce appeared, in communicating with the Russians. It was at the request of Prince Gortschakoff that this was done. The Prince, being pleased to consider that the south side of Sebastopol belonged to the Allies, sent to suggest that it would save much time and inconvenience if a boat was kept in the Dockyard harbour, near Fort Paul, so as to be ready to go out with or for communications in cases of armistice, several of which, relating to prisoners' property, exchange of letters, &c., had then recently taken place. The Russians always came across in very well-appointed, handsome boats, manned with picked crews of well-dressed, clean-looking sailors, and the officers sent on the duty were generally very accomplished linguists and agreeable men. They were, however, very strict and very sharp in their practice as regards flags of truce, being extremely jealous of the smallest informality, and quick in firing the instant the flag of truce was hauled down. They insisted that the Malakoff was taken by a surprise, and that all the garrison, except those who could get into the casemates, had gone off to enjoy their meals and midday *siesta* when the French rushed in; but they admitted that the town was getting too hot to hold them, and that our fire was too heavy to be much longer withstood. Had they possessed mortars with which to reply to our vertical fire, they say they would have held out for another year at least, "but the army of defence, with a deep seaway in its rear, with one flank menaced by a fleet, and the other by the works at Inkermann, so that in reality its centre only was effective, could not strategically resist an army of attack which had such advantages of position." Our neglected siege-train and Artillery and Naval Brigade, according to the Russians, took the town, as by their fire they made its defence impossible. During the last two bombardments from French and English, the garrison "lived in holes like rats," and the telling-off of reliefs and moving of reserves were always attended with danger and certain loss.

As labourers, our soldiers are not equal to the French, and are far inferior to the Russians. Our Engineers complained that the only regiments which worked well were the Guards and some of the Rifle Brigade, and that the Irish and Scotch regiments did not know how to handle the tools used in military works. In fact, only those soldiers who were originally agricultural labourers, and were therefore used to the spade and pick, can get through the labours usually required for the construction of approaches or defences. Herdsmen, gillies, sword-dancers, huntsmen, deer-stalkers, mowers, hodmen, mechanics, and town labourers, however strong, active, and willing, and wherever they come from, cannot use the implements which are put into their hands by Sappers and Miners, and it would be exceedingly desirable to teach men who may be employed in such works how to work and what to do with the tools. Was it old Turenne who said, "More

battles were won by the spade than by the musket"? We won all ours by the bayonet and musket alone, and we certainly suffered great loss and were exposed to much disadvantage from not being able to approach within 200 yards of the Redan, whereas the French got up to the abattis of the Malakoff, and within 25 mètres of the parapet. Our gallant Allies could, indeed, spare more men to work, and could afford to lose more in the approaches, than we could. That their labours were not light, or their casualties trifling, we may infer from the fact that they lost not less than 64 officers of Engineers in the siege, of whom 30 were killed.

General Simpson's despatch respecting the operations on the 8th of September gave considerable satisfaction to the army. It afforded evidence that the Commander-in-Chief could rise above the very dead level of the uninteresting General Orders which will make the records of this army intolerable to the patience and not easy to the digestion of the most resolute and hardy antiquarian in times to come. Who will venture to publish our despatches? And yet we had notable penmen at head-quarters, who were at their vocation night and day, and who injured their temper and manners by incessant scrivenery, the results of which are buried in the pigeon-holes of Whitehall, never to be seen even in the lively pages of a blue-book. The French authorities enter less into detail and exhibit less penmanship, and are, perhaps, therefore, more polite and affable to strangers than our own good gentleman. If an Englishman presented himself at the French head-quarters, or made any application in writing for passes to the trenches, or such slight facilities, he was presented with them at once, in a manner which enhanced the value of the obligation. If he wrote to the Adjutant-General of the English army, the chances were that he would never receive any answer to his letter, although his request were of the smallest kind, unless indeed he happened to belong to the *dii minores*, or possessed such recommendations as had full consideration in the eyes of that dignitary of the army. However, Colonel Pakenham was said to be a good man of business, "a rare arithmetician," and a subtle "totter up" in addition; he had industrious habits, was of a sedentary disposition, had a studious turn in the matter of returns, regimental reports, and such like literature, and was so far a most excellent and useful Adjutant-General. What did the army want more?

And now—even now—it is not too late to reproduce a despatch of a very different character from those we read of in the *London Gazette* or in General Orders. It was, indeed, no less applicable to our army, about to winter in the Crimea, than it was to another army when it was written, and the truths it contained were as patent and as pregnant with value and interest as they had been nearly half a century ago. The writer says—

"I have no hesitation in attributing these evils—of irregularities, of bad cooking, and of want of discipline—to the habitual inattention of the officers of regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the orders of this army.

"I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit, of the officers of the army; and I am quite certain that if their

minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty, and that the strict performance of this duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served, they will in future give their attention to these points.

"Unfortunately, the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to consider that the period during which an army is on service is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which, of all others, every rule for the regulation and control of the conduct of the soldier, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries, and field equipments, and his horse and horse appointments—for the receipt, and issue, and care of his provisions, and the regulation of all that belongs to his food and the forage for his horse—must be most strictly attended to by the officers of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army—a British army in particular—shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of efficiency to meet the enemy on the day of trial.

"These are the points, then, to which I most earnestly entreat you to turn your attention and the attention of the officers of the regiments under your command—Portuguese as well as English—during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in their cantonments. *The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant inspection* and superintendence of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments; and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with the sense of their situation and authority; and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to their duty, by being constantly under the view and superintendence of the officers. By these means, the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the provost, and to punishments by the sentence of courts-martial, will be prevented, and the soldiers will not dare to commit the offences and outrages of which there are too many complaints, when they well know that their officers and their non-commissioned officers have their eyes and attention turned towards them.

"The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant, real inspection of the soldiers' arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries, in order to prevent at all times the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article and of the soldiers' necessaries. With this view both should be inspected daily.

"*In regard to the food of the soldier, I have frequently observed and lamented in the late campaign the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked in comparison with those of our army.*

"The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other description—the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and the conduct of their men, and the consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company

should be appointed to cut and bring in wood; others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c., to be cooked; and it would soon be found that, if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners and for the men dining named, as it ought to be, equally as for parade, the cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time which it has lately been found to take, and the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their food at the moment at which the army might be engaged in operations with the enemy.

"You will, of course, give your attention to the field exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should not lose the habits of marching, and the division should march ten or twelve miles twice in each week, if the weather should permit, and the roads in the neighbourhood of the cantonments of the division should be dry."

Now, the writer of this "offensive production" was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and it is an extract of a circular addressed to all commanding officers of divisions and brigades, dated, Frenada, Nov. 28, 1812. It was not the Duke's province to inquire into the reason of "this want of attention to the men" of which he complains; but in a service in which there were only two captains in a regiment, and all the other officers except the colonel and major were boys who had seen but a few weeks' service, intent only on champagne, tarts, good grub, dog-hunts, and horse-races, it was not wonderful if the same thing occurred in the Crimea in 1855. *Spero meliora.* It would be unjust to say that the British soldier had not admirable raw material provided by Government for him, and many regiments possessed most excellent cooking-houses, built under the direction of their officers. I was particularly struck by the number and neatness of those of the 48th Regiment. Colonel Unett, of the 19th, worked very hard in erecting some excellent kitchens for his regiment, and even invented a plan of baking bricks, manufactured out of the earth in the neighbourhood, for the purpose.

CHAPTER III.

Peaceful Toils—Improvements—Promotions—Memorandum of October 15th—Expedition to Eupatoria countermanded—Intelligence by Telegraph—State of Affairs in Sebastopol—Want of proper System and Organization—French Review—Death of a Roman-catholic Sister of Charity—Extract from Divisional Orders.

THE camp, into which Russian projectiles not unfrequently obtruded, was at this time tranquil and laborious, like some new settlement in Australian bush or America's back woods. Peaceful toil succeeded the din of war. Except the cannonade from the north side, which was at times rather boisterous, not a sound was heard to indicate the vicinity of a foe. The Russians, as if to vent their rage for their reverse, continued to pound away at intervals at the ruins of the town they had been forced to abandon. They did little harm to us, and might

as well have saved their ammunition, which they often condescended to expend even on a single soldier, wandering among the broken walls or across the plain. Our old friend Bilbouquet, long silent, opened his mouth, and sent shot at the works by Traktir Bridge, or at something he saw moving in the valley below his muzzles. The silence would have been sometimes quite solemn had not the tap of the builder's hammer replaced in some degree the crack of the rifle, and the rumble of carts the roar of the cannon. The English army, convinced that it was to winter in its present camp, set seriously to work to guard itself from the inclement weather from which it suffered so grievously, and to make itself as comfortable as possible. Hutting and road-making were the occupations of the hour, and rapid was the progress made in both. Strong wooden huts sprang up on every side, and here and there a solid stone dwelling was in course of construction. It was pleasant to contrast the sufferings of the former winter—the cold, exposure, famine, and want of clothing then endured—with the prospect of plenty and almost of comfort during this Christmas, and to observe the activity that prevailed in endeavours to make the most of the ample means supplied. Drainage was not neglected, and, indeed, it was a question whether it were not almost overdone. Some of the ditches, dug along each side of roads, and around stores, hospital huts, and other establishments, were of formidable width and depth, and of a dark night proved dangerous pitfalls to wanderers through the camp, especially if they had been taking "just one more tumbler" in the quarters of some hospitable friend. On the other hand, the rains frequently descended in torrents, and while the water swept down the slopes in sheets and floods, deep drainage was essential To the wholesome labour and activity that prevailed, as well as to the fineness of the weather, the healthy condition of the army was doubtless due.

The General Orders contained full confirmation of news that had reached us a few days before—namely, the promotion of Colonel Windham to the rank of Major-General "for distinguished services in the field," and his appointment to the command of the Fourth Division, with which he served as Assistant-Quartermaster-General until he was named to the command of that brigade of the Second Division, at the head of which he fought on the 8th of September.

Lord William Paulet assumed the command of the 2nd brigade of the Fourth Division, and occupied General Bentinck's old quarters on Cathcart's-hill, where, unlike the previous tenant, he dwelt quietly without risk of a cannon-ball plumping into his soup-tureen or tumbling into his bed.

On the 15th of October a memorandum was issued that, until further orders, the whole of the army should be under arms at half-past 5 A.M., and remain until dismissed by generals commanding divisions; working parties, for railways, roads, &c., to come on duty at 9 instead of 8 A.M.: this delay was granted in order to give the men time to breakfast and refresh themselves after the turn-out.

When all was ready, the expedition to Eupatoria was countermanded, in consequence of a telegraphic message from Lord Panmure, to the effect that the Russians meditated an attack. Inkermann was the

quarter in which it was expected. It was difficult to say what the Russians could have gained by attacking us. Of the expedition to Eupatoria the Highlanders, two batteries of artillery, and the company of Sappers were countermanded. The cavalry sailed.

Late on Wednesday night (17th) the reserve ammunition was warned to be ready early in the morning, as there was every probability of an attack. On Thursday forenoon the French were formed up in the Valley of the Tchernaya, awaiting a foe who came not. About noon, movements of troops were made; and it was reported that large masses of Russians were visible. There was much note of preparation and the frequent clash of arms, but nevertheless many were of opinion —some of them persons whose opinion had weight—that our Muscovite friends had not the remotest idea of attacking us, and that Lord Panmure's information to a contrary effect, derived from Berlin, proceeded, in fact, from St. Petersburg, or at any rate from friends of our enemies, who desired to prevent us from taking advantage of what little fine weather remained to undertake fresh expeditions. If this were the case, how heartily the Russians and their underhand favourers must have laughed when they heard of the trip to Eupatoria having been abandoned!

On Wednesday the telegraph brought fresh information, originating from Vienna, to our head-quarters, which was to the effect that the Russians were about to abandon the north side. There were no visible signs of such approaching evacuation, nor was there any probable reason to assign for it, excepting one, which was, that the Russians would find it impossible to supply their army during the winter. On this point opinions differed widely. Some thought that the Russians would experience no difficulty in bringing enough supplies by the road from Perekop; others doubted that road sufficient, and were also of opinion that the Russian means of transport would run short. It was pretty certain that no large *depôt* of provisions existed near at hand, and also that none ever existed, not even at the commencement of the siege. In the previous winter the Russians—who doubtless never contemplated a siege of anything like such duration, nor probably an attack at all by land, and made sure of speedily beating off any naval force brought against their great fortress—had a constant stream of supplies pouring into the town. It was urged that they had taken advantage of the summer to lay in stores; but the drought of that season was as unfavourable to such an operation as the wet and cold and heavy roads of winter; and, unless by camels, which can do but little, transport must have been very difficult. Their loss of beasts of draught and burden must have been prodigious, and the wear and tear of their ill-made carts proportionately large. The chief motive for striving to retain their position probably was that, in the event of negotiations for peace being carried on that winter, these would be conducted more favourably to them whilst they still had a footing in the Crimea than if they had moved out of it, leaving us to garrison Sebastopol and Simpheropol, and, if we chose, to transport our army to the Danube and to Asia.

In Sebastopol itself there was nothing new. The Russians continued

firing at the town, with little reply from the French. They fired principally at Sebastopol Proper, but now and then dropped a shot or shell into the Karabelnaïa, and sometimes took the flagstaff on the Malakoff for their mark. It is difficult to understand why we spared them so much, unless it were that we expected them soon to walk away, and leave us their north-side forts in good order and condition, which was expecting rather too much. There could be no difficulty in forming batteries of heavy guns, with which to knock some, at least, of their defences about their ears. Outside the town the French were hard at work levelling their siege works, filling up trenches, &c., though why they took that trouble it was hard to say, unless they contemplated the probability of Sebastopol being garrisoned by the Allies, and they, in their turn, besieged by the Russians. Visitors to the exterior works were pretty numerous; fewer persons went into the town, the fire, which sometimes was really heavy, rendering a visit unpleasant.

A more curious spectacle was assuredly nowhere to be found than in the space comprised between the lines where our batteries once stood and the harbour of Sebastopol. The ground in parts was literally paved with shot sunk in the earth: there were ditches and trenches in which they lay as thick as apples in a basket. They might be seen of every size, from the huge 68-pounder down to the diminutive grape—jolly little fellows, of a pleasant vinous appellation, but very nasty to run against as they were passing through the air. As to the fragments of shell, the roads might have been macadamized with them—jagged, rusty bits of iron, infinitely various in size and form; one thought as one looked at them, how many a stout and gallant fellow received his quietus from those jagged splints before they fell to the ground after their diverging upward flight. Then one came upon ill-treated cannon, some trunnionless, others with muzzles knocked off, some burst into two or three pieces, and others bearing indentations as from the hammer of a Cyclop. You walked up into the Redan—into the Malakoff, if the French sentries objected not—and you marvelled at the huge dimensions of those famous works, and felt surprised rather at their having ever become ours than at their having so long resisted the utmost efforts of English and French. They were indeed a medley of enormous earthworks, huge lumps of stone, heaps upon heaps of shot and broken shell and damaged guns, everything rugged and battered—a work of giants reduced to chaos. And then the gloomy, fetid bomb-proofs, in which for so long a time the stubborn Russians lurked—vile, worse than most dungeons. A minutely accurate drawing of as much of the Malakoff or the Redan as an artist could embrace at a view, would give a better idea of the nature of the difficulties which the besiegers had to surmount, than any attempted sketch of the fight.

The state of the town itself was the best proof of the enormous loss the Russians must have suffered during this long and eventful siege, and especially towards the close, when no part of the south side escaped our projectiles. The place was literally riddled with shot. One came upon all kinds of fantastical shattering—houses still standing which, according to all one's previous notions of support and balance, ought to fall to the ground; walls with huge holes through

them; roofs in rags; and everywhere, within and without the place, the ground was ploughed up into great holes, by the bursting of shells.

Mr. Doyne, the superintendent of the Army Works Corps, proceeded vigorously with his labours. But the want of proper system and organization, which was so often and deplorably exposed during this war and in this army, was here again visible. With different arrangements, half the men, perhaps a quarter of them, could have done the work of the whole 10,000 employed on the roads, and probably have done it better, because they would have been less crowded. Thus, for instance, a regiment of the Third Division, at the furthest extremity of the camp, marched down to work at Balaklava, returning at night, daily performing a distance of nearly fifteen miles. Of course, this was just so much power of work taken out of the men, and the army was full of boys, whose immature strength was not equal to a good hard day's work. It could not, in fact, be got out of them, even though they had not to walk long distances to it. The only reason for keeping the men, as many of them were kept, so far from their work, was, that if men went, officers must go too. However, there was no time to fight the battle of better organization. Mr. Doyne divided the roads into miles, and at every mile was placed a station-hut and a lamp, with a corporal and two men to act as police. We heard nothing but the clatter of the spade and the thud of the pick, varied by frequent explosions of small mines, with which builders and road-makers got rid of the blocks of rock that impeded their work, and on all sides one saw showers of fragments driven into the air, sometimes to the height of 500 or 600 feet, by the force of the powder. Besides working at the roads, parties were busy at various small jobs, clearing wells, &c.

The Russians remained very quiet, and so did we. There was not much firing from the north side; now and then some artillery officer, as if suddenly exasperated, jumped up in a fury, and fired half a dozen mortars at once. In the cavalry plain on Saturday afternoon, October 20, our Allies treated the Russians to a fine view of the Imperial Guard. General M'Mahon, having assumed command of the *corps d'armée* of reserve, passed it in review. I rode down there after sending off my despatch, and the sight was certainly very fine, and highly creditable in every way to the French army. Grenadiers, Chasseurs, Zouaves, Engineers, and Artillery of the Guard, were drawn up across the plain in a long line, through which the general rode, followed by a numerous staff, to which Sir Colin Campbell and a large number of English officers had temporarily attached themselves. The Grenadiers looked martial and imposing in their long blue coats and lofty bearskins; the Chasseurs smart and active in their most excellent and service-like costume; the Zouaves, as usual, picturesque and effective. These two corps, the Chasseurs and Zouaves, excited the warm admiration of our officers. They were probably the most perfect soldiers in the world—I do not mean in respect of fighting, although they were no fools at that, but as regards their military qualities and accomplishments, as well as their dress and equipment, their powers of marching and endurance—everything, in short, that constitutes perfection in a soldier. They really looked magnificent on Saturday—an honour to

their service, and a credit to the system and officers by which such soldiers are made. The day was fine, and of course ponies were put into requisition, and no end of scarlet jackets, interspersed with the blue frocks of the cavalry, might be seen converging from all points towards the parade-ground.

One of the Roman-catholic Sisters of Charity, Sister Winifred, died of cholera, and was interred in a grave dug high up the hill behind the General Hospital at Balaklava. She was followed to her last resting-place by the surviving sisters and Miss Nightingale, also by a few officers and a considerable number of soldiers and inmates of the hospital. Service was performed over the grave according to the Roman-catholic ritual.

The following testimony of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bentinck to the good conduct and services of the gallant Fourth Division during the period he commanded it, will be read with interest:—

EXTRACT FROM DIVISIONAL ORDERS, DATED *October* 13.

"Private and important family affairs compelling Lieutenant-General Sir H. Bentinck, K.C.B., to return to England, he cannot relinquish the command of the Fourth Division without expressing the great regret with which he does so.

"Although he has only had the command of it for the short period of little more than four months (but during a very eventful period), he has witnessed with great satisfaction the manner in which all ranks have conducted most difficult, arduous, and dangerous duties, with a spirit, energy, and good-humour not to be surpassed.

"Having already expressed to Brigadier-General Garrett on his quitting the division, and to Brigadier-General the Honourable A. Spencer and the First Brigade, on the morning of their departure on another expedition, his opinion of their services, it only remains for Sir Henry Bentinck to thank Colonel Wood, the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Royal Artillery, and the commanding officers, officers, and non-commissioned officers and men of the Second Brigade, for the assistance they have at all times rendered him; and he cannot refrain from expressing his high approbation of the manner in which all ranks have done their duty to their Queen and country.

"The Lieutenant-General begs to thank the Staff Officers of the division for their zeal and energy in the discharge of their duties, and he cannot conclude without expressing also his satisfaction at the manner in which Dr. Roberts has performed his; to the Commissariat Department and Land Transport Corps of the division, to whom it is indebted for their supplies, and with a regularity seldom equalled, and reflecting great credit on the officers of those departments.

"The Lieutenant-General has only further, in taking leave of the division, to wish it renewed glory, and he will always feel the greatest interest in its proceedings generally, and of the regiments composing it particularly.

"By order,
"G. ELLIOTT,
"Deputy-Acting-Adjutant-General."

CHAPTER IV.

Expedition to Kinburn—Off Odessa—Objects of the Expedition—Appearance of the Fleets—The English Portion of the Expedition—Odessa from the Sea—Alarm on Shore—The eternal Cossacks—Clouds, Fog, and Vapours—Signal Gun—The Fog thickens—Arrangements for the Attack—Order of Formation—Plan of Attack on Kinburn—Proceedings of the Advanced Squadron for Buoying the Dangers—A Skirmish.

THE fleet left Kamiesch on Sunday, October 7th, and anchored off Odessa on Monday afternoon, October 8th.

The garrison of Odessa was busily engaged in throwing up earthen batteries and in strengthening the defences of the fortress on the south-eastern angle of the town. The enemy erected some excellent casemated works, nearly *à fleur d'eau*, and several very wicked-looking stone forts. These might, no doubt, have all been battered about their eyes and ears, but the troops would have kept beyond the line of fire, and we could not have landed with a small force in a large city defended by a numerous garrison; so the only results of an attack would have been the destruction of private property, the lives and limbs of people who must have cursed this war every day of their lives, and the infliction of injury on one of the most beautiful cities in Europe.

The expedition was never intended to operate against Odessa, but to occupy the forts at the mouth of the Dnieper. These forts were Oczakoff, or Ochakov, on the north, and Kinburn on the south side of the entrance. The former is built upon a small promontory, called Oczakoff Point; the other is situated on a long narrow spit of sand, which may be considered as the north-western termination of the extraordinary spit of Djarilgatch. The distance between Oczakoff and Kinburn, across the entrance to Cherson or Dnieper Bay, does not exceed one and a quarter mile, and the passage up the Dnieper to Nicholaieff winds close to Kinburn, and is not more than three-quarters of a mile from the forts. A very extensive and dangerous sandbank, twenty miles long and of varying breadth, lies between Odessa and the entrance to the Bug and Dnieper. This bank commences at the distance of ten miles outside Odessa, and thence runs across to Kinburn. The water on it does not exceed three fathoms, and in some places is even less, but up to the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the shore from Odessa to Oczakoff, there is a belt of deep water, about three miles broad, between the shore and the great sandbank. At a mile from Kinburn the water begins to shoal rapidly from three fathoms in depth to a few feet. The entrance to Cherson Bay is guarded, as it were, by the island of Beresan, and numerous beacons and lights were formerly used to guide the mariner to the channel, which is difficult and tortuous. The coast is well provided with telegraphs.

A number of poor fishermen live on the sandy spits about the Bug, and there are some large curing establishments near Kinburn, and on the banks of the river up towards Nicholaieff. This city (the name of which is spelt by us in six different ways) lies on the east bank of the Bug, at the distance of thirty-five miles from the forts. Cherson Bay, which is formed by the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper, before they flow through the channel between Oczakoff and Kinburn, is very shallow, the navigation is extremely dangerous and intricate, and the mouths of the Dnieper, which resemble on a small

scale the debouchments of the Danube, are almost unknown to us. The Bug varies from three miles and a half to two miles in breadth as far upwards as Nicholaieff, below which a sudden bend contracts its course, the passage of which is here defended by formidable works. Its depth is about three fathoms, but there are many sandbanks in the channel, which winds from one side to the other of the river, and a vessel would in any position be under easy rifle range from both sides of the stream at the same time. It is more than thirty miles from Kinburn to the entrance of the Dnieper, and Cherson is fifteen miles above the ill-defined boundary where the extensive *marais* through which the Dnieper, with many muddy mouths, eats its way to the sea, ceases to become part of the mainland, and is resolved into water. Persons at home endeavouring to connect this expedition with a demonstration against Perekop might well be puzzled when they saw that it was upwards of fifty miles from Cherson to the Isthmus, and that the crow's flight between Kinburn and Perekop, as he passes over the desolate Taurida—bleak, waterless, and lifeless—exceeded ninety miles. Kinburn fort was a regular casemated stone-built work, mounting forty guns, according to the most extreme calculation—some giving only twenty and others thirty-two guns—but north of the fort on the spit running towards Oczakoff the Russians had recently built two sand batteries. Oczakoff Fort was not very strong, but on the coast between it and the ferry, across the arm of the sea which runs up to Kesandria, the enemy threw up three small batteries, with heavy guns, one near the ferry of three guns, and two of five and three guns respectively to the west of Oczakoff, which bore upon the channel between that place and Kinburn. There was a good road along the spit between Kinburn and Cherson, which, according to the best charts, are about forty-eight or fifty miles apart by this route. The vast importance of retaining possession of this place could not be overrated.

On the 7th October, the Allied squadrons, with a large flotilla of gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and small steamers, stretching in two lines in front of Kazatch and Kamiesch, must have displayed to the garrisons of the north side of Sebastopol a spectacle of portentous grandeur. We could see the enemy manning their batteries on the north side, and their troops under arms in front of their camps. It is likely they believed the Allies were about to make a descent in their rear. The French had four line-of-battle ships, several steam frigates, and a number of gun and mortar boats. In addition to that force they had a formidably ugly armament of three floating steam batteries; but England, with all her maritime and mechanical resources, could not aid her ally by even one of these tremendous fortresses! These French floating batteries, called the Devastation, Lave, and Tonnant, curiously unprepossessing in appearance, and painted of a bluish stone colour, as if to increase the gloominess of their aspect, showed eleven or twelve ports a-side, and carried twenty-two fifty-pounders (French) each. They were crowded with men, and were remarkably steady on the water, but the French bomb-vessels and gun-boats rolled heavily on the smallest provocation.

The men-of-war had their ports triced up and guns run in, so as to give air to the soldiers between decks, and presented long lines of kepis and red trousers from stem to stern. The day was very fine,

and the wind was scarcely strong enough to blow away the black and white wreaths of smoke and steam from the funnels of the fleet as they slowly got in motion. Each steamer had a mortar-vessel or gun-boat in tow. At 11·15 the "Royal Albert" set driver and fore and aft canvas, and slowly forged ahead, followed by the "Hannibal" and the rest of the squadron; the French division, led by the "Montebello," moving on in a parallel line with us, on the port or left hand. The English portion of the expedition was constituted nearly as follows, at least so far as I could ascertain the names of the vessels and their respective commanders:—

LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.

	Guns.	Captains commanding.	Troops on Board.	Royal Marines.
Royal Albert, Sir E. Lyons, G.C.B. &c., having on board Brigadier-General Spencer commanding	121	W. R. Mends	17th Regiment . 800	80
Hannibal, Sir H. Stewart, K.C.B., second in command	90	J. Hay	21st Regiment . 670	80
*Agamemnon	90	Sir J. Pasley		
Algiers	90	C. Talbot	20th Regiment . 500	80
St. Jean d'Acre	101	G. King	. . . . .	1030
Princess Royal	91	L. Jones	63rd Regiment . 700	80
	583		2670	1350

STEAM FRIGATES, SLOOPS, ETC.

Curaçoa	30	G. F. Hastings		
Dauntless	33	A. P. Ryder		
Firebrand	6	E. Inglefield		
*Furious	16	W. Loring		
Gladiator	6	C. Hillyar		
Leopard	18	G. Giffard	Left wing, 57th, and reserve ammunition . . 370	
Odin	16	J. Wilcox		
Sidon	22	G. Goldsmith	Right wing, 57th, and reserve ammunition . . 300	
Sphinx	6	A. Wilmott		
Spiteful	6	F. Shortt		
Spitfire	5	T. Spratt		
Stromboli	6	R. Hall		
Terrible	21	J. M'Cleverty		
Tribune	31	J. R. Drummond		
Triton	3	A. W. D. Fletcher		
*Valorous	16	C. Buckle		
Vulcan	6	E. Van Donop		
Totals	830		3340	1350

* Joined the squadron at Odessa.

SMALLER VESSELS.

Gun-boats.	Guns.	Commanders.
1. Arrow	4	Lt. W. K. Jolliffe.
2. Clinker	1	Lt. Hudson.
3. Cracker	1	Lt. Marryat.
4. Fancy	1	Lt. Grylls.
5. Moslem	1	——
6. Lynx	4	Lt. C. M. Aynsley.
7. Viper	4	Lt. H. Comber.
8. Wrangler	4	Lt. Burgoyne.
9. Beagle	4	Lt. Howitt.
10. Snake	4	Lt. Buckley.

MORTAR-VESSELS—(CAPTAIN DIGBY COMMANDING.)

1. Firm	Lt. Leet, St. Jean d'Acre	Lt. Hewitt, R.M.A.
2. Hardy	Pierson, Mate, Princess Royal	Lt. Foster, R.M.A.
3. Camel	Vaughan, Mate, ditto	Lt. Starr, R.M.A.
4. Flamer	Lt. Creagh, St. Jean d'Acre	Lt. Brookes, R.M.A.
5. Magnet	Blunt, Mate, Algiers	Lt. Pitman, R.M.A.
6. Raven	Hunt, Mate, Hannibal	Lt. Festing, R.M.A.

STEAM TENDERS, ETC.

Banshee. Danube. Brenda.

TRANSPORTS.

	No.	Freight, &c.
Prince Alfred	126	Royal Artillery.
Arabia	83	Royal Artillery, &c.
Orient	78	Medical Staff—Hospital Ship.
Lady Alice Lambton	99	Stores.
Durham	179	Miscellaneous.
Indian	197	Commissariat Staff, &c.
Charity	140	Civil Land Transport Corps and Commissariat Stores.
Colombo		Shot and shell, &c.
Zebra	211	Fuel.
Arthur Gordon	238	Stores.

Dr. Gordon, in medical charge of the expedition, Surgeon Foaker, second in charge, and a number of medical officers, embarked on board the "Orient."

Deputy-Commissary-General (in charge of the expedition) Tyrone Power, Assistant-Commissary-General Cumming, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Sutherland, and Commissariat Clerk Robinson; Lieutenant Wardlaw, and twenty Dragoons, Captain Nicholson, R.E., Lieutenant Gordon, R.E., and Lieutenant Scratchley, R.E., in command of the Sappers and Miners, embarked on board the "Orient." Major Bent, Royal Engineers, embarked on board the "Royal Albert."

As the fleets drew off from the land, leaving behind them the forts of Sebastopol, both north and south, between which the usual daily duel of cannon and mortar was going on, the French went somewhat to the westward, and steered N.W. by W., while we kept on a course N. by W. The Admiral made signal to the fleet that "the rendez-vous" was to be "five miles S. by E. of Odessa," and it was immediately conjectured that the object of visiting that place was to induce the Russians to take away their forces from Nicholaieff and

Cherson, in the expectation of a descent upon them at Odessa. The speed of the squadron was not very great, as most of the vessels had heavy boats in tow, and the signal was made from the Admiral, "Steer four miles an hour—course N.W. by N."

The "Triton" was ordered to keep close to the Admiral, and not to follow the signals of smaller vessels, and at 2·10 the flagship signalled that "the Admiral's course was no longer to be regarded by the fleet," but that they were to keep in their proper direction, as already indicated. At four o'clock the "Triton" was ordered not to exceed four knots an hour, the Admiral's ship began to press on in front, and before evening was well in advance of the squadron, attended by a despatch gun-boat. The French, detained by their heavy batteries, made the best of their way on our port quarter. The night was fine, and the fleet moved slowly, and in extended order, for fear of collisions, but just before dawn the "Stromboli" made a slight dint in the huge bulk of the "St. Jean d'Acre," and carried away one of the boats.

On Monday, the 8th of October, a hot bright sun lighted up the round mirror of sea of which the fleet formed the centre. The sea gives a poor human creature a curious sense of his own importance. Wherever it is not broken in upon by the land, it concedes to the vessel that has the honour of bearing him the position, or at least the sensation, of being the very centre and navel of the universe; if it has not already smitten him down on some cruel deck or wobegone cot, by its own peculiar protest against the arrogance of mankind. Although many big ships were near, and a great flotilla was moving all round the edges of our great circle, Her Majesty's ship "Innominata" appeared on this fine Monday morning to be the central point on a bright, flickering, shivering mirror, fringed by columns of smoke, or framed in by the masts of the distant fleet, fine as cobwebs on the edge of some ancient cheval glass of Louis Quatorze. The French fleet was away hull down on the port quarter, the grand, showy, big tricolors at the peak just topping the horizon, and the English fleet we could not see, for the reason assigned in the *Critic*, which I have never heard disputed, and shall therefore give in preference to any other.

About 8·30 something very like a three-decker under full sail, suffering terribly from refraction, came in view—a tall white column standing out of the sea. The haze gradually expanded as we advanced, and at last "land" was reported from the bows, and a hapless wight was despatched up into the clouds, to make any statements which might strike him as to the general configuration and geographical characteristics of the coast we were approaching, and to look out for "the British fleet at anchor," or afloat, as the case might be. I am not aware that his information was important or curious, and he only confirmed the profound observation of Sir Fretful Plagiary, after a lengthened sojourn among the sea gulls; but, at about nine o'clock, even landsmen could make out "land" with good telescopes, and were obliged to abandon the secret joys in which they had indulged at the disappointment of the Quartermaster, when he found that "a regular fog-bank" had been mistaken

by him for *terra firma*, and to admit that the "cloud," after all, was a "material guarantee" of the Czar, and belonged indeed to Russland. The canvas of the line-of-battle ship gradually resolved itself into a tall, snow-white pillar, some 200 feet above the level of the sea, which marks Cape Fontana, south of Odessa, and by degrees, as we rose the land, a white light-house, a guard-house, a white telegraph-house and station, white farmhouses, white villas embowered in green trees, pagodas, minarets, domes, and church spires appeared in view, and clustered together, till we had a day-dream of Constantinople and Naples together with a dash of Boulogne in it, and Odessa came in sight. As I am neither a voluntary tourist, a universal gazetteer, nor a photographer, I shall not attempt to describe the city, which must, indeed, be well known to Englishmen, though few artists can do justice to it. These barbarous Russians have a rare knack of building graceful, light, cheerful, and clean-looking cities, which even the "*Stones of Venice*" might not utterly despise; and, if it be distance which lends enchantment to the view, they have at least the satisfaction, denied to more civilized people, of saying there is one point of view from which their cities win the senses.

As we slowly drew up to our inevitable "five miles S. by E. of Odessa," we passed a wonderful creation, which, compared to the slow efforts of our ancient builders, seemed almost the work of enchantment. There stood an extensive city, built on the curve of a high sea-shore, with descending terraces and broad flights of steps to the beach, which was enclosed by broad quays and the walls of ports and casemated batteries, all shining brightly in the morning sun. Broad esplanades, or boulevards, lined with trees towards the sea-front, ran along the top of the bank, with a background of stately mansions, worthy of the best "rows" near the Regent's Park, and we could see a numerous and gaily-dressed crowd of men and women passing along the promenade, gazing on the dark clouds of smoke which were slowly drifting in on them from the distance. Behind, and in continuation of this esplanade, are splendid residences, with pillared porticoes and ornamented peristyles, magnificent public institutions—the temples erected by Despotism to Civilization, in hope of making peace with her—barracks, palaces, governor's house, prisons, rising in front of a confused but graceful mass of domes, columns, steeples, and spires. One huge dome is of an intense ultra-marine blue, and is topped by a gilt cupola; another is of bright green, surmounted by a golden star; here is a Greek temple, there a Tartaresque-looking mosque; there an unmistakeable "little Bethel," here a Byzantine church; again, an Eastern minaret-like spire; further on, an indubitable Sir Christopher Wren steeple: and, next to it, a grand dome and cupola, which at once remind you of St. Peter's or St. Paul's. This beautiful city is surrounded on the left by woods, bestudded with the houses of Princes and Counts engaged in the corn trade, and of merchants deeply interested in the state of the English barometer. There is one dismantled three-masted vessel inside the port, but the quay at the upper end of the harbour encloses a considerable number of small

coasting vessels; and even now we can see some boats creeping down for shelter along the coast under the batteries.

At the distance of about three miles from the town, we found the "Valorous" and "Furious" at anchor, and a French steam-squadron beside them of greater force, with an Admiral's flag flying from the "Asmodée;" indeed, the French vessels, to the number of four pendants from large steamers, and of ten pendants from gun and mortar vessels, had already arrived, or had preceded us. The esplanade was, as I have said, crowded with people. The city was as peaceful as a drop-scene at the theatre, but the operations of war were going on, nevertheless, and little could we tell what alarm, confusion, terror, and dread, dwelt within that beautiful capital on which we gazed so placidly. As the first ship of the English squadron cast anchor, a long line of dust was observed rising over the hilly coast to the north of Odessa and by the beach, which is lined with trees and a thick hedge of bushes, and we soon made out bayonets glistening in the sun, and a strong body of Russian infantry, with field-pieces and baggage, consisting of some five or six thousand men, marching in all haste towards the city. Two small camps could be seen on the hill-side towards the north, and a part of this column halted and encamped outside Odessa. A number of mounted officers accompanied the men, and some of them rode out through the gaps in the hedge, upon the beach, and reconnoitred the fleet, which was drawing up towards the harbour. The eternal Cossacks, in groups of two or three, were standing by their horses as vedettes, beside the numerous signal and telegraph stations which line the coast at intervals, and are in connexion with a semaphore in Odessa, which was tossing about its arms like Niobe gone mad. Others were galloping over the fertile steppe, appearing and disappearing over the low lines of hills, and numerous herds of cattle all over the country afforded proof that we had exaggerated the general exhaustion of the enemy's resources, if any were needed in addition to the prosperous appearance of all the white farmhouses and hamlets, with their enormous stacks of hay and corn around the homesteads. Some of the inhabitants seemed to be moving away from the place by the north road, and many wagons and carts were visible going to and fro by the road to the northward.

The French fleet approached towards their anchorage from the south at the moment that the top-gallant masts and smoke-wreaths of the British fleet peered above the horizon, and at 3·30 the "Royal Albert," followed at intervals by the rest of the ships, came up with signals flying for the anchoring of all at two cables' length, in order of seniority. This noble vessel let drop her bower in 13 fathoms water, about three and a half miles from Odessa, soon after four o'clock, p.m. The smaller steamers and gun-boats were then disposed of, the tows cast loose and secured, and with the beams of the bright setting sun lighting up the whole of this tremendous array of batteries, with their polished muzzles grinning from innumerable ports, the people of Odessa saw the fleets of England and France anchor in their bay, and exhibit to them upwards of eighty vessels of war, ready at a moment's notice to lay their homes in the dust. The evening passed quietly;

the Admiral made but few signals, but it was known that nothing would be done, and that till the work of sounding off Kinburn and laying down buoys for the fleet had been accomplished, the attack would not come off. The "Viper" received orders to start at dawn for Kinburn, whither the "Spitfire" had already proceeded, for the purpose of making the requisite surveys.

On the morning of October 9th, the wind came round from the S.S.W., and brought with it clouds, fog, and vapours, which quite shut out the sun from us. The shore could not be seen in detail, and the day was so murky that we were unable to ascertain if the inhabitants of Odessa were "flitting," as the more prudent would assuredly do, with such a tremendous armada floating before them. The sky was of a dark leaden grey, and seemed surcharged with rain and storm. Now and then a solitary ray broke through this veil, and lighted up a patch of houses in the stately city, or illuminated bits of the sea-board, displaying for a moment the Cossack pickets and vedettes on the cliffs, and snug farmhouses, surrounded by numerous stacks of hay and corn; small detachments of troops on the march over the steppes, and *eilwagen*, or lumbering Germanesque-looking diligences, traversing the coast-road, a few stray horsemen riding at full speed across country, and herds dotting the wide-spread plains.

The fleet must have presented a spectacle full of grandeur and menace to the Odessans. It extended for the space of five miles in front of their town,—a dense array of hulls and masts, yards and rigging, which, from shore, looked as if it were one unbroken network of ships resting on the water. The nine line-of-battle ships towered aloft in the centre, and the heavy steamers, gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and transports, to the number of sixty, filled up the intervals, and extended along the flanks of the flotilla. The esplanade in front of a magnificent pile of public buildings was covered with a crowd of people, among whom were many officers and soldiers and well-dressed women, and the gunners all ready for action, inside the parapets of the long low batteries which guard this Queen of the Euxine, were visible to us all on board. These glimpses of the city were, however, infrequent, and were soon denied to us altogether, for down came the Black Sea fog, and wrapped us all in its clammy, unctuous, and chill embrace so closely that we could not see much beyond the limits of our own ship. The ever active and indefatigable little "Spitfire" joined the fleet. She had been away somewhere or other taking soundings and bearings as usual, and her appearance was a sure sign that some place on the enemy's coast was to be favoured by a visit before long. Captain Spratt no doubt had a useful little budget of information for Sir Edmund Lyons when he went on board the "Royal Albert." In the forenoon Sir Edmund Lyons left the flag-ship in his barge, and was towed by the "Danube" to the French Admiral's ship, where he remained for some time.

Subsequently to the Admiral's return, he signalled to each ship to notify her draught of water. This was done accordingly by signal, and the people of Odessa must have seen dimly a brave show of bunting

in our armada, as it required many flags to express the various draughts forward and aft of each ship. In the afternoon the wind freshened and the sea rose a little, causing that peculiar ground swell which distinguishes this part of the Euxine. The fog settled down on the water about three o'clock, slowly descending from the sky above, and distilled itself into drops of rain, which ran down the masts and fell from spars and rigging.

Before it became so very thick, our only amusement had been watching a considerable force of cavalry and horse artillery, drawn up on the cliffs, about six miles from Odessa and three miles from our anchorage. These were evidently intended to act as a flying column of observation, and to march on any part of the coast which might be threatened by our troops. It consisted of four troops of some Lancer regiment, and, from the time I first saw it, at nine in the morning, till it was lost in the fog, it only moved once, and then it was merely to form in squadrons and trot, wheel round, and draw up in double line again. Now a few rockets would have put these gentry to flight at any time, but we did not seek to inflict useless loss or annoyance upon the enemy. A gunboat might have run in within easy range and shelled them at her leisure with the most complete impunity; nay, more—had the Admirals desired to inflict such a great blow on Russia, who vaunts herself to be invulnerable, and who boasts that, Antæus-like, she acquires fresh strength from every overthrow, the mortar-vessels, gun-boats, and floating batteries might have gone close enough to pour long-range shot, rockets, and bombs, into the town, without the chance of being hit by the enemy, save by great luck. The city could not be missed, but it is very nice practice to hit a long low black line—a snake in the grass, wheeling and twisting about—at a distance of 2500 yards. Let the world know that Odessa was "spared" once more, and, indeed, no one who looked at the city, which blends the magnificence of the East with the solid and massive grandeur of the West, could feel any desire for its destruction, unless it were absolutely necessary for the success of the war and for the attainment of peace.

On the 10th of October the fog continued, and was worthy of the best efforts of the London atmosphere in November. It was not so rich in colour, so yellow, or so choky, but it was equally thick and clammy. In colour it was white, and sometimes the sun stamped a moonlike imitation of his orb upon it, and in favourable moments one could see a faint indication of his existence above. Now and then you caught a dark outline of a vessel looming through the mist; you strained your eyes to make out your neighbour, but you might as well have tried to pick out the details of Turner's "blubber boilers" or of his phantom ships, and as you looked the vision disappeared. The water flowed with a heavy oily roll, and the only noise to be heard was the plash of the lazy waves against the paddle-wheels, the bumping of the rudder, and the creak of an odd timber, as he rubbed against his fellows. "But hark! There is a gun!" A dull burst of sound, followed by reverberations like the muttering of distant thunder, which are caused by the echoes of the report against the sides of the

ships, denotes that the Admiral wishes to indicate his position to some straggler, who has not yet joined the fleet. Solemnly, through the silence which intervenes between these signals, comes the full rich boom of the church bells from Odessa. Possibly Papa Nicholas or Papa Daniel is even now persuading a nervous and fashionable congregation that the fog which hides their enemy from view is the result of his own intercession with Saint or Martyr, and these bells, which chime so sweetly, may be using their metal tongues to call down disaster on our heads, and to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the soldiers of the Czar. As the day advanced the fog darkened, deepened, thickened. The rolling of drums—the beat of paddle-wheels as a solitary steamer changed her berth with caution—the striking of the bells of the ships, and the reports of guns at long intervals, were the only evidence that a great fleet was lying all around us. All communication between the ships ceased, for no one could tell where his next neighbour was; in fact, a philosopher would have found this a charming place for study and reflection. But those who were accustomed to more active existence found the time very heavy on their hands, and the excitement of seeing the men "knock about the guns," of hearing them and the boys say their gunnery catechism, "No. 4,"—"Takes out tompions, bear out the port, worms 'em, sponges, rams 'ome, runs out, and trains,"—of watching the barometer, of seeing the fowls fed, and of inspecting the various dogs, pigs, and birds which constitute the pets of the crew, and the more substantial enjoyments of the officers, palled after a time, and one—even off Odessa, and cheek by jowl with the enemy—was fairly obliged to yawn by General Ennui. What was happening around us no one could see or say, and there was a horrible gloomy misanthropical curiosity seizing upon every one to ascertain the longest time a Black Sea fog was ever known to last, which elicited most startling declarations from morose old tars, that "If it's a riglar out-and-out 'un, with a light breeze from the sutherd and vesterd, it may last for a matter of a fortnight—ay, that it may." Sundry dismal experiences were not wanting to enforce the probability of such a lively event taking place again. "And then the bad weather will set in; and, with sogers aboord, I'd like to know what we can do?"

At 3·30 P.M. the fog began to clear away, and one after another the ships of the fleet appeared in sight, as if coming out in a dissolving view. The Admiral availed himself of the pleasing change in the weather to make signal for a lieutenant from each ship to repair on board the "Royal Albert." The change was as great as if one had come out of a dark room into the leading thoroughfare of a large and busy city. The cutters and gigs glided about in all directions, visits were paid from ship to ship, and some boats swept in to have a nearer look at the shore. When the lieutenants went on board they received instructions for the disposition of the respective ships to which they belonged for the following day. The arrangements were simple. The gun-boats were to sweep the beach, if there was any resistance. The following was to be the order of formation on shore:—

It will be seen from this plan that the French formed the left and the English the right of the force.

At 6 o'clock the fog lifted, and the lights of Odessa twinkled in the distance. In order to strengthen the belief of the inhabitants that we were going to attack the place to-morrow, the Admirals made signal "to send down topgallant-masts," the usual preliminary for action in big ships.

All was quiet during the night. On the 11th of October the sun rose unclouded. Odessa looked more beautiful than ever. Clouds of dust were seen rising from its streets, as if large bodies of troops were moving about all over the town. The eternal Cossacks were watching on the cliffs near us, walking up and down to keep themselves warm, or playing with their shaggy little ponies. Wherever there was a good view of the fleet to be had a crowd of people collected, and the esplanades and terraces, and even the housetops and parapets of the batteries, were occupied by spectators. The cavalry on the hill to the north of the town were visible at early dawn, each man dismounted, at the side of his horse. The flagship, at 8·30 A.M., signalled to the fleet to "Prepare three days' provisions for troops to land with." At 11 A.M. the French fleet got up steam, and several of our steamers followed the example. At 11·10 signal was made to gun-boats "to get up steam for slow speed," and officers from each ship, in pursuance of instructions received, repaired on board the Admiral's, where they were made acquainted with the exact duty required of them in connexion with the plan of attack, and were subsequently sent in to the Admiral, who examined each of them himself as to their respective tasks. Admiral Bruat went on board the "Royal Albert," and remained with Sir E. Lyons for some time. Sir H. Stewart was also present. The following was the plan of attack on Kinburn :—

"No. 1. The line-of-battle ships to engage the Fort Kinburn and two sand batteries on the point, will anchor in about 30 feet, in a line extending northward from fort, bearing E., and about 1200 yards distant from it.

"No. 2. The four French line-of-battle ships to form the southern division, so that the 'Montebello' will be the fourth ship from the south, and the 'Royal Albert,' as the fifth ship, will be the southern ship of the English division.

"No. 3. The line-of-battle ships are to weigh together and form a line abreast, north and south, at a cable apart. The southern line-of-battle ship is then to steer so as to bring the south end of Kinburn Fort bearing E. by compass, and, to shield her from any danger that may not have been discovered, or from approaching too close to the bank to the S., she is to be preceded by two steamers, the —— and the ——, each at a cable apart, and in advance, on her starboard bow, and showing their soundings. When the south line-of-battle ship brings the south end of Kinburn to bear E., she is to steer for it. The rest of the ships will then steer the same course, keeping one cable apart, and all anchor together in a line nearly north and south, just without the flag buoys that will be placed during the previous night.

"No. 4. The nine ships will then be in position for the first five or six to engage Fort Kinburn at from 1200 to 1400 yards, and perhaps less, and the other three to take the sand batteries in flank and rear at about 1000 yards.

"No. 5. The three French floating batteries are to be placed on a line N.N.W. and S.S.E. of each other, to the S.W. of Fort Kinburn, at about 600 yards distant from it.

"No. 6. The mortar vessels are to anchor in a line E. and W., at 2800 yards distant, with the fort bearing N.E. from the outer vessel of the line.

"No. 7. The English mortar boats to be towed by the 'Odin,' on a line E. of the French.

"No. 8. If the outer mortar vessel brings Oczakoff telegraph on with the east end of Fort Kinburn, bearing N. 20 E. (magnetic), and steers for it till the Oczakoff telegraph and Odzah Point subtend an angle of 70 degrees, she will be about the requisite distance of 2800 yards from Fort Kinburn; the rest can take their stations at a cable distance east of her.

"No. 9. The 'Sidon,' 'Curaçoa,' 'Tribune,' 'Dauntless,' and 'Terrible,' to anchor close off the North Sand Battery on Kinburn Spit, or, when ordered, to join the squadron of gun-boats, &c., that have previously entered within the straits, should any large ships of the enemy from Nicholaieff appear for the relief of Kinburn.

"No. 10. The disposable paddle steamers can find good positions between the line-of-battle ships for directing their fire with steady aim at the embrasures of the casemates or at any position where the enemy maintains his fire, or off the N. and N.W. extremity of the Kinburn Spit, to enfilade the batteries and their approaches.

"No. 11. The gun-boats will attend to protect the army during the landing, and those not ordered to remain to cover their flank to take up position between the other ships as opportunity offers, and by a careful attention to the plan of attack are not to fire in the direction of the other ships.

"No. 12. The Admiral holds the captains responsible for there being no firing, unless the men can distinctly see the objects they are directed to fire upon.

"'Triton' and 'Beagle' to attend 'St. Jean d'Acre.' Each ship's boats to land her own troops. Reserve ammunition for the Marines

to be landed with them. 'Spiteful' and 'Furious,' assisted by 'Triton,' to land 21 cavalry horses, 7 staff horses, 27 regimental staff horses from No. 197, and 60 Sappers, with tools, &c.

"The captain of each ship is to be responsible for the disembarkation of his own troops and baggage.

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE ADVANCED SQUADRON FOR BUOYING THE DANGERS.

"The ships denoted in the margin, piloted by the 'Spitfire,' are to start at 1 P.M., and anchor in the following position, as shown in the chart No. 2201, from Odessa to Dnieper Bay:—

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H.

No. 2.

A. Valorous.
B. Dauntless.

No. 1.

C. Gladiator.
D. Furious.
E. Spiteful.
F. French mortar-boat.
G. French mortar-boat.
H. French mortar-boat.

"The vessels anchored at C, D, and E, on the north side of the passage, are after sunset to show a red light to the west, and those at F, G, and H, are to show green lights in the same direction, as guides for the fleet on passing through during the night. The vessel at A, 'Valorous,' to show lights vertical over the side, screened from N.W. round by E. to S., and seen to the W. only. The four gun-boats, 'Clinker,' 'Cracker,' 'Grinder,' and 'Fancy,' accompanied by four French gun-boats of shallow draught of water, will proceed, after the former vessels have anchored, to the rendezvous, at 8 P.M., near the 'Valorous,' anchored at A. The four English gun-boats to be provided with buoys (white). The vessel at No. 2 A to provide two boats that are to be despatched and anchored upon the S.W. extremity of Oczakoff Bank, in four fathoms, to be a guide, by showing lights, for the French gun-boats to commence buoying the edge of that bank with black buoys. The two boats on their return to the 'Valorous' to place a white buoy on the end of Kinburn Spit, in five fathoms water.

"The 'Spitfire,' assisted by the boats of the 'Dauntless,' at B, will mark the edge of the bank—ere landing—west of Kinburn, with small white flags, placed in five fathoms.

"N.B. All white buoys are to lie on the south side of the channel, and black buoys mark the north edge of it, and are consequently to be left on the port hand in passing to eastward."

The evening of the 11th was unsettled—wind from S.W. and S. On the 12th, the weather was unfavourable; and on the 13th it blew briskly, sending in a heavy surf; but the wind abated towards night, and orders were given to prepare to weigh at dawn next morning. On the morning of Oct. 14, the fleet weighed and stood along shore. The weather was beautiful, and we could at our leisure admire the numerous clean-looking, snug villages, the immense flocks and herds, and well-filled farmyards, which met the eye along the

coast. The fleet anchored, at three o'clock, three miles west of Kinburn Fort, and on the 15th the troops landed without the smallest opposition, or even the appearance of an enemy, about four miles below the fort, in the order already indicated; the 17th regiment was the first to land, and the French were, for a wonder, behind us. The weather continuing fine, the troops set to work, intrenching themselves on the sandy spit; only a few Cossacks were visible towards Cherson. On the 16th Oct., a few French troopers, who were out patrolling in front of our lines on the plain towards Cherson, came upon a Cossack picket, hid in some brushwood. They charged at once with great gallantry, killed two, and took two prisoners out of the party, which consisted of eight men.

CHAPTER V.

The Fleets open Fire—Effects of the Fire from Floating Batteries, Mortar-vessels, and Gun-boats—A Flag of Truce—The Governor of Kinburn surrenders—Terms of the Capitulation—Kinburn Fort described—A bad lot of Muscovite Infantry—Oczakoff destroyed—A Cruise up Cherson Bay—Expedition up the Bug—Scenery on the Banks—Fight with a Battery—Sharp Practice—Order for the Return—Divine Service celebrated at the confluence of the Bug and the Dnieper—Operations by the French—Great Men on Shore—The two Admirals go on a Cruise—Sir *E. Lyons* and Sir *H. Stewart* part company.

The sea was too rough to open fire on the 16th of October, but every preparation was made for the following day. Early in the morning, the Russians, perceiving that the French had crept up during the night to the ruined village, and were busily engaged in making their first parallel, under cover of the houses, at about 700 or 650 yards from the place, opened a brisk fire upon them from the guns *en barbette* in the eastern curtain, and were answered by two French field-pieces from the screen of a broken wall. It was a dull, grey dawn, with wind off the shore, and the sea quite calm. The fleet was perfectly still, but the mortar-vessels, floating-batteries, and gun-boats were getting up steam, and before nine o'clock they might be seen leaving the rest of the armada, and making for the south side of the fort. The three floating batteries took up a position close in with the casemates, and the mortar-vessels and gun-boats were drawn up further away, and more to the eastward, so as to attack the angle of the fort, and fight the guns which were on the curtains *en barbette*. The floating batteries opened with a magnificent crash, at 9·30 a.m., and one in particular distinguished itself for the regularity, precision, and weight of its fire throughout the day. The enemy replied with alacrity, and his batteries must have been put to a severe test, for the water was splashed into pillars by shot all over them. At 10·10 the bombs opened fire. At 11·10 a fire broke out in the long-barrack, and speedily spread from end to end of the fort, driving the artillerymen from their guns. Small explosions of supply ammunition took place inside.

At 11·15 the Russian Jack was shot away, and was not replaced.

Admiral Stewart, in the "Valorous," and the French Admiral (second in command), in the "Asmodée," followed by eleven steamers, came round the Spit Battery into Cherson Bay, delivering broadsides and engaging the batteries as they passed, and they were preceded by the "Hannibal," which ripped up Kinburn with her broadsides. The fire raged more furiously, fed by constant bombs and rockets, and at 12·35 a fresh conflagration burst out in the fort. At the same time the "Valorous," "Asmodée," and steam-frigates opened their broadsides, and the nine line-of-battle ships approached in magnificent style, and took up their position at the seaward face of the fort, already seriously damaged by the tremendous fire of the floating-batteries, gun-boats, and mortar-vessels.

At length a flag was waved from the parapet, and two boats, each bearing a flag of truce, pushed off, one from the English and another from the French Admiral, and at the same time Sir Houston Stewart proceeded to land near the battery, where he found the French General advancing to parley with the Governor. Major-General Kokonovitch advanced with a sword and pistol in one hand and a pistol in the other. He threw down his sword at the officer's feet, and discharged his pistols into the ground, or at least pulled the triggers with the muzzles pointing downwards, in token of surrender. He was moved to tears, and as he left the fort turned round and uttered some passionate exclamation in Russian, of which the interpreter could only make out, "Oh, Kinburn! Kinburn! Glory of Suwaroff and my shame, I abandon you," or something to that effect. As the garrison marched out they were ordered to pile their arms, but many of them threw them on the ground at the feet of the conquerors, with rage and mortification depicted on their features.

It appears that the second in command, whose name is something like Saranovitch—a Pole by birth—inflamed by courage and its Dutch ally, declared he would not surrender, and that he was prepared to blow up the magazine before the enemy should enter. In this he was supported by the officer of engineers and by the officer of artillery. Amid the crash of falling buildings, the explosions of mortars, the thunder of the fleet, and the smoke and flame of their crumbling batteries, the Russians held a hasty council of war, at which it was put to the vote whether they should surrender or not, and the majority carried the question in the affirmative, on the side of humanity and reason. In vain the fanatic Pole, the artilleryman, and engineer, tried to persuade the Governor and the majority to persist in the madness and folly of continuing their passive resistance, for active opposition was out of their power. "We can hold out for a week," said they.

"What then?" asked the Governor. "You have not been able to fire a shot for three-quarters of an hour. Are you likely to be in a better state two hours hence, and, above all, where are the men to live in the mean time?" Such arguments, enforced by tremendous broadsides and by the knocks of the Admirals with cannon balls against every side of the fort, prevailed. The white flag was hoisted, much to the satisfaction of every humane sailor in the Allied fleet, who could feel no pleasure in destroying a brave enemy, and much more to the gratification of those who were allowed to cease a demonstration of

hopeless courage. Kokonovitch wept as he threw down the pen with which he signed the articles of surrender, but he had no reason to be ashamed of his defence.

By the terms of the capitulation the garrison were permitted to retire with everything except their arms, ammunition, and guns; the officers were allowed to wear their swords, the men to carry off their knapsacks, clothing, regimental bugles, church property, relics, and pictures. When the Major-General was asked to use his influence, or to give a pledge that no harm should befall such of the Allies as might enter the place, he said he would do so, "but at the same time I must tell you," added he, "that the flames are at this moment very near the grand magazine." This was a friendly caution, which produced, of course, a corresponding effect, and steps were at once taken to prevent any such lamentable losses as were caused after the evacuation of Sebastopol by the rashness of the troops. The second in command—the artillery officer—and the engineer, finding themselves deserted by officers and men, abandoned their suicidal determination, and surrendered; so Kinburn was ours, as far as the flames and smoke would allow us to occupy it. The defenders of the northern forts on the spit were not aware for some time of the reduction of the principal battery, or at least paid no attention to it, and hammered away from one gun till a shot from the "Terrible" utterly destroyed the casemate.

Kinburn Fort had fifty-one guns mounted *en barbette*, inside and in the outworks, six flanking guns in casemates, and twelve mortars, and of these twenty-nine were dismounted, smashed, or disabled in gun or carriage. In the Centre Spit Battery there were ten guns, of which two were disabled; and in the Spit, or North Battery, there were ten guns, of which three were smashed. We arrived just in time to prevent the latter work from assuming most troublesome dimensions, for the casemates were ready for nine more guns, and the platforms indicated they would be of large calibre. The guns in Kinburn were small eighteen and twenty-four pounders, of great weight and thickness, and some of ancient date; we found a small park of guns inside ready for mounting. Some were of 1852, and the piles of shot and shell and stores of ammunition of all kinds were out of all proportion to the size of the place. The prisoners sold their kits and all they could dispose of—droschkies, horses, spare clothing, and food, by a rude kind of public auction on the Spit.

On the whole, they seemed "the worst lot" of Muscovite infantry I ever saw, and consisted of either old men or lads—the former fine soldier-like fellows enough, but the latter stupid, loutish, and diminutive. They availed themselves of their licence in the fort to fill all their canteens with "vodka," and in some instances their stomachs also, and many of them were drunk when they marched out, but intoxication had the effect of making them extremely amiable and facetious. The officers bore their misfortune with dignity, but felt it deeply, as was evident from their grave demeanour and stern countenances. Few of them wore decorations, and only one was dressed in full uniform. A Chef de Bataillon or Major, wearing a long light-blue cloak with red collar, who limped along with difficulty, had a good deal of influence over

those around him, and kept the drunken soldiers in awe by his look, and a sergeant in a long green frockcoat with yellow facings and stripes, aided him in repressing the mirthful disposition of some of the bacchanalians on the line of march.

The Russians, with their usual incendiary propensity, set fire to the fort below Oczakoff on the 18th, and retired after blowing up the magazines, which went into the air with two heavy explosions, at six o'clock. On the 19th, in compliance with the wishes of the French Admiral, Sir Edmund Lyons decided on despatching a squadron, under the orders of Sir Houston Stewart, to co-operate with the French squadron under Rear-Admiral Pelion in protecting the left flank of the Allies in a reconnaissance towards Cherson.

The French Rear-Admiral, in one of the small gun-boats, weighed early on the 20th, and stood up Cherson Bay with the lighter vessels of his squadron before the English Admiral was aware of his intention. Our smaller gun-boats started in the same direction soon after dawn, and Rear-Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, having sent off his despatches to Sir Edmund Lyons, hoisted the signal for the large gun-boats and steam-sloops under his command to weigh anchor. At nine o'clock, with his flag flying in the "Stromboli," he led the way towards the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper. He was followed by the "Gladiator," "Spiteful," and "Triton" steamers, and by the "Wrangler," "Snake," and "Viper" gun-boats; and a whole shoal of gun-boats, small and large—"Cracker," "Grinder," "Clinker," "Fancy," &c.—were some miles in advance, cruising, in company with the French squadron, among the intricate shoals which guard the entrances to the Dnieper.

Before we weighed in the morning a French boat left the Rear-Admiral's ship with a large flag of truce for Oczakoff. She carried the reply of the Allies to the request sent by the Russian general under a flag of truce the previous day, and informed him that the "major-general who had commanded in Kinburn *se porte à merveille*, that forty-five wounded Russians were in the French ambulances, and that the French general regretted he could not state the names of the officers who were prisoners," but he did not say whether that was owing to any difficulties in orthography or not. As the boat neared the beach, an officer, followed by two soldiers, came from the town to meet them. One of the men bore a tremendous flag of truce—there could be no Hango mistake about it; he had a large tablecloth suspended from a long pole, under the weight of which he staggered as he walked. The boat touched the beach, and, with much formal bowing and martial civilities, the missive was handed to the Russian, who retired with his tablecloth waving behind him up the hill, and was lost to sight amid the houses. Two old priests scrambled down to the ruins of the fort, and, with their flowing robes and long beards, seemed like ancient prophets invoking maledictions—as no doubt they were—upon the fleet. At last we reached the mouth of the Bug. In entering, we observed a portion of the French squadron coming down the river.

The French Admiral assured Sir Houston Stewart that he had been up to the spit in the river, which extends from the western bank for

some distance into the stream, at about seven miles from Ajiojhiol point on its western entrance, and that he had not seen anything there. As there was nothing else to be done, the Admiral resolved to have a look for himself, and accordingly weighed in the "Stromboli," which was followed by the "Spitfire," the "Grinder," and "Cracker," small gun-boats. The expedition proceeded slowly up the river. The banks are high on both sides, and the brown steppe, studded with herds, farm-houses, and Cossacks, presents no object of interest. About three miles up, on the left-hand bank, we came upon a small village, and one of the largest farms I ever saw. Five miles up, on the right-hand bank, there was another village with two pretty churches. There were guard stations and look-out posts on both sides, as usual. The river is three or four miles broad up to the Spit, where it narrows considerably. On both sides of the Bug the cliff is upwards of 100 feet high, and can scarcely be commanded by the guns of a ship. However, it was advisable to ascertain what defences existed on the lower part of the river till it contracted into within range from both banks. The "Cracker" and "Grinder" went on ahead, the "Stromboli" followed with the Admiral's flag flying, and the "Spitfire" came along slowly, busily engaged in her indefatigable labour of sounding, and probing, and angling every bit of the earth's face and of the waters under the earth. We glided merrily along, examining bearings and farmyards at our leisure.

Above the Spit there is a high bank, ascending to the steppe behind it, and at the distance of some hundred yards from the edge there is a tumulus on the steppe, behind which I saw some Russian artillery at a considerable distance as we were running along the coast. The "Cracker" had run on ahead, and the "Grinder" was just drawing on parallel with this high bank—we were all examining it—one officer was saying to the other, "Well! I wonder the Russians have not got a battery on that cliff,"—when from a seam in its side, parallel with the water, a puff of white smoke spirted out, the rush of a shot followed, and was terminated by a splash in the water close to the side of the "Grinder." "Tell the 'Grinder' he may give him a shot in reply," cried Admiral Stewart; and little "Grinder," with more valour than discretion, at once put down his helm and ran in to land, drawing across the "Stromboli," at which the enemy had opened another gun at the moment, but this shot also fell short. As the drum beat to quarters on board the "Stromboli," the men rushed on deck in a high state of delight; the berthings were removed, and the guns got ready for action in a few moments; but "Grinder" being intent on doing his *devoir* got in our way, throwing dust and smoke in our faces, so that at last the fatal edict went forth and "Grinder's" recal was hoisted. And now the guns on the top of the cliffs, which were only light field-pieces, opened; none of the shot from the Russians had yet fallen closer than twenty yards to us, so that all on board were in a merry mood as the "Stromboli" slowly craned over towards the bank.

The work from which the Russians fired their heavier guns was a trench in the cliff, almost half-way up its side, and looked very insignificant, but when you came to squint along a gun, and could only

see four little black eyes staring out at you over a line of earth which did not seem three inches high to your sight, you began to understand the difficulty of striking such objects at the distance of a mile. "Try 2500 yards!" The gun was trained. At the words, "Well! Fire!" out spouted the flame and smoke, and the iron globe, whose curve you could trace through the air, hurtled with the peculiar and nerve-shaking hiss of its race, right over the earthwork, knocking up a pillar of black earth from the crest of the hill, and bounding far away to the rear. We had fired far too high. The enemy replied. We heard the shot coming right at us, and, as it flew over Captain Spratt's head, who was stationed at the foretop, looking out for shoals, and plunged into the water 200 or 300 yards beyond us, it became evident that the Muscov had been playing the deep game of firing short to entice us well under his battery. Now he was trying extreme range, and had heavier guns than we thought. The "Spitfire," "Cracker," and "Grinder" were coming into play, and the former two made some excellent practice, and struck the earth right and left of the battery. "Stromboli" kept edging down nearer, and the captains of the guns were all with eye intently gazing along their guns. "Try 2000 yards." Away flew the iron messenger again, but he only told the Russians to bob their heads and keep out of his way, and passed behind them. We had aimed too high again. The field-pieces now took to firing shell, and studded the air above us with smoke-clouds, and the angry hum of the splinters was heard, but for the most part they were too light to reach us. Whiz!—right across our crowded deck comes another round shot, and plashes into the water over our counters. The long gun at the bow sends a shot in reply which goes right into them this time, at 1700 yards, and the "Spitfire" follows the example. Whiz! whiz! two shots, one after the other at the "Stromboli," one dashing the water up in a pillar close to her sides, the other cutting the jib foot-rope. The smoke obscures the view, but it is quite clear that the Russians are keeping close behind their works. The last reply from our guns was nearer and better directed than the first.

However, there was no object to be gained by continuing a contest in which it would have been pitiable indeed to lose one man. That there was no intention of going up to Nicholaieff with a steam-sloop, a surveying sloop, and two small gun-boats, I need not say, and had the enemy been driven out from the point ten times a-day they could have returned at any time, and have constructed just such another flying defence as that with which we were engaged. Indeed, the Admiral would not have replied to the enemy's fire at all, but that Jack is dissatisfied if not permitted to return a shot whenever one is sent at him. It would never have done to turn back without any reply at all, but, having gained the only object in view—that of ascertaining how far small vessels could go up the river without opposition to take soundings, &c.—Sir Houston Stewart resolved to return, and with a parting salute from our guns, the "Stromboli" set her jib, slewed round, and steamed slowly down the river. The enemy fired two guns, one after the other, but the "Spitfire," "Grinder," and "Cracker" soon silenced them, and a parting salute from the latter, a shell, fell right into the earthwork, burst, and appeared to do

the Russians some mischief. As we returned, the "Spiteful," "Triton," and "Arrow," which had remained off the mouth of the Bug—an unpleasant position, which will be appreciated by London lodgers—were seen steaming full butt up to us, as they apprehended they could do some good and help us out of a scrape; but their zeal was not gratified, and the emulative gunners had not a chance of doing anything.

The little flotilla returned to its anchorage off the Bug, and remained there for the night, without the smallest apprehensions that the enemy could do us any harm from Nicholaieff. Mr. Brooker, one of the most active and intelligent officers of the "Spitfire"—and that is indeed saying much, where all are so able and so willing—volunteered to go in one of the small gun-boats (the "Cracker") right up to Nicholaieff, after dusk, to ascertain the force and position of the enemy's batteries; but it was judged inexpedient to hazard the loss of a gun-boat, which would be made a subject of great rejoicing and triumph to the enemy, while the success of the experiment would not be of much importance, inasmuch as we were not in a position to attack and occupy Nicholaieff. Had Marshal Pelissier listened to the earnest demands of Sir Edmund Lyons for 15,000 or 20,000 men, there would, indeed, have been some utility in such a reconnaissance, for the operations of our steam fleet might have mystified the enemy so completely as to enable us to land a force and by a *coup de main* to destroy, though not to occupy, Nicholaieff. It appears that from the Spit below the confluence of the Ingul and Bug the town is 5000 yards distant, and is invisible, so that it would be necessary for a fleet showing a very narrow front and in very shoal and difficult water to force batteries, booms, sunken vessels, gun-boats, and get round into the Ingul itself, before they could fire a shot on the place; and in the mean time every vessel would have to run the gauntlet of high banks lined with riflemen which their guns could not reach. Sir Houston Stewart, under any circumstances, would scarcely have been justified in allowing an experiment of the kind, more especially as its success could not have led to any gratifying result; but it would not have been in his province to give permission, inasmuch as Sir Edmund Lyons was almost within sight.

On Sunday, 21st, Church pendants were hoisted in the forenoon, and Divine Service according to the Church of England was duly celebrated in the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper, for the first time since Christianity blessed the earth, and within sight of the spires of many Greek orthodox churches. Afterwards, the French had a little *missa solennis* of their own. At 2·30, three large and one small gun-boats got up steam and weighed. They stood straight up the river, and great was our excitement lest they should think it necessary to silence the battery which we had left with its teeth drawn, if not its tongue tied, yesterday. Before they started, and just after church-service, Sir Houston Stewart, having signalled for an officer of the "Spitfire" to come on board, went off in the "Cracker," attended by the "Grinder," to examine the coast to the S.S.E., and to endeavour to ascertain the cause of the numerous fires, indicated by pillars of smoke in that direction. They were soon lost in the haze to the

southward. In vain they tried to find out the position of the Allied troops who were supposed to be advancing along the Spit, to destroy all the forage and provision in their way for forty miles, so as to make the country a barren waste, and prevent the enemy marching towards the fort without taking with them supplies. However harsh this measure may appear, it is a necessary operation of war. When Sydney Smith drew his terrible picture of John Bull's afflictions in a probable invasion—corn-ricks blazing on every side—sows of the best breed running about with their throats cut, and the parson's lady invested by an amorous Gaul—he must have had a prophetic inkling of the operations of our fleet in the Bay of Cherson, always excepting the investment of the lady, for the priests of the Greek rite are not so much given to marriage as our own. So the Admiral returned, having disturbed immense quantities of wild-fowl, which have frequented the banks of the Borysthenes since remotest ancient history.

Meantime, our friends and Allies sidled up to the Spit, and perhaps they had some faint notion that they should succeed in destroying the battery which their good friends and Allies, the English, had not utterly pulverized the day before. The day was very dull, as I have said, and the north wind created an immense refraction, so that the end of the cliff appeared to be lifted out of the water, and the vessels to have wavering hulls and quivering masts as they advanced, just as one would see them through the haze from a hot walk in a July day. On they went, however, and at last they arrived off the Spit, and the enemy opened fire upon them as before. The small gun-boat stood bravely in within 1500 yards of the shore, the others anchored at 1800, and all engaged the guns in the breastwork very sharply. Their shot flew over the cliff, hit its face, knocked the water at its base into clouds of spray, and the Russians struck the water behind, before, at this side, and at that side of the vessel, but never hit mast, spar, or rope, and so the fight continued; but the French aver they dismounted one gun at least, and drew down a great body of the enemy before they retired. This they did after half-an-hour's dalliance with the Russians, and then they anchored off the mouth of the Bug, close to us once more.

Meantime we had seen a sight which led us to believe that His Majesty the Czar, or some of his Imperial family, was actually honouring our little squadron by a minute inspection. Perhaps he was thinking how they might run for a marine Cesarewitch. It might, indeed, have been after all only a Governor of Cherson whom we saw, but about mid-day there certainly did appear, on the east bank of the Bug, some great man on a big, dark horse, followed by ten or twelve officers, mounted, and some few orderlies. This august personage rode over to the Cossack post, dismounted, and honoured us by a minute inspection, which he interrupted from time to time by a few words to those around him. Presently a Cossack came galloping across the steppe at full speed, right to the group of cavaliers. When he approached he dismounted, and, walking to the great surveyor of our navy, knelt down, and appeared to kiss his feet, as he handed him a despatch. The great man read the missive, mounted his horse, and rode off to a neighbouring post, followed by his suite. The next time

we saw him he was visiting the Cossack post higher up the river, after which he proceeded along the road towards Nicholaieff. Some time after the French boats retired, the English gun-boats came in sight, and in the early evening they anchored in their old place, and Admiral Stewart left the "Cracker," and returned to the "Stromboli." At night strict watch was kept on board the little fleet. Fire-ships are not much to be feared by steamers, but still the wind was strong down from Nicholaieff, and the Russians for once might attempt to do something, and so look-out men were placed fore and aft, and armed sentinels, and loaded carronades, and with these precautions we went to sleep—in the waters, for the time being, of Her Majesty the Queen and of His Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon.

On October 22 the wind chopped round and blew from the westward, and somewhat from the southward up the Bug. At ten o'clock, Admiral Stewart went on board the "Spitfire," and proceeded southwards, towards the Kinburn Spit, to look out for the troops, and to discover the cause of the fires, which were still blazing along the horizon. As he bore away on his course, a French gun-boat came close to him with a despatch for the Admiral, from Admiral Pellion, in which he very politely and handsomely placed at the disposal of Sir Houston Stewart several *chaloupes cannonières* lying off the mouths of the Dnieper, in case the latter felt inclined to destroy certain large boats on the beach below Stanislaff. The tone and spirit of Admiral Pellion's letter were admirably polite and considerate. The French officer who brought it stated that in the little affair between the gun-boats and earthwork yesterday they had dismounted one gun, and suffered no loss; and he proceeded on his way in his boat to rejoin his chaloupe, after a hearty shake of the hand from the Admiral. As the "Spitfire" was forging ahead on her course, a small craft, with an admiral's flag red at the mizen, was seen at the horizon. It could be no other than Sir Edmund Lyons. The dull echo of the guns, and the distant scent of gunpowder, had enticed him into our waters to see what was going on, and his flag was flying in the little "Danube." Many of the captains of the fleet were with him—Sir T. Pasley, Captain Jones, Captain Mends, Captain King, Captain M'Cleverty, Captain Talbot, Captain Hastings, Captain Edgell, Captain Loring, Captain Hay, Captain Goldsmith, Captain Inglefield, Captain Buckle, Captain Giffard; his secretary, Mr. Cleeve; his Flag-Lieutenant Lyons, &c. The Admiral sent off his barge to the "Spitfire," and Sir Houston Stewart, Captain Spratt, Commander Cowper Coles, Mr. Brooker, &c., went on board the "Danube," which immediately went away towards Kinburn Spit, accompanied by the "Spitfire." They went within half-a-mile of the *marais*, which binds the coast with a belt of long deep rushes, but not a soldier was visible, with the exception of one solitary Cossack.

At 2·30 the Admirals returned from their cruise, and stood in towards Stanislaff, which the French Admiral was anxious to burn, particularly on account of the boats on the beach. As they approached, it was clear the enemy thought two British admirals did not fly their flags together for nothing. A strong body of infantry was drawn up on the heights among the houses, which

were, no doubt, filled with riflemen. A very considerable force of field-artillery was collected in the rear, in case the admirals and post-captains should determine to land and take Stanislaff by assault, or the "Danube" and "Spitfire" attempt to bombard the place. It was really wonderful to see that the Russians had erected a solid, compact-looking sand battery with five embrasures, on the sand-bank below the town, where *no trace* of such a work existed twenty-four hours previously. The Admirals here parted company; Sir E. Lyons returned in the "Danube" to the fleet, and Sir H. Stewart steamed away in the "Spitfire" to the anchorage of the Bug, and afterwards went on board the "Stromboli." At eight o'clock the French gun-boat came back and anchored near us. There were some traces of the troops at Skadovska, about thirteen miles from Kinburn, as black columns of smoke rose up from the Spit in that direction. But the reconnaissance of the Admirals failed in detecting the march of the soldiers.

CHAPTER VI.

Kinburn made secure—Departure of the Fleet—The Dockyards of Nicholaieff—Capture of two Rafts—Their Dimensions—Odessa once more—Why it was spared—Blockade of the Bug and the Dnieper—How these Rivers may be ascended—Return of the Fleets.

KINBURN having been secured against the attack of any forces the enemy could bring against it, covered completely by the guns of the formidable flotilla we left to protect it, the greater portion of the fleet sailed for Balaklava and Kamiesch before November. All the curtains of the Fort of Kinburn were rebuilt, the ruins cleared away, the damaged guns removed, and ships' fine guns put in their place; the fosse cleared out and deepened, the palisades repaired, the south-eastern gateway filled up, and its approaches covered by a strong ravelin; the crest of the parapets repaired solidly and well with fascines and earthwork, the Russian guns rendered efficient, the case-mates cleared out and filled with stores or adapted as barracks, and the interior buildings in course of reconstruction and renovation. The reconnaissance burned all the stores and houses which could render service to the enemy for seven or eight miles towards Cherson. Ere we left we discovered two large rafts of wood concealed in the rushes off the mouth of the Dnieper.

The dockyards of Nicholaieff are supplied with timber and wood from the Government of Ligtewski, which contains several large forests of fine trees. These are situated chiefly in the neighbourhood of Minsk, Mohilev, and Vitebsk: The wood is floated down the Dnieper to Cherson in rafts firmly clamped and bound together, with strong and substantial huts upon them for the navigators. Each raft is generally composed of 4000 large trunks of oak trees, which are covered with knees and smaller pieces roughly shaped after drawings and instructions sent to the cutters. This is done that the timber may be made available at once for use in the dockyards. After being

floated as far as the current will take them down the Dnieper, they are met by the Government steamers outside or inside the bar off the mouths of that river, and thus towed up to Nicholaieff. Some small steamers must be kept at Nicholaieff, at all events at this moment, but they have never stirred, nor have we seen any traces of them in the Bug. Cherson was the great ship-building and maritime yard for the Black Sea fleet in former days, but the difficulty of building large ships there, or rather of getting them away when once they were built, on account of the shallowness of the water on the bar of the Dnieper, forced the Russian Government to remove their establishments to Nicholaieff, on the confluence of the Bug and of the Ingul. The bar of the Bug has a depth of eighteen or nineteen feet; the bar of the Dnieper has only eight feet water upon it in ordinary seasons. The ships of the line are built at Nicholaieff, but it is not improbable that small vessels and frigates of light draught may still be constructed at Cherson. The arsenal at Nicholaieff is very extensive, but its principal supplies of timber came from the Dnieper, and the loss of these two rafts will be no inconsiderable injury. Fine oak timber such as they contain is very dear and scarce in Russia. The timber in the casemated Spit Battery, and the expense of erecting it, came to no less a sum than 45,000 silver roubles, or 7500*l.* English currency. It remains to be seen if Austria can supply Russia with wood, as she already furnishes her with oil, groceries, and manufactures of all kinds; that is, they are brought to Southern Russia through the Austrian provinces.

Sir Edmund Lyons presented one of the rafts to the French—an act of courtesy and consideration which our Allies estimated at its full value. Their dimensions were as follows:—The first 420 feet long by 63 feet wide, and 6 feet deep. The second, nearly the same length as the first, 54 feet broad; it grounded in eight feet water. At a rough calculation, the two rafts contain 90,000 cubic feet of the finest timber, and the present made by the English fleet to the French, through our Commander-in-Chief, cannot be estimated at a lower value than 20,000*l.*; at least, if the timber was in England, it would be well worth the money, for the majority of the balks, spars, and centre pieces composing it are of the very finest white oak.

When the fleet was off Odessa, the advice of the highest person in France on the project of bombarding the town was sought by the French Admiral, and his reply implied a "radical opposition"* to any such proceeding, nor was our Admiral authorized by the home authorities to attack Odessa unless he was certain of success.† Sir Edmund Lyons and Admiral Bruat acted all along in the most perfect accord, but there was this difficulty in their mutual relations, that Admiral Lyons was not under the orders of the British Commander-in-Chief of the army, while Admiral Bruat was directly under the control of Marshal Pelissier, and the latter was opposed to any operations which would require large detachments from the French army. It was proposed at one time to send in a flag of truce to Odessa with some such proposition as this to the Governor—"Are

* "Je suis radicalement opposé."

† "Do not attack Odessa unless you are certain of succeeding."

you the Governor of a commercial town or of a military station? If you say Odessa is purely a commercial town, destroy your forts, abandon your efforts to fortify it, deliver up your gun-boats, if any, and we promise to respect the place. If you say Odessa is a military station, you must expect to see it treated as such by the Allied fleets." However, in case of the Russians refusing to give up their guns, &c., and setting us at defiance, it would have been necessary for us to attack the town *coûte qui coûte*, and there were many reasons why at that particular time such a course would not have been desirable.

Odessa is built of stone and stucco, and is composed of large open places and squares, offering little combustible matter, and placed at such a distance behind the shore batteries as to be accessible only to mortar-vessels and horizontal fire at a very long, and therefore at a very uncertain, range. The houses are roofed with iron, and in many cases there is no woodwork in the flooring or ceiling of the different stories, but iron girders and tiles and slabs of stone are used instead of planks and rafters. Many of the houses are detached, and stand like so many palazzi in their own grounds. Under these circumstances a general fire would have been almost out of the question, and the damage caused by a bombardment would not have been very decisive or extensive. With all the efforts of friends and foes to destroy it, how much of Sebastopol remained after it had fallen into our hands! The Russians, by the agency of powder, of piles of wood, of tar, of turpentine, and of all sorts of combustibles, tried to get it into a blaze, but they failed, notwithstanding a favourable breeze; and we rained shells on it for months, and never succeeded in creating any conflagration of importance. Well, Sebastopol contained much more wood than Odessa does, and was more accessible to our fire. The inference is, that we could not by any bombardment of the fleet have set the town in a blaze, or have inflicted damage which would have compensated the Allies for the expenditure of all their shell. It is evident that at some period or another our fire would have ceased from exhaustion of means. Even a line-of-battle-ship's powder magazines and shot and shell rooms are not illimitable. It is equally clear that a line-of-battle steam-ship could not have come in close enough to the forts to develope her fire, without running the greatest risk of being disabled before she could have got into position. The moment would have eventually arrived when our bomb-vessels and gun-boats and heavy steam-frigates would have been compelled to cease firing, and that probably before much injury had been done to a large, distant, stone-built town like Odessa; and then, if the Russians could have fired even one gun as we retreated, they would have claimed, and with some colouring—which would have seemed very bright and decided in some circles in England and in many cities and towns of despotic Germany and of free America—the credit of having beaten off the Allied fleets!

If Odessa is ever to be destroyed (and I must express a hope that no such barbarous exigency will ever arrive in the history of the world), it can only be done, first, by great numbers of floating batteries employed to reduce the forts, and enable the liners to approach within

broadside distance; secondly, by a sustained fire, constantly maintained for several days, of a flotilla of gun-boats, bomb-ketches, and mortar-vessels, fed by continuous supplies of ammunition, and even of new guns and mortars; thirdly, by the disembarkation on the coast below the city of a force sufficiently strong to defeat the garrison and the outlying army defending the place, in which case the city would be open to the conquerors, and all the defences taken in reverse; or, fourthly, by some unknown operation of war, such as that supposed to be locked up by the Admiralty key in Lord Dundonald's bosom. Of these plans the third alone insures the certainty of destroying Odessa. The wear and tear of *matériel* in a protracted bombardment is incredible. Even in our affair at Kinburn numerous guns were disabled. The mortar-beds also underwent heavy strains; however, those suspended on Julius Roberts's principle were found to answer very well, and to give less shock to the vessel than those mounted on the old plan. Sir Howard Douglas declares that a 13-inch mortar ought to hit a large object, such as a fort, at the distance of 4000 yards; but I know that many of our bombs missed Kinburn when fired from a distance of less than 3000 and 3600 yards. The whole of the glacis and of the ground before the fort for some hundred yards was burrowed up and pitted by the craters of bombs, which made prodigious holes in the soft sand on which they expended their force. For one shell which would fall through the roof of a house in Odessa, three or four would fall in the public streets, squares, and yards, where they would be comparatively harmless. These large missiles take up great space, and the fleet *did not hold enough to lay Odessa in ruins.* Had the Admirals been provided with all the appliances for destroying Odessa, they might have caused great damage to property and loss of life by firing on the place during their stay, for, though destruction is difficult, damage and loss may easily be effected, and there can be no doubt that a vigorous fire would have occasioned the enemy a considerable amount of both. The French Admiral, indeed, suggested that a certain number of gun-boats and mortar-vessels should go in every night, and throw shell into the town; but Lord Lyons was of opinion that such a petty measure of warfare was unworthy of us; that we ought either to destroy Odessa, or refrain from a partial attack, which the Russians would say, and not without pretence, had been unsuccessful the moment it was abandoned.

Ere the expeditionary force returned to Kamiesch and Kazatch the most effectual measures which could be adopted were used to put the garrison of Kinburn in safety for the winter. The result proved the defensive preparations were so formidable, that the enemy never attempted to operate against the French troops stationed there, although the sea (a very unusual occurrence) was frozen hard across to Ochakov.

The blockade of the Bug and the Dnieper was of course raised by the first frost, and the gun-boats engaged in that service had dropped down and joined the flotilla at Kinburn. Before the expedition started, nearly all the smaller gun-boats were despatched to reinforce Captain Sherard Osborne's flotilla in the Sea of Azoff, where that active and

energetic officer was harrying the Russians as a hawk perturbs a field of larks.*

On Sunday, the 28th of October, Captain Paris joined the Allied squadron blockading the Bug and Dnieper, with orders to take the command as soon as Admiral Stewart went; and we left that officer in charge, with the "Beagle," "Viper," "Snake," and another English gun-boat, and four French gun-boats, to keep up that dismal duty. Admiral Stewart sailed from the Bug on Tuesday morning, the 30th, and joined the fleet at Kinburn, and a portion of the fleet which had gun-boats to tow started for Kamiesch the same evening. The Allied fleets, under Sir E. Lyons and Admiral Bruat, Sir H. Stewart and Admiral Pellion, sailed the following day for the same anchorage, and encountered a strong breeze of wind.

* The ascent of the Bug or the Dnieper is only to be attempted by vessels with shot-proof screens and proof decks, inasmuch as every man could be picked off the decks by Minié riflemen, unless the banks of the river were cleared by troops in numbers sufficient to beat back the enemy as they advanced. In spite of our operations in the Sea of Azoff, let it be remembered that we did not reduce Arabat or Genitchi, and that the Russians had free use of the Spit. The water of the sea is frozen in winter to the distance of several miles, so that no boat can approach to prevent the passage of troops or convoys. Had Arabat fallen, and an expedition landed at Kaffa or Theodosia, we should have been masters of the Peninsula of Kertch.

The want of wisdom and foresight of most of our military operations in burning, laying waste, and blowing up, was never better exemplified than at Kertch. There was a very fine barrack near the quarantine station, on the Bay of Kertch, recently built, provided with every comfort, and well supplied with water from a deep well, and with capacious tanks. In the ordinary exercise of reason these buildings should have been preserved, inasmuch as it had been determined to keep a British force at Kertch; but before Sir George Brown left, they were burnt and reduced to a heap of blackened ruins. During the following winter, with infinite labour and trouble, and at prodigious expense, we were obliged to *send the materials for huts* to Kertch, and drag them up close to the site of the barracks, where they formed a very poor protection against the weather in comparison with the substantial buildings which we destroyed. As the tanks were ruined and the well spoiled, the men were compelled to drag water a distance of three miles to their new residence.

BOOK IX.

THE WINTER—POSITION OF THE FRENCH—THE TURKISH CONTINGENT—PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT CAMPAIGN—THE ARMISTICE—THE PEACE AND THE EVACUATION.

CHAPTER I.

The new Commander-in-Chief—His Antecedents—General Simpson—Sir W. Codrington's Order—General Simpson's Farewell—Inaction—The Mixed Commission—Its Composition and Mode of Proceeding—Division of the Spoils—The English return.

EARLY in November it became known that Sir William J. Codrington, with the local rank of General, would succeed Sir James Simpson in command of the army; that Sir Richard Airey, Quartermaster-General, would be replaced either by Colonel Wetherall or Colonel Herbert. The public dissatisfaction caused by the second failure of the English army to take the Redan fell heavily on the aged veteran, who had in the earlier part of his career done service to the State, and gained a high character for gallantry, skill, and ability. No doubt, with only an English army to lead, Sir James Simpson would have acted with vigour, but he was paralysed by the action of the French. He was ignorant of their language, slow and cautious in council; and it is no wonder that, where Lord Raglan failed, General Simpson did not meet with success. The courage, zeal, and activity of General Codrington displayed at Alma, at Inkermann, and in command of the Light Division during the trying winter of 1854-5, seemed to have justified his rapid promotion, and although he was in actual charge of the operations of an army on the day of the 8th of September, he was regarded as an administrative rather than a judicial officer, and was rewarded as signally because he had failed as he could have been if he had succeeded. As a French officer said to me at the time, "If General Codrington had taken the Redan, what more could you have done for him than make him General, and give him the command of the army? But he did not take it, and he is made General and Commander-in-Chief!" There was no opportunity of testing the ability of General Codrington as a commander during the subsequent part of the campaign, but he managed, by eccentricity and turgidity of style in his despatches, to lower himself in the estimation of some of the public, although it is quite certain that a part of his success and elevation was due to his skill in correspondence and composition.

Sir W. Codrington came out from England on the 23rd of February, 1854, with the rank of Colonel in the Coldstream Guards. He entered the army as Ensign and Lieutenant on the 22nd of February, 1821;

became Lieutenant in April, 1823; Captain in July, 1826; Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel on the 9th of November, 1846; and Major-General on the 20th of June, 1854. He commanded a brigade of the Light Division throughout the early portion of the campaign, and succeeded to the command of that division on the retirement of Sir George Brown. Possessed of a strong constitution, a spare and vigorous frame, quiet in manner, energetic in action, vigilant, and painstaking, Sir William Codrington acquired a high reputation throughout the war, and was often spoken of as the coming man—*the General*, who was at last to arise out of the *débris* of old fogeyism, red tapery, staffery, Horse-Guardism, of the British army; but the Redan dammed the current which had set so long and so quietly in his favour, because it was supposed that he did not exhibit all the qualities which were attributed to him in an eminent degree by the army, and his failure produced all the backwater, eddies, and whirlpools usually formed on such occasions. Sir W. Codrington was possibly struggling with the internal conviction that the attack had become hopeless, and consequently felt some hesitation in sacrificing more soldiers when he perceived the failure of our assaults and the confusion of the regiments swarming on the face of the salient; but it is certain that in that supreme hour he did not display that extreme coolness, those internal resources, that self-possession and energy which every one had with good reason, from his antecedents at Alma and Inkermann, and his conduct during the winter campaign in the trenches, generally attributed to him. The revulsion of popular feeling, either in a nation or an army, is often unjust in proportion to its violence, and there were very many indeed who thought "it would be only fair to give Codrington another chance." Sir W. Codrington received the local rank of Lieutenant-General in Turkey on 30th July, 1855. Sir Colin Campbell had been gazetted to the same rank on the 23rd January in the same year. The only officers with the army senior to Sir W. Codrington were Lord Rokeby and Lieutenant-General Barnard, Chief of the Staff. The others had all gone home, or were preparing to leave the field in possession of the new General.

Although too active and able a soldier to be neglected in a war like this, it is possible that Sir W. Codrington would not have had a chance of obtaining his present distinguished position, but for a piece of good fortune. On the 20th of June, 1854, certain promotions took place, more particularly among colonels of the Guards, and among them was that of Colonel Codrington to be a Major-General. Of course the effect of such a promotion would have been to remove him from his regiment and take him home; but the Major-General was most anxious for active service. By the time the *Gazette* was promulgated the expedition to the Crimea was spoken of, and Major-General Codrington tried hard to evade the necessity of returning home, which to many was by no means disagreeable, if we may judge from the alacrity with which they availed themselves of it. He was lucky enough to succeed in his object, and thus got an opportunity of entering on the career which in a very short period led him to such great honours and to so proud a position. The Acting Quarter-master-General had just died, and Brigadier-General Airey, who

commanded a brigade of the Light Division, was selected as his successor. The brigade thus left vacant was given to Major-General Codrington, whose anxiety for active service led him to leave no stone unturned in the search for it; and I well remember that, being then with the Light Division, I heard some expressions of dissatisfaction because the "lucky Guardsman" obtained the command. Only a very short time, however, elapsed before officers and men discovered that he was one of the best soldiers in the army, and his reputation extended beyond the limits of his brigade to every regiment in the field. The Light Division hailed his accession to the command on the second and final retirement of Sir George Brown with the liveliest satisfaction, for he had won the confidence of the men by coolness and unexaggerated intrepidity in the field, and had gained the affection of the officers by his amenity and kind manners. These secured them against insult or violent abuse in their communications with their General, while in his vigilance and his love and knowledge of his profession they could place perfect reliance.

Although no one regretted that General Simpson had ceased to be Commander-in-Chief of this army, all felt sorrow for the circumstances under which the veteran resigned his command. His simplicity of manners and singleness of mind never failed to conciliate the regard, if not the respect and admiration, of those around him; but he failed in determination and firmness in a matter of vital importance to our army when opposed to a sterner will, greater vehemence, and force of character. Such an error in judgment, or rather such weakness, was especially culpable in the Commander-in-Chief of an army situated as our own has been. The most ardent admirer of Sir James Simpson will scarcely for a moment pretend to say that he possessed the physical vigour necessary for the successful direction of an army in an active campaign; or the strategical skill and fertility of resources which would enable him to conduct difficult operations against an enterprising and active enemy, or to extricate his troops with honour out of danger. The General was a victim to writing, like his predecessor. He was more of a clerk than a General. Now, is it the Horse-Guards which enforces all this scrivenery? If the army cannot be commanded without all these forms and returns, let us have, in future, a writing General, and a fighting General. It certainly was not despatch-writing which consumed our Generals' time hitherto, for those documents were always brief enough.

General Codrington announced his elevation in the following Order:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, SEBASTOPOL, *November* 12.

"I have assumed the command of the army in obedience to Her Majesty's orders. It is with a feeling of pride and with a feeling of confidence in the support which I know will be heartily given to any officer honoured with such a commission.

"The armies of France and Sardinia are united with us on this ground. We know their gallantry well, for we have seen it; we know their friendship, for we have profited by it; we have shared difficulties, dangers, and successes—the groundwork of mutual esteem; and all will feel it our pleasure, as well as our duty, to carry on that kindly intercourse which is due to the intimate alliance of the

nations themselves. Our army will always preserve its high character in the field. The sobriety, the good conduct, and the discipline which it is our duty to maintain are the best sureties of future success, and I trust to the efforts and assistance of all ranks in thus keeping the army to be an instrument of honour, of power, and of credit to England.

"W. J. CODRINGTON,
"General Commander of the Forces."

General Simpson's farewell appeared the night before, and was as follows:—

"General Sir James Simpson announces to the army that the Queen has been graciously pleased to permit him to resign the command of this army, and to appoint General Sir William Codrington, K.C.B., to be his successor.

"On resigning his command, the General desires to express to the troops the high sense he entertains of the admirable conduct of the officers and men of this army during the time he has had the honour to serve with them. In taking leave of them, he tenders his best thanks to all ranks, and offers his earnest wishes for their success and honour in all the future operations of this noble army.

"General Sir William Codrington will be pleased to assume the command of the army to-morrow, the 11th instant.

"*By order,*
"H. W. BARNARD, Chief of the Staff."

Again we were suffering from the evils of divided councils, allied armies, and telegraphic instructions. Sir Edmund Lyons was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet; but one foot he could not move, for he was tied by the leg, just as he was when he in vain opposed the famous flank march on Balaklava, and advocated a rush at the town ere the enemy could have recovered from the effects of their dismay. We were necessitated to act in concert with our Allies, and the rule seemed to be that neither France nor England should act independently of the other, but that they might act as they pleased respecting the Sardinians or the Turks. There is always a want of decision and energy in allied councils, and even Marlborough and Eugène had to regret that no two men can take precisely the same view of all the parts and accidents of any single matter. General Simpson ever evinced the utmost readiness to accede to Marshal Pelissier's suggestions, or to any proposition made by either generals or admirals of character and experience, so that no obstacle to any energetic steps arose from him, but if he wished to march against the enemy he could not have done so without the co-operation of Marshal Pelissier. It was doubtful if the French much out-numbered us in strength, but they certainly did generally preponderate, and at this time take the lead in military operations, either by land or sea.

A siege is at all times rather demoralizing and destructive to discipline. The siege of Sebastopol was so to a considerable degree, because to the ordinary influences of such operations the effects of a winter's campaign were superadded. Most of the old soldiers were used up; and the bulk of our regiments contained an undue propor-

tion of recruits. To see a body of our soldiers coming back from the roads in the evening—to mark their careless air—listen to their loud voices in the ranks as they tramped through the dust—one would scarcely think them capable of being turned out as a clean, smart regiment at ten minutes' notice. They were often clad on such occasions in coarse and rather dirty fatigue-suits of grey linen, and but for their forage-caps with the regimental numbers, they would not look, to any lounger in Hyde-park or the Phœnix, like those British soldiers, all kempt and compact as they usually are presented to the public gaze at home, whom they were accustomed to see. The officers, too, often mere boys or young lads not long from England, rode or marched along with the men, without adding much to their martial aspect. The latter either sang a quick march-song in chorus, or whistled some air to keep the step. Such high spirits were pleasant to see, but occasionally the march became too noisy and riotous to suit the notions of a strict disciplinarian; old soldiers did not commit these irregularities, but young recruits who had seen little of military life, and who scarcely knew what drill was, were apt to exceed the bounds of decorum and military rule when they found themselves free from parades, and field-days, and inspections, and put to work on the roads like labourers.

The extraordinary fineness of the weather all this time afforded a daily reproach to the inactivity of our armies. Within one day of the first anniversary of that terrible 14th of November, which will never be forgotten by those who spent it on the plateau of Sebastopol, the air was quite calm. From the time the expedition returned from Kinburn not one drop of rain fell, and each day was cloudless, sunny, and almost too warm. The mornings and nights, however, began to warn us that winter was impending. It is certainly to be regretted that the Admirals could not have undertaken their expedition against Kaffa, for the only ostensible obstacle to the enterprise was the weather, and our experience and traditions of the year before certainly suggested extreme caution ere we ventured upon sending a flotilla, filled with soldiers, on such an awful coast, even for the very short passage to Theodosia.

As it may be interesting to give some particulars of the proceedings of the Mixed Commission, the following information respecting them may not be out of place. On the 10th of July, 1855, a treaty was entered into between France and England with respect to the distribution of booty and trophies, which enabled the French and English Governments to form a mixed commission for the purpose of classifying and arranging such articles. In compliance with this provision, immediately after the capture of Sebastopol, Marshal Pelissier named the following officers on behalf of the French army:—General of Division Niel, Aide-de-Camp de l'Empéreur, President, and commanding the Engineers; General of Division Thiry, commanding Artillery; Admiral Regault de Genouilly, commanding Marine Artillery; M. Paris, Intendant (Commissary-General); M. Budin, Payeur-Général. General Simpson named the following officers for the English army:—Sir G. Dacres, commanding Royal Artillery; Captain Drummond, R.N.; Colonel Chapman, commanding Royal Engineers; Mr. Drake, Assistant-Commissary-General. It will be observed that the English officers

were not equal in rank or numbers to the French members of the Commission.

The Commission met on the 15th of September at the quarters of General Niel. Its first act was to order an inventory in detail to be made of everything found in Sebastopol. To effect this the city and forts were divided, and the care of exploring each part devolved upon sub-commissions. The first of these, charged with the exploration of the west of the city and of Forts Nicholas and Alexander, of the Quarantine, and of the Central Bastion, and of the Bastion du Mât (Flagstaff), were M. Mazare, General of Artillery, President; M. Cacoze, Captain of Artillery, French; Captain Dickson, R.A.; Comte Feldtrappe, French Engineers; Captain Montagu, R.E.; Lieutenant Laurent, French Navy; Lieutenant Buller, R.N.; M. Gontier, French Assistant-Commissary-General; and Mr. Lundy, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General.

The second sub-commission, charged to explore the east of the city, the Redan of Careening Bay, the Malakoff, the Great Redan, and the adjacent works, consisted of—Brigadier-General Dupuis, Royal Horse Artillery, President; Captain Shaw, Royal Artillery; Comte de Callac, Imperial Artillery; Major Staunton, R.E.; Major Cadart, Imperial Engineers; Commander Marten, R.N.; Commander de Genoux, Imperial Navy; Mr. Crookshank, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General; M. Goutran, same rank, French army; and Lieutenant Rumble, R.M.A. On the 25th of September the Commission held its second sitting, and all the members were present except General Thiry, who was represented by General Mazare. That officer and Brigadier-General Dupuis, as presidents of the sub-commission, then laid on the table a detailed statement of everything found in Sebastopol. The number of cannon in bronze (brass) was 128; that of iron guns, 3711; total, 3839. The President read the Convention of the 10th of July, and it was then unanimously agreed that the guns should be divided into two equal parts, paying due regard to the different calibres, and that one half should be sent to France, the other half to Great Britain, with the exception of two brass field-pieces, which should be offered to General della Marmora, with the approbation of the Commanders-in-Chief. It was also resolved that these cannon and guns should remain in Sebastopol, and in the redoubts and fortifications of Kamiesch and Balaklava, till such time as they were not required for the defence of the place, when each Government might do what it liked with its own share. These decisions, taken conformably to the first act of the Convention, left the valuation of the pieces out of the question; but by the 4th article of the same Convention it is agreed that the value of the booty, &c., shall be divided between the two Powers proportionally to the number of men employed by each in the siege. The effective strength of the Anglo-Sardinian army on the 8th of September was 63,715 men, and that of the French army on the same day was 126,705 men. The Commission, therefore, decided that France should have two-thirds, and Great Britain one-third of the *value* of the booty and trophies.

It was declared impossible to fix the value of the guns immediately, in consequence of want of sufficient information and of

the necessity of employing the iron guns in the defence of the place. The Commission, therefore, passed on to the partition of the other *matériel* taken, and divided the following into three parts, two for France, and one-third for England, with the understanding that they are to remain for the supply of the defence:—407,314 round shot; shell, 101,755; canister cases, 24,080; gunpowder, 525,000lb.; ball-cartridges for muskets and carbines, 470,000 in good condition, and 160,000 damaged; waggons, 80; yawls, 6; logs of *lignum vitæ*, 500; anchors of port moorings, 400; anchors of different sizes, 90; grapplings and small anchors, 50; chains for anchors, 200 yards; old copper for sheathing, 104,000lb.; old ropes, 100,000lb.; water casks, 300; new ropes of different sizes, 50,000lb.; pulleys, 400; spars, 40; tools, 300; bar iron and steel, 1,460,000lb.; iron wire, 400lb.; iron checks, 320lb.; sheet iron, 16,000lb.; tin plate, 14,000lb.; red copper, 120,000lb.; nails, 6,000lb.; firwood, a large quantity; pitch and tar, 200 barrels; barrels of paint, 150; small boilers, weighing 6000lb.; the remains of a steam-engine of 220-horse power, taken out of a steamer burnt by the Russians; large copper boilers, weighing 100,000lb., 8; old copper, 100,000lb.; copper screws, 10,000lb.; old iron, 160,000lb.; large bells, 6; small bells, 10; hospital beds, 350; iron forges, in great numbers; main tackles, 12; coal, 2000 tons; steam-engines, of 30-horse power, for the basins, 2; large pumps, for the basins, 3; iron boilers, 3; one high-pressure engine of 16-horse power, for the basins; iron cranes, 17; an engine of 12-horse power in the military bakery; two dredging machines of 30-horse power, unserviceable; a still, a clock, six marble statues, two sphinxes, a large basso-relievo; biscuit, 500 tons; flour, 150; barley, 9; buckwheat, 117; oats, 18; millet, 54; wheat, 20; peas, 1½; salt meat, 60; wheat in the granaries, 500 quarters, &c.

The Commission having examined the quantity and quality of the breadstuffs found in the magazines, declared them unfit for the use of the Allied armies, and decided that they should be sent to Eupatoria for the support of the Tartars, to whom the Allies furnish subsistence. The French Intendance is charged with the duty of transporting these supplies. They consisted of 11,000 sacks, weighing 500 tons, of black bread, 370 sacks or 150 tons of flour, 100 sacks or 9 tons of barley; 1300 sacks or 117 tons of black barley, 18 tons of hay, 54 tons of millet, 20 tons of barley, 1½ tons of peas, 60 tons of salt meat, and 500 quarters of barley in the granaries. The Commission decided further that the few objects of art found in the place should be placed at the disposal of the Generals-in-Chief, and finished the sitting by nominating as secretary M. de Genoux, Capitaine de Frégate, Mr. Johnson, Naval Instructor, being named as English Secretary.

The third sitting took place on the 30th of September, and the subject of their deliberation was the valuation of the guns. As the calibres of the Russian artillery do not correspond with those of the Allies, it was decided unanimously that in the valuation of the guns they should only estimate the value of the metal, which was fixed at 2f. 50c. per kilogramme for brass guns, and at 10c. for iron guns. One of the members observed, that among the brass guns there were two Turkish field pieces, and it was at once declared to be the wish of

the Commanders to put these guns at the disposal of the Ottoman Porte. It was further decided that, as many of the articles could not be divided, such a distribution should take place as might be best arranged, and, accordingly, a high-pressure engine of 20-horse power, a distilling machine, and a clock were comprised in the French list, and in the English a high-pressure engine of 16-horse power and a furnace. As it would be impossible to divide the wood of the houses and buildings to be demolished, the city itself was portioned out, and to the English was allotted the eastern, and to the French the western part.

The following is a part of the English return:—

GUNS IN MALAKOFF, REDAN, &c.

	Serviceable.	Unserviceable.
8-inch guns	38	23
7 to 7½ inch ditto	76	11
6 to 6½ ditto	846	135
5 to 5½ ditto	310	85
Smaller calibres	449	42
13-inch mortars	17	1
10-inch ditto	8	0
Brass cohorns, 6 to 6½ inch	21	0
Brass field pieces	16	0
Wall pieces	9	0
Total guns	1790	297
	297	
Total	2087	

The return includes eight 8-inch and two 3⅞-inch brass guns.

Number of shot.	Shell.	Grape.	Live Shell.	Powder and small Ammunition.
257,314	60,515	13,380	1240	419,200 lb. of powder; 436,000 lb. of ammunition.

Three small bells and one large one, of fine tones.

Two marine condensing steam engines of 30-horse power, in good condition, nearly new	£2,000
Three large pumps for pumping out the docks, in good condition, with gear complete	2,500
Three iron boilers for engines	1,500
Spare gear for the above	700
Blocks, with brass sheaves	10
One 16-horse power engine, for pumping out cofferdam, not complete	800
Three 3-ton cranes, good	1,500
One ditto, not fixed, good	200
One 12-horse power condensing engine, for bakery	200
One 20-horse high pressure engine, incomplete, with gear packed in cases	900
Iron boiler and iron chimney, complete	800
Copper boiler, for steaming plank	336
Pair of 220-horse power marine engines, unfit for use, original value	12,000
Eight copper boilers for ditto, repairable, 50 tons	5,600
Patent ship cradle dredging machine, &c.	3,160
Copper, pumps, forges, hydraulic pump	32,146
Cranes, &c.	13,280
Total	£45,426

This, taken with the French return, gives the total in the list; but

there were an immense number of small articles which would swell this inventory to a formidable extent. The Karabelnaïa, or English side, it will be observed, contained the largest and most valuable portion of the articles captured. The fourteen bells were divided thus—one of 2500·00 kilos. French Parc de Siége, one 21 cwt. ditto, one 16 cwt. ditto, one 533·00 kilos. at Right Siege Train, another of 146·00 kilos. at ditto, one 88·00 kilos. at French Parc de Siége, one 76·00 kilos. at Right Siege Train, one of 1 cwt. at Parc de Siége, one of 3 qrs. 22 lb. at ditto, ditto; one of 3 qrs. 17 lb. at Parc du Moulin; one of 36·00 kilos. at Right Siege Train; one of 26·45 lb. at French Parc de Siége; one of 9·00 kilos. at General Mazarc's office.

On the 14th November, eleven field batteries and two heavy batteries, seventy-two guns in all, in heavy marching order, were inspected by General Codrington on the plains of Balaklava, which was nearly filled by the enormous masses of men and horses. There were many spectators, comprising the Sardinian General, and Etat-Major, and some French officers.

CHAPTER II.

Anniversaries—An Explosion—Casualties—Terrible Scene—Cause of the Catastrophe—Accident in the Redan—Samuel Goodram—Love of Fighting—Contrast between the Years 1854 and 1855—The Flank March—Mistakes in the first Instance—Russian Troops—The Sports of Sebastopol.

THE month of November would seem to have been ruled by some genius unfavourable to our arms. If it gave to us the glorious remembrance of a profitless and bloody victory, it also brought with it a day of disaster and gloom—the beginning of a long series of calamities. The first anniversary of that day passed away amid mutual congratulations and reminiscences, rendered all the more joyous by the contrast between the present and the past. We had beheld a spectacle of unusual splendour and grandeur, one indeed which no native of these isles has ever yet witnessed, so far as I am aware. On the 14th Nov. 1855, the purity of the air—the health of the troops—the abundance of stores—the excellence of the roads—the quantity of hutting—the hospital accommodation—the fineness of the day—the beauty of the sky—the dryness of the soil—the prospects of the army—the bright-hued future: all these were contrasted by a myriad tongues in endless difference of phrase, coloured by many a recollection of personal suffering. There was no sorrow, no calamity could reach us now, and of all things which fate could grant us, most of all were we desirous of meeting that alone with which fate seemed to threaten us—an assault by the enemy. But, suddenly, up from the very centre of our camp, so that every ear should hear and every eye should see, rushes with such a crash as may forewarn the world of its doom, and with such a burst of flame and smoke as may never yet have been seen by man, except in the throes of some primeval eruption, a ghastly pillar of sulphureous vapour. It

spreads as it rises, bearing aloft for hundreds of yards men, horses, fragments of limbs, rocks, shells, and cannon-shot, and then it extends its folds in writhing involutions, as though it were tortured by the fire within, raining them down over the astounded soldiery below! For a moment the boldest lost heart, and "the bravest held his breath." There was no safety in flight—the wings of the wind could not have left that dreadful shower of iron behind; and as one of the most collected and cool soldiers in the army said to me, "I had only presence of mind to throw myself on the ground and ask the forgiveness of God, and I received His mercy!" My reading in military matters is not sufficient to enable me to say, with any confidence, that there never was so terrible an explosion; but having witnessed and heard the explosions at Pavlovskaia and Kertch, at Oczakoff, of the French magazines on the 17th of October, 1854, and of the Russian forts on the 9th of September, 1855, I must say that, in volume of sound, in appalling effect, they were far exceeded in vehemence and grandeur by this tremendously abrupt and startling catastrophe. The quantity of Russian powder which went up was about 1700 barrels, and there were about 800 barrels of French powder exploded in the three magazines. Each barrel contained about 100lb. weight of gunpowder, so that the total quantity which furnished the elements of this prodigious combustion cannot have been less than 250,000lb. But in addition to that enormous mass of powder there were vast mounds of shell, carcasses, rockets, and small-arm ammunition, contributing to the intensity and violence of the fiery blast. The earth shook. The strongest houses rocked to and fro. Men felt as if the very ground upon which they stood was convulsed by an earthquake. The impression of these few moments can never be eradicated. One's confidence in the stability of the very earth was staggered. *Suppositos incedimus ignes.* What part of the camp was safe after such a catastrophe? As to its cause, we knew nothing. One of our artillerymen in the adjoining park declared that he saw a tent catch fire in the French *parc de siége*, close to some shells.

The casualties in the Light Division were as follows:—

	Killed.	Wounded.
7th Fusiliers	1	12
19th Regiment	0	9
23rd Fusiliers	2	6
33rd Regiment	2	13
34th Regiment	1	14
77th Regiment	3	6
88th Regiment	0	2
90th Regiment	0	1
Rifle Brigade	1	6
Total	10	69

The right siege train suffered as severely—seven poor fellows were buried the first night, and the bodies of three more artillerymen were so torn and scattered that their remains could not be collected for interment. To this loss of ten must be added that of seven artillerymen, "missing." The total of the casualties in the train amounted to fifty-two. Poor Yellon, Deputy Assistant-Commissary of the

field train, a most active, zealous officer, whose name was mentioned along with that of Mr. Hayter in Colonel St. George's despatch, was blown to pieces and frightfully mutilated. Lieutenant Roberts had his left arm broken, and was severely burnt; and Lieutenant Dawson lost his leg above the ankle from the effects of a dead shell, which struck him in its descent, as he was in the act of carrying off a live shell from the park to a place of safety. The legs, arms, and trunks of men were blown into the camps of the Rifle Brigade and of the 34th Regiment, on the extreme right of the Light Division. I saw lying amid a heap of ruins, of old iron stores, rubbish, shot, splinters of shell and beams of wood, a man's arm scorched and burnt black, on which the tattered pieces of clothing retained the traces of a sergeant's gold stripes. The dead were too terrible to look upon; but the living in their agony were still more frightful. I solemnly declare, that from the lips of none of these mutilated masses which I saw stretched out in long rows in every hospital did I hear either groan or sigh. No sound escaped them, as those who could see rolled their sad orbs and gazed upon the stranger, except in one instance, when an involuntary expression of pain was uttered by a poor French soldier in the hospital of the 23rd, where he had been trepanned, and was all but beyond the reach of his misery. Although the Russians have been justly praised for their endurance of pain, I must say I never beheld them submit to such tortures as our men experienced. As I looked upon the shattered frames before me, in which such noble spirits were enshrined, I could but remember the howls of a Russian corporal, at Kinburn, who had been wounded in the heel. The surgeons displayed the greatest courage and kindness, and every man was at his post in the midst of fire and shell. Drs. Mure, Watt, Mouat, and Longmore particularly distinguished themselves.

Marshal Pelissier named a commission of inquiry to report upon the cause of the disastrous accident. Our men declared, of course, that it was the work of an incendiary. General Codrington seemed to give credence to the report, inasmuch as he ordered the army to turn out an hour before daybreak, to be prepared for the Russians if they really had anything to do with the act, and calculated on crippling us so far that they might attack us with better chance of success than before.

I was riding from head-quarters, reading my letters, when the explosion took place, and had just reached the hill, or elevated part of the plateau, at the time, and happened to be looking in the very direction of the park. The phenomena were so startling as to take away one's breath. Neither pen nor pencil could describe them. The rush of fire, smoke, and iron, in one great pillar, attained a height I dare not estimate, and then seemed to shoot out like a tree, which overshadowed half the camp on the right, and rained down missiles upon it. The colour of the pillar was dark grey, flushed with red, but it was pitted all over with white puffs of smoke, which marked the explosions of the shells. It retained the shape of a fir-tree for nearly a minute, and then the sides began to swell out and the overhanging canopy to expand and twist about in prodigious wreaths of

smoke, which flew out to the right and left, and let drop, as it were from solution in its embrace, a precipitate of shells, carcasses, and iron projectiles. I clapped spurs to my horse and rode off as hard as I could towards the spot as soon as my ears had recovered the shock. The noise was terrible; and when the shells began to explode, the din was like the opening crash of one of the great cannonades or bombardments of the siege. As I rode along I could see thousands hurrying away from the place, and thousands hastening to it. The smoke became black; the fire had caught the huts and tents. General Windham overtook me, riding from head-quarters as hard as he could go. He was ignorant of the cause and locality of the explosion, and was under the impression that it was one of the French redoubts. Sir Richard Airey followed close after him, and General Codrington rode towards the fire a few minutes afterwards.

On arriving close to the place, I saw that the ground had been torn up in all directions. The fragments of shell were still smoking, and shell were bursting around in most unpleasant proximity. Captain Piggott, in a short time after the explosion, came up with the ambulances at a gallop, and urged the horses through the flames and amid the exploding shell in order to render assistance to the sufferers; and in this arduous duty he was manfully and courageously assisted by Surgeons Alexander, Mure, Mouat, and others. As we were all looking on at the raging fire, an alarm was spread that the mill used as a powder magazine had caught fire, and a regular panic ensued—horses and men tore like a storm through the camp of the Second Division. I did not escape the contagion, but, at my servant's solicitation, mounted my horse, and rode off like the rest. I soon came up to Colonel Percy Herbert, who was actively engaged in trying to get the men of his division under arms, but he told me he could find neither drummers, buglers, officers, nor sergeants. The panic was soon over. The mill did not catch, though the roof and doors and windows were blown in. The officers, in the most devoted way, stripped, and placed 300 wet blankets over the powder inside just as the flames were raging behind the mill and at the side of it within 200 yards. The rockets now began to fly about and to increase the alarm; but the wind, which had been rather high, abated towards evening, and the fire died out. While it lasted, the effects were grand and terrible. Hundreds of rockets rushed hissing and bursting through the air, sheets of flame shot up from exploding powder, carcasses glared out fiercely through black clouds of smoke, and shells burst, tossing high in air burning beams of wood and showers of sparks, and boxes of small-arm ammunition exploded with a rattling report like musketry, and flew about in little balls of fire. The park was an enclosure about 100 yards long by 50 deep, surrounded by a stone wall, which separated it on one side from our right siege-train. It contained immense quantities of *matériel*, and was filled with the huts of the officers who lived in it. There were three magazines in the place; they are now black craters, emitting a smell like Gehenna.

The manner in which this great disaster was caused is said to be this:—Some French artillerymen were engaged in shifting powder from case to case in the park, and, as the operation is rather dan-

gerous, every precaution was taken to prevent accidents. The powder was poured from one case into the other through copper funnels, and no fire was allowed near the place where the men were so employed. As one of the soldiers was pouring the powder out of a case he perceived a fragment of shell gliding out of it into the funnel, and, not wishing to let it get into the other case, he jerked the funnel to one side; the piece of shell fell on the stones, which were covered with loose powder, and is supposed to have struck fire in its fall, for the explosion took place at once. Miraculous as it may appear, this artilleryman, who was, as it were, in the focus of the explosion, escaped alive, being only slightly burnt and scorched. His comrade, who held the other case, was blown to atoms. Another strange incident was the death of the commandant of the artillery for the day. He was in or near the park at the time of the explosion, and as soon as he had seen everything in order as far as possible, he went off to have a look at the French batteries in and about Sebastopol, on which the Russians had just then opened a heavy fire. As he rode along, a cannon-shot struck off his head. Such is the story. The escapes that day were astounding. Clothes were torn off men's backs; the chairs or beds on which they sat, the tables at which they were eating, the earth on which they stood, were broken and torn by shot, shell, rocket-irons, shrapnell, grape, canister, and musket-balls, which literally rained down upon them. It was fully two *minutes* ere the heavy volleys of bursting shells ceased, and then sullen explosions for an hour afterwards warned the spectator from the scene. Some of the balls and pieces of shrapnell, which must have been projected a prodigious height into the air, did not fall to the ground for a minute and a half after the last of the explosions. For two minutes, which seemed as many hours, the terrible shower endured, and descended on the camp. The distance to which fragments flew exceeds belief. It is difficult to explain it by mere names of localities. One piece of shell flew over Cathcart's-hill; another killed a horse in New Kadikoi. Some struck men and horses in the Guards' camp. One flew over my hut; another struck the ground close to it; another went into the camp of the Land Transport Corps behind it. Mrs. Seacole, who keeps a *restaurant* near the Col, avers that a piece of stone struck her door, which is three and a half or four miles from the park. In the Land Transport Corps of the Light Division fourteen horses were killed and seventeen were wounded. Pieces struck and damaged the huts in New Kadikoi.

Appalling as was the shock to those who were near, the effect was little diminished by distance. The roar and concussion were so great in Balaklava that the ships in harbour, and outside at anchor, trembled and quivered, and the houses shook to their foundations. The ships at Kamiesch and Kasatch reeled and rolled from side to side. Mules and horses, seven and eight miles away, broke loose, and galloped across the country, wild with fright. The noise pealed through the passes at Baidar like the loudest thunder. In fact, the effect resembled some great convulsion of nature. Many thought it was an earthquake; others fancied it was the outburst of a volcano; others, that the Russians had got hold of Lord Dundonald's invention, and

that they had just given it a first trial. Indeed, one officer said to another, as soon as he recovered breath and could speak, "I say, that's a nice sort of thing, is it not? The sooner we go after that the better." He was persuaded the Russians had thrown some new and unheard-of instrument of destruction into the camp. The sense of hearing was quite deadened in many persons, and their nervous systems have not yet recovered the shock, so that any sudden noise startles them. The French had 6 officers killed and 13 wounded; 65 of their men, mostly of the artillery, were killed, and 170 wounded, of whom many will never recover. The destruction in money value of articles appertaining to the siege-train was very great. But when we came to men—to those gallant fellows who had survived the battles and the dangers of the campaign—our loss was irreparable. What value could be placed on those noble artillerymen of the siege-train who, with little praise or encouragement, stood by their guns in so many bombardments, and who had acquired skill, practice, and hardihood in the greatest siege the world ever saw?

The day before the explosion an accident took place in the Redan, which was also attended with melancholy results. The following are the particulars:—Samuel Goodram, No. 6 Company, Coldstreams, another old soldier of the same regiment, named Betts, and a sergeant, were on duty in the Redan, and the two men went into one of the casemates to remove some powder and rubbish, while the sergeant remained outside. Scarcely had the men entered before an explosion took place, which blew up the magazine, and covered the men and the sergeant with earth and sand. Goodram was blown into the air, and was then thrown down amid fragments of gabions and falling earth, which buried him to the depth of five or six feet, and Betts was so terribly burnt that he died within an hour after the explosion. Goodram was dug out quite dead, and both men were buried in the Guards' cemetery next day. Thus were two excellent soldiers lost to the country; and I am the more particular in giving the names, in order that I may relate an anecdote of poor Goodram at the attack on the Redan, which I heard at the time, but forgot to mention till this moment. The night before the attack, the Coldstreams were on duty in the trenches, and were relieved some hours before the assault took place.

On arriving at camp it was found that a private, named Samuel Goodram, was missing; and it was feared that he had gone away to some canteen to indulge in unfathomable potations, or had been hit in some mysterious way as he came from the trenches. But great wrong had been done to this gallant soldier, who had remained behind from a pure love of fighting, and from a desire "to have a go in at the Roosians." Knowing that the assault would take place in a few hours, Goodram, as the regiment mustered and marched off, had secreted himself in the trenches, and employed his leisure time before his comrades left in filling the breast of his coat and every available place about his person with cartridges from their boxes, fearing that his private supply of fifty rounds would fail him before he had got his fill of fighting. When the storming party was advancing from the fifth parallel, Goodram appeared, rifle in hand,

and joined it as a volunteer, and his regiment claim him as being the first private soldier in the Redan on that memorable day. He was twice driven out of the Redan, and was over and over again engaged individually with the Russians, and in these encounters he received two wounds—one in the side and one in the arm—but still kept up a fire when driven back by the last rush of the enemy's infantry, and forced over the parapet with the rest of our men into the ditch. Instead, however, of retiring with the others, as opportunity offered, and keeping in the ditch or getting under cover in the parallels, Goodram made an impromptu rifle-pit on the broken glacis outside the ditch, and there he maintained his fire on the enemy till his ammunition became exhausted, and his wounds so painful that he could no longer use his rifle. Then he shouldered his arms and marched stiffly up through the trenches and across the open space till he reported himself to his regiment. He was, I believe, tried for being absent without leave, and for stealing his comrades' cartridges, but Minos himself could not have condemned a soldier like this to any severe punishment for a crime which Minos's jurymen would have called heroic.

Either the year 1854 was remarkable in the annals of the Crimea for its severity, or we enjoyed a season of exceptionable mildness in 1855. Storms lowered over us and passed away; dark skies threatened us and melted into floods of golden sunbeams. The wind seemed alone to be busied in tossing the French steamers at sea and keeping the mail late, in which it succeeded very effectually, so that our letters were behind time with the greatest regularity. The country was open in every direction to carriage, man, or beast; the trenches were dry; in fact, the weather presented contrasts of endless variety to that which prevailed the year before, and afforded ground for infinite speculation and comment. There was no reason, however, to suppose that the English army would have had much reason to congratulate itself on the fact that the clemency of the season had averted the evils which want of roads, excessive fatigue, and a false position would have entailed upon them, inasmuch as it is certain the bad weather paralysed the enemy, cut off their reserves, impeded their transport of food and of reinforcements, and prevented their making another attempt—not at Inkermann, of which they had to their cost learnt the strength, but from the Traktir bridge, or at some other point of the Tchernaya then in their possession, from which they could have debouched into the plain of Balaklava, and made a grand attack on the rear of our lines. Although those lines had been greatly strengthened, and the profile altered and improved, they were far from being perfect or unassailable. In November, when rumours to the effect that the Russians were gathering a force towards Baidar, with the intention of assaulting us, prevailed, the country between Tchongar, Perekop, and Simpheropol was, however, in such a state that it was with the utmost difficulty the garrison of Sebastopol could be fed, and very strong reinforcements were kept for weeks waiting at Odessa, Nicholaieff, and Cherson, till the spring of 1855. But for these impediments, the Russians would have had a prodigious army about Sebastopol early in December, 1854, and if they had been indis-

posed to try another Inkerman, they could certainly have pressed us much harder in the trenches, and wearied our men by strong and repeated sorties. At times it was difficult for even a single battalion to march from the army of the Belbek or Mackenzie's Farm into the city, or to effect the usual reliefs.

If to these considerations be added the notorious sentiments and opinions of persons high in authority, who advocated *the abandonment of the siege*,* and the retreat of the army from the Crimea after the battle of Inkermann, it will be seen that our prospects would not have been much better had weather like that we enjoyed in the latter part of 1855 prevailed last winter. The inconvenience to which the famous flank march subjected the army became more apparent every day after the failure of the first bombardment. The flank march was opposed, or was viewed with disfavour, by officers of great authority, and by one whose sagacity and skill are seldom deceived in military operations, although he is not a soldier, and does not command on land.† The descent on the Crimea itself was a bold stroke; it was the first step towards the capture of Sebastopol. The battle of the Alma left the approach to the city open to us whenever we liked. Prince Menschikoff's flank march to Bakshiserai and Simpheropol, although somewhat ridiculed at the time, is now considered a judicious and daring movement, but it certainly uncovered the north of Sebastopol, the Tchernaya, and Balaklava: and as it was determined by our generals to abandon the dashing character of the expedition, and to assume for our operations a strategical character, to which they had no previous pretensions, we were obliged to look out for harbours, and the inlets of Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Kasatch met the eye and fixed our destiny. Then came the period during which, without let or hindrance, or attempt at interference or prevention, the Russians were allowed to recover from their alarm and flock back to Sebastopol, under the direction of a man of extraordinary genius. Then they began the rudiments of the vast works which baffled our efforts for eleven long months of trial, suffering, and bloodshed, heroically endured and overcome.

It is now perceived that if the advice of Sir George Cathcart had been followed, the city might have been ours by a vigorous assault on the day after we arrived on the plateau. The ships alone could never have defended the place, and the greater portion of the feeble garrison, such as it was, consisted of the *equipages*, or crews, of those very ships. The enemy when they retreated to the north side would have been as impotent as they were when they had crossed over in the autumn of 1855, and Sebastopol, in all its beauty, and with all its vast stores and riches, would have been in our possession. That is the hypothesis as to the result of vigorous action from the south side. But had we approached the city from the north side, there can be no

* I do not allude to the advice given by Sir De Lacy Evans, who was so strongly impressed with the falseness and insecurity of our position in a military sense, that he recommended Lord Raglan to retire from it, as much as to the opinions of those generals who maintained that we had no business in the Crimea at all.

† Notwithstanding a reckless assertion in Major Calthorpe's letters, I have the best authority for reiterating the statement that Lord Lyons looked with disfavour on the flank march.

doubt that the forts would speedily have fallen; the fire of the shipping could have affected our operations but very slightly, and the only inconvenience would have been the want of a harbour at which to land siege-trains and stores, in case any mishap prevented the army carrying the place. The anchorage is good all along the coast up to Eupatoria, and, except on the great gale of the 14th of November, no damage would have occurred to our merchantmen or men-of-war riding off the coast. The mouths of the Katcha, or even of the Belbek, when the fire of the battery which just reached the latter was reduced, could have been made available for landing such stores and *matériel* as we required. With the northern forts, the whole city of Sebastopol and the remainder of the fleet would have been ours;* our army could have reposed on its laurels for the winter in an impregnable position; a year would have been saved in the war; and the Crimea would have been cleared of the Russians early in the spring of 1855.

Such is the hypothesis respecting operations from the north side; such were the discussions which arose in the army when it had rested from its labours and saw a vanquished enemy gathering strength in a position which appeared impregnable or unassailable. The Russian General must have been a man of extraordinary confidence if he thought that on the return of spring he could have extricated his army from the grasp of an enemy which clutched the whole of his coast, was established at two points in his rear, and had four distinct bases of operations, with sufficient troops to use them all, and to concentrate a prodigious force on any point he pleased. The Russian infantry, in spite of its stubborn endurance and passive courage, is not equal to either French, Sardinian, English, or Turkish troops. Every day showed us that it had no chance even against the latter when they were led and officered by Englishmen or brave and skilful European soldiers. Their cavalry, in equal numbers, will be ridden down like grass whenever they stand against English or French squadrons; and notwithstanding the excellence of their artillery, compared with other arms of their service, it cannot compete with ours as regards rapidity of motion or precision of fire. In reference to future operations I wrote at this time some remarks, which even now are not uninteresting. I said:—"Prince Gortschakoff will be a grand strategist opposed to very weak generals if he succeeds in saving his army and marching them scatheless from the Crimea. The health of our troops is excellent; the draughts which arrive are rather younger than is desirable, but they will obtain experience and instruction during the winter. They are admirably clothed, and fed as no army was ever fed before—fresh meat, bread, and vegetables are issued to all. Henceforth the men are to receive fresh meat *only* three times a week, and bread *only* three times a week, instead of every day. On the other days they will have pork or salt beef, and excellent biscuit. In respect of winter clothing,

* The Russians, it will be said, were on the north side, and yet they could not drive us out of the south side. But the Russians had no fleet. Even as it was, we never were in strong military force on the south side, and our boats never ventured on the waters of the harbour.

hutting, and feeding, our men are immeasurably better off than our Allies, and it is not unusual to see the latter eating in the English camp of the excess of our soldiers' cooking kettles. Little friendships have sprung up in this way. 'Franceese' comes over with his spoon, a smile, an onion, and a bit of salt, or a savoury condiment, to some sapper or grenadier, day after day, about dinner-time, indulges in pantomimic conversation, interlarded with many 'bonos,' and regales on good soup and broth, to the great delight of his entertainer. Thus both are satisfied—a true *entente cordiale* is established through the medium of the stomach, and no one is a loser. The reinforcements to our ally contain, like our own, many very young men, and I was particularly struck with the youthful appearance of the men of a regiment which arrived at Kamiesch on Monday." It is somewhat mortifying to add that all speculations on the probable conduct of the war were rendered abortive by the peace, which left Russia in military possession of the north side of Sebastopol.

Whilst the army was waiting patiently till spring should give it freedom of action, it set itself to work to provide for the winter. The spoils of Sebastopol materially contributed to our comfort and efficiency in this respect. Kitchen ranges, boilers, iron bars, Stourbridge bricks—I had some in a chimney built into the side of my hut, which were marked "Harpers, Stourbridge"—ovens, brass, iron, and copper stoves, pots and pans, flues, kettles, and hundreds of similar articles, were seized and utilized with wonderful tact. Fine well-built cook-houses were constructed from the cut stone of Sebastopol, which was found in large blocks around unfinished houses or was taken from the ruined edifices and walls about the place. Mechanical ingenuity was largely developed in the adaption of materials. One officer converted the funnel of a small steamer into a chimney; another used one of the pipes of an engine as a hot-air apparatus to heat his hut; a third arranged a portion of machinery so that he could communicate from his salon, sleeping-room, and dining-room (three single gentlemen rolled into one), with his cook in the adjacent kitchen, and dinner was handed through direct from the fire to the table, after the fashion of those mysterious apparatus which obey the behests of London waiters in the matter of roast meats, boiled beefs, and their satellites. Many officers distinguished themselves by the trouble they took in showing the men how to make themselves comfortable. The number of those employed on the roads and in various other ways rendered it difficult to get on with these works, and in many cases the officers were unable to complete their huts for want of wood and labour, and the unfinished walls stood in grim ruin here and there about the camp. Wood, canvas, little bits of glass, tar and pitch, and, above all, nails and tacks, were eagerly sought after. At the head-quarters' sale, on General Simpson's departure, a hammer, hatchet, and saw sold for 2*l.* 15s. A bag of nails was disposed of by auction the same week for 40s., and on counting the contents it was found there were only 130 nails in the bag. Friendly little felonies of planking and such things were not unheard of, and the greatest favour you could do a friend was "to let him have a piece of board about six feet long by a foot wide;" or "The Captain says, sir, as

how he'd be very grateful if you could give him a bit of glass about three inches square, sir, for his winder." The heart soon grew hardened under constant pressure, and one was at last obliged to refuse "a couple of tenpenny nails" or "the loan of a hammer for an hour" with the sternness of a Brutus.

Pictures of saints, the erotic scripture pieces, in which the Muscovites delight, fat Potiphar's wives and garmentless Josephs, very plump Susannahs and very withered elders, and "subjects" of the kind, as well as straight-backed uncomfortable arm-chairs of walnut, heavy tables, and chests of drawers, were not uncommon in the officers' tents. Cats from Sebastopol abounded in camp, and were very useful, inasmuch as the huts were overrun with rats and mice, not to speak of other small deer, which disappeared before the march of King Frost. Dogs came in from the deserted city, and domesticated themselves, whether you would or not. There were always an odd half-dozen about my hut and tent, which made night hideous with their quarrels—greyhounds, mastiffs, and sheep-dogs, and their descendants, of very mixed and indistinct types; and for two whole days my peace was menaced by a huge double-humped Bactrian camel, which took a fancy to the space before the door of my hut and lay there constantly, so that our legs as we went out and in were within easy reach of his prodigious teeth. But he was a good-natured brute, and never attempted to bite unless one tried to mount him, when he disgorged his food, and spat it out at the assailant or snapped his jaws at him *in terrorem*. However, no one was sorry when he heard that the "ship of the desert" had got under way owing to the deposit of a piece of live coal and some matches on his back, and had sailed off on a piratical excursion against other infidel habitations. There were, however, thefts committed in camp more serious than those of planks or nails. Blankets were not safe those chilly nights on horses in outlying stables, and the regiments that came back from Kinburn found their huts broken into and robbed on their return. The officers' furniture and clothing were gone. On three occasions this week my horses were turned loose, and on two they were deprived of their blankets and clothing: a spade and a hatchet were stolen from the outside of the hut, and the thieves entered the stables of the Land Transport Corps of the division close at hand, turned some horses loose, and stole their blankets. Geese arrived at a fair state of obesity, or turkeys and fowls, were not safe for a moment, and it was almost impossible to identify the robbers.

The Sardinian officers who visited our ambulances declared that they were superior to the French, and took much interest in the cases of conservative surgery, which exhibited great skill and professional knowledge. In some instances, the elbow-joint having been injured, the surgeon made clean surfaces on the bones of the lower and upper arms, cut away the fractured pieces, and then brought the surfaces together, and the bones joined by a false joint, or by a sort of ligamentous union, making a stiff short arm indeed, but with a serviceable hand attached to it. The principle was extended to other injuries of limbs, and was never, perhaps, adopted to such an extent in the field as it was by our English army surgeons.

CHAPTER III.

Four Months of Winter—Situation of my Hut—Warm Clothing—Useful Works—The Electric Telegraph—Crimean Mud again—Spirit Vendors—Drainage—Railway Works—A Sight of the Enemy—Criticisms by Civilians—Omar Pasha's Expedition.

THERE were now four months of winter before us, and the drill-sergeant was busy all day. Every camp resounded to his voice and to the tramp of the awkward squad. Recruits had little time to spend in idleness and drinking, and steps were taken to provide soldiers with the means of reading, which they so much needed and enjoyed in the long winter nights. Why could not Government have been a little more liberal in the matter of candles? The issue of light was one ration to every twelve men—that is, one ration for each tent or sergeant's guard. Now, good Public, do you know what one ration consists of? It is just *two-thirds of an ounce* of sperm candle, or two ounces of tallow candle—that is, of a bit very like what economic housewives are familiar with under the name of "save-alls." No one need ever say, "Put out the light" in a British camp, for the candle is not lit very long before it dies of its own accord. An officer receives the same ration as is given to twelve men, but he can afford to buy candles, and if he is a field-officer his rations are increased, on the principle, I suppose, that there is more necessity for his keeping wide awake than exists in the case of a subaltern. The libraries were well filled with books, but there was little time to use them by day, and it fell dark before six o'clock; twelve men were not likely to make much progress in a novel, a tract, or an entertaining miscellany by the aid of two-thirds of an ounce of candle. They clubbed their little pieces of candle together, and resorted to many ingenious devices for keeping the lights in. Some of them, like the Russian or Dutch sailors at Spitzbergen, of whose very uncomfortable residence we all have read, used the extra fat of mutton in lamps, but in general they were obliged to purchase what extra candles they required. And all this time there were the canteens alight till an hour or more after "retreat." We had "balls" at Kamiesch, which were distinguished by remarkably good conduct on the part of all present. There were hotels established at Kamiesch, and *restaurants*, at which excellent fare was to be had at high but not extravagant prices.

My hut commanded a view of a considerable portion of the plateau at the other side of the Tchernaya, and overlooked the spurs at Mackenzie's Farm, the Russian encampments at Inkermann, and between it and the Lower Belbek; from the windows, the movements of the enemy were plainly visible in moderately clear weather. On the 23rd November we observed the whole of the enemy in motion along the plateau, and from an early hour in the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon their battalions were marching to and fro, but it was evident they were only changing their troops, and that the regiments which left Mackenzie were replaced by regiments from the camp in the rear. The new comers at the spur huts seemed to be dressed

better, to be taller men, and to wear darker coats than those who were relieved by them, and that appearance gave rise to the notion that the troops so close to us belonged to the Imperial Guard. Their various camps were rapidly losing the look of snowy neatness of canvas, and were being converted into dingy rows of huts. We could see their telegraphs at work with the greatest facility, and I could make out the flags with my glass. It was a pity one could not have got the Imperial Code Book of Signals and a dictionary.

During November excellent warm clothing was issued to the men, and so uniform was it in style that no one could distinguish officers from men, unless by the difference of style and bearing. Our Allies were astonished at the profuseness of our military wardrobe, which not only contained a waterproof suit, helmet and all, but fur coats and caps, cowhide boots, tweed coats lined with cat or rabbit skin, &c., and for the officers, suits of sealskin, sold at moderate prices. The French only received from their Government an ordinary cloth capote, and were obliged to buy any waterproofs or furs which they found necessary.

The roads indeed, even then, when we had no trenches, no prospects of an attack, no want of labour—the roads were even then objects of much interest to us all. The whistling locomotives on the railway—the "Alliance," the "Victory"—which recalled to us the familiar sounds of Wolverhampton or of Swindon, and made us believe for the moment that we were in a civilized country, were not to be taken as material guarantees for the possession of material comforts in the coming winter. Mr. Beatty, with small means at his command, placed the railway on an excellent basis, as far as wood, iron, and stone could secure it.* The soundness of his judgment in laying out the line was confirmed by Mr. Doyne's adoption of a course very nearly parallel to it throughout for the grand main road between Balaklava and the camp. Mr. Beatty was obliged to retire from a post in which he rendered services not only to the army collectively, but to many individuals in it, who will always retain a deep sense of his kindness and friendly assistance in times of domestic difficulty about huts and transports, in consequence of ill-health, which not long after proved fatal to him.

I ventured to express an opinion almost immediately after the capture of the south side, that the enemy's preparations indicated the intention of wintering where they lay. It was not because St. Vladimir was converted in the Crimea that Prince Gortschakoff held Mackenzie's Farm and the plateau of the Belbek and Tchernaya. But he knew that until he was dislodged, the Allies were paralysed, and that they could establish no safe basis of operations against Nicholaieff or Cherson while he was at Simpheropol, for it would be contrary to common sense to leave such an army in their rear and flank. He hoped, therefore, either to be able to hold the Crimea during the next campaign, or to be able to make such dispositions in the event of a great defeat as would insure the safe retreat of his army to Perekop and Tchongar, and perhaps by a third road, of

* Every officer of the Crimean army will readily concur with me in saying that a kindlier, more zealous, or more able public servant than Mr. Beatty never existed. We all deeply regretted his death.

the existence of which across the Sivash there were very strong indications. The electric telegraph kindly aided him in establishing himself all the more securely, for the rumour of a Russian attack, to which it gave official weight, prevented the occupation of Kaffa and the destruction of Arabat that autumn. Talk of the harm done by newspaper correspondents compared with that which was done by the electric telegraph! The first expedition to Kertch, the despatch of the Highlanders to Eupatoria, and the expedition to Kaffa were all prevented by our electric batteries at London and Paris, and it is very questionable if they did not do the Allies more harm than the Russian guns. The French were, indeed, adverse to the Kaffa movement, and Admiral Bruat was, it appears, more especially opposed to it; but there is no reason to doubt that it would have been successful, and the occupation of that place and the destruction of Arabat would have most materially complicated the difficulty of the Russian position, and contributed to the strength of the Allies.

The needy knife-grinder, had he been a resident in our camp during the last week of November, would not have been in possession of more abundant materials for anecdote than he was when he met Mr. Canning, several years ago, in the neighbourhood of Eton. We were all ankle-deep in mud. Ankle-deep! No! that would have been nothing! It would have been no great matter of complaint or grievance if we had had to deal with the ordinary material, so familiar to all Londoners, before the scavengers remove the formidable soft parapets which line the kerbstones after a day or two of rain. *That* can be scraped off, cleaned, rubbed away, or washed out. This Crimean preparation nothing but long and persevering efforts, continually renewed, and combining all the former operations, could remove. It stuck in pasty clods to the shoes, and would insist on being brought into clean huts and tents to visit your friends. It had a great affection for straws, with which it succeeded in working itself up into a gigantic brick, somewhat underdone, in which condition it threatened to build your legs into the ground if you stood long enough in one place to give it a chance; and it mightily affected horseshoes also, and sucked them off, with a loud smack of relish, in those little ravines between rocky hill-sides in which it exercised the greatest influence. Literally and truly, it was like glue half boiled and spread over the face of the earth for the depth of several feet. It was no joke for a soldier to see his sleeping-place, in hut or tent, covered with this nasty slime; yet they could not be kept clean. Take but one step outside, and you were done for. The mud was lying in wait for you, and you just carried back as much on your feet as if you had walked a mile. Carts stuck immovably in the ground, or the wheels and axles flew into pieces from the strain of the horses and mules.

The waste of property as of life in war is prodigious, and much of it seems unavoidable. I firmly believe that for three feet deep the whole of the quay at Balaklava, near the Commissariat landing-place, was at this time a concrete of corn. It was no uncommon thing to see a Croat or Turkish labourer waddling slowly along with a sack on his back, from which the corn descended in streams against his heels, till he arrived from the ship at the store, and then to behold him depositing

the collapsed and flaccid bag on the heap with great gravity and satisfaction at his success in diminishing his load at every step. In the various Divisional Commissariat *depôts* an enormous loss of grain occurred from similar causes, and from shifting the sacks and the distribution of the rations. But it seemed to be impossible to prevent these losses, which were regarded as incidental to a state of war. Our authorities waged a war of extermination against spirit vendors, and, above all, against rakee importers. This villanous spirit inflamed men's brains and set them mad; it had all the abominable properties of fresh-run rum or new whiskey, but it affected the nervous system more mischievously, and produced prostration, which frequently ended in death. It was dreadfully cheap, colourless like gin, with a taste of bad anisette and a fiery burning smack on the tongue, and was alcohol all but pure, with the exception of the adulteration, which contributes the flavour. The owners were compelled to start the poison into the sea, and then to leave the Crimea instanter.

Every canteen-keeper or storekeeper on whose premises a drunken soldier was seen, no matter what the excuse might be, was fined *5l.* for each, and the Provost-Marshal had more money than he knew what to do with from this source alone. But they are a wealthy race, these social vultures—many of them king vultures—respectable birds of prey, with kempt plumage and decent demeanour—others mere "adjutants," dirty and predacious. The sutlers of Kadikoi cared little for *5l.* fines while they could get *6d.* a-dozen for tacks, and *2s.* a-pound for lard *sub nomine* butter, and they paid their taxes like lords, or rather much more willingly, now that the income-tax is pressing on the poor nobility. Taxes!—what is the man talking about? It is quite true, nevertheless. There was an unchartered corporation in the town of Kadikoi, with a Mayor and Aldermen, or Town Councillors, and a vigorous administrative staff that would astonish the elder brethren about Guildhall. They had a machinery of scavengers and sewer-men, and they paid about 120*l.* a-month for keeping their city in order. But sutlers, and canteens, and provisions were of no use without roads, and the word was heard of oftener, and the thing thought of more than anything else, in the autumn of 1855.

Mr. Doyne, after careful examination, found that it would require much less labour to make a new and good road between Balaklava and Kadikoi by a different route, than to attempt to repair the old one while the traffic was passing over it. Accordingly, a main drain was cut down the centre of the valley, running into the head of Balaklava harbour, to intercept all water flowing from the east of it, and free the road and railway drains rapidly from the rain-water. The road was made parallel to the railway, the material over which it passed being deep, spongy, vegetable soil, easily drained in its natural state, but very retentive if worked up under wet; drains four feet deep were cut at forty feet apart, and the surface between rounded to a foot higher at the centre. Cross-drains were cut at every forty-four yards, connecting-main drains, and the large stone pitching, twenty-eight feet wide, was filled in with smaller stones, and afterwards macadamized. Before laying on the pitching,

the whole traffic of the camp was turned over the formed surface for five days to beat it down, and to consolidate it, a strong force of navvies being employed in the morning and evening to keep up the proper form. This course proved perfectly successful—the surface was quite smooth when the metalling was laid on, and consequently the rain ran freely off without penetrating the soil. On this section there was laid down about 13,000 tons of hard limestone pitching and metalling on a length of one mile.

From Kadikoi to the stationary engine the old road up the Vinoy ravine was so steep (1 in 12), and thus liable to be washed away, and the ground over which the down line was prepared to pass was so bad (in some places 1 in 7), that Mr. Doyne determined to abandon both, and to make a new road round the eastern base of Frenchman's-hill, nearly parallel with the railway, and Sir Richard Airey gave his assent to the change. Here for a considerable distance the road was terraced out in the hill-side, formed of hard carboniferous limestone rock, and a clear metalled roadway was obtained from twenty to twenty-five feet wide throughout. In the next section, to Mrs. Seacole's hut, the old French road was widened, deep drains cut, the centre raised, and a deep coat of limestone metalling laid on.

In the next section, up to the Col, the ground again sloped very rapidly, and the road was terraced out for a mile, partly in rock, sandstone, and clay, and was then formed and metalled as before. From Balaklava to the Col the chief difficulty to be contended with in maintaining a road was the numerous courses of water which came down the hill-sides. To protect the road against this, trenches were cut on the upper side, zig-zagging according to the line of the ground, so as to intercept the water and convey it into large culverts constructed under the road at every dip in the undulation of the hill. Thus no water could get upon the road except that which actually fell upon its surface, and that small quantity was rapidly carried away into the side drains. To relieve a road in every way from the destructive action of water, both by sub and surface drainage, is the first principle of road-making; without attention to this, any amount of labour will prove fruitless. From Balaklava to the Col, about three miles and a half, the works throughout were of a very heavy character, and the provisions for drainage were upon an extensive scale; besides about ten miles of open ditching, there were between 150 and 200 culverts constructed; from the great want of materials these were formed in every variety of way—many with Army Works Corps' water-barrels, some with Commissariat pork-casks, others with Royal Engineers' fascines and green platform timber.

But the work which required the greatest amount of labour was the metalling, there having been over this three and a half miles nearly 40,000 tons of hard limestone rock quarried, collected, and laid upon the road. Above the Col the main trunk proceeded over the plateau of Sebastopol, following nearly the direction of the railway, crossing the Woronzoff road up to the camp of the Light Division, on the extreme right. Here the difficulties were of a different character, and the surface and geographical formation changes from deep clay valleys and plains, and carboniferous limestone rock hills, to a com-

paratively uniform surface of a very plastic retentive clay; on examination, Mr. Doyne found this did not exceed an average of eighteen inches deep, and that underneath there is a light rubbly oolitic limestone rock, similar to that found in the neighbourhood of Stroud, in Gloucestershire.

The whole of the clay was removed for a width of thirty-two feet, and a solid foundation was discovered, upon which the road was securely constructed by paving and metalling it with the parts of the oolite rocks which had become harder by exposure to the weather, and for the worst parts hard metal was brought from the other district. It was opened for traffic in forty-eight days from the time of its commencement. There was no gradient upon it worse than 1 in 17.

Notwithstanding the numerous good roads through the camps, there were exceedingly deep and heavy tracts to be traversed by thousands of animals under their burdens. There were two men to every three horses or mules, and it was scarcely possible for them to perform long marches, from the divisional camps to Balaklava and back again, and afterwards to attend to the animals and clean them properly. In some muddy pool or in some deep scarp on the hill-side the poor animal, which perhaps stood in uncovered stables all night, and was badly groomed, or not rubbed down at all, sank beneath its load and died there in lingering agony. No one was permitted to shoot these wretched creatures. I well remember the skeleton spectre of a wretched grey horse, with a sore back, which haunted Fourth Division camp for weeks before it fell into a ditch and died. It had been turned loose to live or perish, and it was a shocking sight to behold the dogs leaping up against it to lick its sores; but there it remained for days, with its legs drawn close together, and no one dared to put it out of pain. These spectacles recalled the terrors of the previous winter. Every one exclaimed, "How fortunate that Sebastopol has fallen! What should we have done had we to guard the trenches this winter?" Not that there could have been an equal amount of physical suffering, but that there would have been a great deal of unavoidable misery, and disease, and death incident on another winter's active operations, despite railroads, *depôts*, roads, warm clothing, and abundant food. It must not be supposed that there are no inconveniences in living in the open air during a Crimean winter. A bed with a lively little sewer intersecting it is not the most agreeable thing in winter time; but the camp view of such a catastrophe is that "it serves them right for not pitching their tents better." At the same time there were loud outcries against the new huts, and the letters "O.L.B.," with which they were marked, were said to mean "Officers' Leaky Bunks." It is considered that if the Government had sent out hammers, nails, planks, and felt, the men would have done much better. Early in December the siege artillery was ordered home—and the batteries were filled up to their full complement. The staff officers of the train returned to Woolwich.

The monotony of life in the huge military colony before Sebastopol was broken slightly by the appearance of the Russians on the heights of Ourkousta, and by some demonstrations of an intention on their

part to try the strength of the French positions in the Baidar Valley. As the French retired in the presence of winter, the enemy threw forward their advanced posts at Koluluz and Markul to the north-east, and from Aitodor and Ozembash to the north of Baidar. On Sunday morning, the 9th of December, the Russians, with their usual feline aptitude for surprises, crept round the little village of Baga in the dark, and just at the dawn rushed in upon the small party of the French which occupied it. For a time the surprise was complete; but our gallant allies soon got together, and after a smart fusillade, drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The Russians had many horsemen with them. In the pursuit of the Cossacks our allies managed to capture some forty horses, for the former gentry fled by a road which in old times was good enough for a run, but they were astonished to find themselves stopped by a deep scarp at a pretty spot, where a wall of rock closed the road at the right-hand side, and a precipice formed the left-hand boundary, so they had nothing for it but to dismount and scramble across, leaving the horses, accoutrements and all, to their fate. In this affair the French had one officer mortally wounded, seven men killed, and thirteen wounded, and the Russians left seventy dead on the ground, and twenty men prisoners in the hands of the French.

On Monday, December the 10th, a High Mass, at which many English officers attended, was performed on board the French flagship for the soul of Admiral Bruat. The decease of the Admiral was heard by our navy with sincere regret.

About the same time we heard of the fall of Kars. Criticism on military matters by civilians is worthless when the questions agitated relate to the details of manœuvres or to pure strategy, but military men cannot expect to be exempted from the criticism of civilians on general questions relative to the conduct of the war. Captain Smith may have his Grenadier company in perfect order and discipline, and may lead them with the greatest gallantry; but the civilian who from some eminence sees Captain Smith taking his men into broken ground, filled with riflemen or swept with grape, where their order and discipline are of little service to them, is entitled to exclaim, "What a fool that fellow is!" When Kars had fallen, every one said, "What the deuce were Omar Pasha and his Turks doing so long at Baidar, or encamped on the tumuli overlooking the plains of Balaklava and the English head-quarters? Of what use were they perpetually *in transitu* between Eupatoria and the Col of Balaklava, or on the tramp between Kamara and Phoros? Why was Kars allowed to fall, and why was Omar Pasha sent to Asia Minor so late in the year?" The defence of Kars was honourable, but so was the defence of Sebastopol, and Kars was not less Russian because it was won by so much of their best blood. The Turks, indeed (according to the testimony of all acquainted with them), were most miserably mismanaged and badly handled, and no use was made of them except to garrison Eupatoria, which they would have been able to do with at most half of their army. Thus the remaining half might have been set free for active operations. Although the fate of Kars could not materially influence the result of the struggle in the Crimea, active operations directed against the

enemy from Kars might, in the opinion of most excellent judges, have produced very considerable results on the calculations of the next campaign, and on the prospects of the war. But the fall of Kars produced no surprise—the wonder rather seemed to be that it held out so long, and every one admitted that he had a secret presentiment that the city must, sooner or later, fall into the hands of the Russians. Every one who knew the country felt persuaded that Omar Pasha's expedition set out too late, and yet we all fell into ecstasies at the passage of the Ingour, and talked of the march on Kutais as if these things could save Kars, and no one cared to look at the map or consider the chances of such a result.

CHAPTER IV.

A second Christmas in the Crimea—Festivities—Cossacks at Kinburn—Strength of the Russian Army in the Crimea—Exhaustion—Camp Followers—Stirring Incidents—Harbour Discipline—Russian Fire—Order of Merit—Destruction of the Docks—Plan of Proceeding—Grand Review of English Troops—Splendid Appearance of the Men.

THE winter at last set in, but cold and frost had lost their terrors for the army then. There is an old saying, that "a green Christmas makes a full churchyard," and it might have been realized, inasmuch as the cholera appeared in the Highland regiments—notable sufferers in epidemics of the kind—and some cases occurred in other regiments, before the thermometer fell below freezing-point. On Tuesday forenoon (Dec. 11th) the thermometer was at 55°; on Wednesday (Dec. 12th) it was 50°; on Thursday (Dec. 13th) it fell to 28°; on Friday (Dec. 14th) it was 22°; on the 13th it marked 20° Fahrenheit. With moderate exercise, hard ground, good footing, good feeding, warm clothing, and occupation, there was little reason to entertain any apprehension for the troops during the winter. It must be stated, however, that the complaints against the new huts were numerous and well founded, and during the wet weather it was seriously proposed to remove the men, and put them into double tents. They never were intended, I presume, to keep out water without some felt or waterproof covering, and none had been provided: not even the tar and pitch in one of the vessels at Balaklava could be landed. Still this promised to be a joyous Christmas. Solitary subalterns rode out to Miskomia, and gazed gloomily on the beautiful mistletoe which grows on all the wild pear and apple trees in these lovely valleys. Their contentment returned when they thought of the fat goose, which, tied by the leg, was waiting his doom by the kitchen tent or bakehouse, or of the tender pig, which had been reared up from his childhood for the sole object of doing honour to the coming feast, and was "just fit to be killed."

Contrasts were drawn between dinners in the trenches, on dreary outposts, on remote guards and pickets the year before, and the

luxuries which were then forthcoming for the grand English festival. Men remembered "that tough old turkey, which cost 40s., and that turned the edge of the carver like plate glass," and laughed over the fate which seemed somehow to attend most efforts to be jolly that Christmas, and then turned and looked round their huts, which generally, it must be confessed, were very like retail grocers' establishments, backwood stores, or canteen-men's magazines. The shelves placed along the walls in layers, the cupboards made of packing-cases or powder-boxes, filled with *pâtés* in Strasburgh ware, hams, tins of soups and preserves, made dishes, vegetables, long-necked bottles of French manufacture, and the stumpier sturdier work of the English glass-blower. There was a stove or some substitute for a fireplace in each hut, which always enjoyed the advantage of a famous draught from the door and walls. As to the latter, the embellishments upon them wiled away many an idle hour, and afforded opportunities for the exercise of taste, good and bad, the monuments of which perished with the spring. They consisted chiefly of illustrations from the pictorial papers and *Punch*, transposed ingeniously by the introduction of faces, figures, and bits out of different engravings, with the view of giving them a ludicrous or whimsical character, and the result was often very amusing. The walls were covered with them; a pastepot, a pair of scissors, some old papers, and a little fancy—these were materials of which a man could make wonderful use in enlivening and decorating the wooden walls of his temporary residence.

The Cossacks showed themselves from time to time in the neighbourhood of Kinburn, but the state of the Spit prevented them from establishing a camp or even a grand guard near the fort. Three military and three naval French officers, who went out shooting on the Spit a few days after the sailing of the ships for Kamiesch, were picked up and made prisoners by these lynx-eyed gentry. They surrounded our gallant allies under cover of a fog, and then lured them one after another into their snares, by shouting in French, and discharging their carbines. They literally used snares, for they had ropes all ready for each man as they caught him, and to bind him if he resisted or tried to give the alarm to his comrades.

In the account of the Czar's visit to his troops in the Crimea, which appeared in the *Invalide Russe*, and was copied into the *Times* of the 6th of December, the *corps d'armée* mentioned were the 2nd (posted on the Alma), the 3rd (on the Belbek and Youkari Karaleze), the 4th (at the Katka, and on the heights between Inkermann and Mackenzie), and the 5th (in the lines and forts of Sebastopol North and on the Belbek). The 11th Infantry Division, which belonged to the 4th Infantry Corps, was mentioned separately, as stationed at Duvankoi. Now, if that account were true, as there was no reason to doubt it was, it would appear that four out of the six *corps d'armée* into which the Russian army is divided were then in the Crimea, leaving available for the defence of the empire only the Guards corps, the Grenadier corps, the 1st (and 6th?) Infantry corps, and the Finland, Siberian, Orenburg, and Caucasian corps, the latter four of which may be regarded as localized in the districts where they are raised. To this force must be added the raw levies of militia and

the cavalry reserve; but it will be seen that the flower of the Russian army (comprising the 4th and 6th corps, which were selected for the invasion of the Principalities) were in the Crimea, and that an active, energetic, and successful enemy might have put an end to the war in this peninsula, if he could have cut them off from Perekop and Tchongar.

In the month of September, 1855, the 16th and 17th Infantry divisions were at Mackenzie, and, if that were true, it follows that a portion of the 6th Infantry *corps d'armée* was also in the Crimea. There was also reason to believe that regiments of the Grenadier corps were also at this side of Perekop during the campaign of the summer. According to the same authority, the following was the position of the various divisions before the fall of the south side:—The 4th and 5th Divisions at Inkermann, the 6th Division at Korales —2nd *corps d'armée*. The 7th Division at Korales, the 8th and 9th Divisions posted between Mangup Kaleh along the heights to Simpheropol—3rd *corps d'armée*. The 10th Division, ditto; the 11th Division at Duvankoi, the 12th at Severnaia—4th *corps d'armée*. The 13th Division reserve at Duvankoi, the 15th Division near Mangup Kaleh—5th *corps d'armée, minus* the 14th Division. The 16th Division at Mackenzie, the 17th Division at Mackenzie and Belbek —6th *corps d'armée, minus* the 18th Division. These statements were the most singular evidences of the exhaustion of Russia, and of the falsity of her paper returns, which did indeed "crumple up" very readily in the gaunt grip of war. But then she had rest and leisure to recruit herself to fill up the cadres and reserves, to drill her savage population, to plot new intrigues. Having beaten their man down, the Allies permitted his seconds to take him on the knee, to give him restoratives, to get him into training, and to bring him into the ring once more.

On the night of 12th December, the storm howled and raged fearfully over the camp, and brought a deluge of rain, which it discharged in waterspouts, driving it through huts and tents, and forcing it in streams through the minutest interstices. The gusts were extremely violent, and the beating of the rain kept many a one awake with only one topic of consolation, namely, that there was "No trench guard tonight." Until four o'clock the wind seemed to come from the southwest, but at that hour it veered round towards the north, and became bitterly cold. All at once the rain was converted into hail and snow; the wet ground began to freeze; and at eight o'clock, by one of those magical changes which can only be equalled by the chymical landscapes of our childhood, the whole camp, which, at sundown the night before, was an expanse of blackish mud, dotted with white tents and huts, became a sheet of dazzling white, marked with lines of dusky, greyish habitations of canvas and wood. The wind was exceedingly cold and penetrating. The unfortunate natives of Southern Europe or of Asia, employed in such myriads in the service of the army, suffered greatly on such occasions, and perished like flies in frost. The huge swarm of camp followers, who, to the number of some ten thousand, hovered about the canteens and round Balaklava, Kadikoi, and the fairs, also felt the effects of this weather.

There were not less than 25,000 camp followers, including those of the French, Sardinians, and English, belonging to the Allied army, or hanging on their skirts. In the pursuit of gain, most of these people exposed themselves to considerable hardships and privations. How they provided fodder for the beasts they drove was one of the secrets of their peculiar existence, and the variety of vehicles belonging to these Bashi-Bazouks of trade and commerce constituted a curious detail of the wonders of the camp. One might witness the incidents of the scenes of the last year repeated in the winter of '55. I saw an old Turk in a moribund state carried into Balaklava on the back of a native almost as wretched-looking as himself; and riding on to the Land Transport camp, between Kadikoi and the Col, I beheld a native bearing in the same way a living skeleton from one tent into another. These men were provided by Government with long Turkish gregos, but, somehow or other, exposure to bad weather produced disastrous results upon them, although their frames seemed very vigorous. I am afraid the Temperance Society wont forgive me if I express a private opinion that a little stimulant might have been "exhibited" on these poor fellows, who ate largely of vegetables, and were saturated with onions, garlic, and leeks; and that, under the circumstances, they might, without injury, have partaken of a moderate quantity of spirits. If I am not mistaken, Sir Philip Crampton is of opinion that so long as the Irish are a potatophagous race, a predilection for whiskey will be found among them, in obedience to a secret sympathy of nature, which seeks an ally in alcohol against the effects of her esculent enemy. I do not know for certain that the gallant Surgeon-General ever expressed that opinion, nor would I invoke teetotal wrath and water on his head by saying so; and I beg to disclaim, also, the smallest intention of theorizing, for I think of the Hindoos and rice, of Yankee whalers and hot coffee, and I tremble and am silent. Sometimes a very pretty little rebellion sprang up among the native drivers of the Land Transport Corps of the Fourth Division. They would not stir, in spite of eloquent exhortations in the best Hindostanee addressed to them by Captain Dick, who, standing knee-deep in snow and mud, harangued them as they lay inside their tents. They "sahibbed" away and shrugged their shoulders, and plaintively expressed a decided desire to be flogged, accompanied by suggestions also that they should be at once executed; but they one and all declared that work they would not on such a raw and gusty day.

The discipline of the harbour was strict, but it sometimes happened that unruly Turks or Greeks ran their vessels right in slap-dash among the shipping, neither comprehending signals nor regulations. The order of mooring was preserved strictly by English ships. The vessels lay with sterns to the quay, in three rows, the inner line consisting of ships with cargoes of first necessity, and so on; the large ships in deep water at the Diamond Wharf, high up the harbour on the western side. The Sardinians had a portion of the harbour near the Cattle Wharf, and the French a reserved quay close to them. With its forest of masts closely packed together—its wall-like sides of rock—its wooden houses—its railway—its party-coloured population—its

Babel of tongues—its huge mountains of stores piled for many feet high by the water's edge—its tremendous traffic—its mud—its locomotive whistling through the main street, and regarded by the rude Tartar from distant holes as a wild beast of inconceivable power and ferocity—and its picturesque old ruins, Balaklava was well worth a visit. By-the-bye, any antiquary desirous of seeing the castle ought to have gone out quickly; it was undergoing demolition fast, and the work of the Genoese was from time to time being transferred to the holds of merchantmen in the ignoble form of "ballast!" It is lucky, perhaps, that the Piræus was not the scene of our operations, for in that case the Acropolis in a fragmentary state might have been *en route* for Newcastle, as the centre of gravity of the Black Diamond transport, and the Parthenon might have been employed to trim the "John Smith, of London." But, if we destroyed, so did we create. A splendid military road from Balaklava to the front, with numerous branches and arms, was no bad equivalent for the walls of a ruined fortress.

The air was full of drumming and fifing and trumpeting. The regiments were getting up their bands again, and the exertion was generally distressing to the neighbourhood; but there was no use in writing to the *Times* on the subject. It was, however, irritating to the last degree to be surrounded by drummers, who were sent to my part of the camp as a favourable spot for practice, and I was compelled for hours to be the unwilling auditor of first lessons on the bugle and French horn. The French were indefatigable at this work. Every one recollects the three little drummers who are always "dubbing" away like mad on that little spot at Capecure, near the south pier of Boulogne. They were out in the Crimea multiplied exceedingly, and as active in elbow and wrist as ever. It would be a curious subject for the statist to ascertain when the French drummer is perfect in his art. As far as I can perceive, he must be a tolerably elderly man before he leaves off practice, and can only be enjoyed in perfection for a very brief period before he retires from the service altogether.

The Russians kept up a pertinacious fire upon the town. Sebastopol was a disagreeable place to go to on pleasure, for shot and shell were continually lobbing along the streets, houses falling piecemeal, and stones flying about from the shock of cannon-balls. The casualties, however, were very few, and the French displayed great ingenuity in erecting comfortable magazines and shops in out-of-the-way parts of the town, where one could get a cup of coffee and a cigar without much danger. But to the uninitiated the roar of a ball and the twittering hiss of a shell fail to give zest to these luxuries. It was no longer an occurrence of every week to go down to Sebastopol, and few people resorted to the docks unless they were on duty, or had just come out, and were under the painful necessity of going *en amateur*. The whole establishment of a *cantinière* went smash one day through the operation of a shell, and, although it was tolerably well filled, the only damage done was to the poor proprietress, who lost her hand and an immense amount of crockery, comestibles, and customers.

Writing under the date December 13th, I said, "It is to be hoped that if an Order of Merit be established, it will bear the name of the

Queen in whose reign it was instituted, and with the signification of whose royal *prænomen* it would so thoroughly harmonize. There is a strong desire that bronze crosses should be prepared bearing inscriptions relating to the number of bombardments, so that each man should bear a distinctive mark of the amount of trench-duty he has done. When Kenealy, one of the privates of the 41st, who entered the Redan with Major-General Windham, was asked whether he would have the 5*l.* or a decoration, he replied he would much sooner have the latter; and this feeling is shared by all good soldiers: whereas, the notion with the home authorities seemed to be, that money was more welcome than anything else."

The frost continued, and on December 14th the thermometer marked 22°, but there was a clear fine sky and a bright sun above. The mud became a rigid furrowed lake, with iron waves cast up by old cart-tracks and horses' hoofs, and the roads were crowded and blocked up by the vast numbers of *fourgons*, carts, horses, and pack animals so suddenly forced upon them.

During the latter part of December the weather was extremely cold, but all that month and the following January preparations were urged forward for the destruction of the docks of Sebastopol. Although to most persons the general aspect of these docks has probably become well known from descriptions and drawings, I will briefly explain their position and arrangement. They extended nearly due north and south (a little to the east of north and west of south), and consisted of three inner docks, a basin, and two outer docks, with a lock between them. The French undertook the destruction of the outer docks, the lock, and the northern half of the basin; the English that of the inner docks and the southern half of the basin. The lock, although capacious, was easier to destroy than a dock, its circumference being a plain stone wall, instead of heavy stone steps fit for a giant's staircase. The French did their share of the work very effectually. For various reasons the English works were more gradual in their progress, but were not less thoroughly carried out, and, if a non-professional, but highly-interested observer, might express an opinion, they did great credit to the scientific skill of the engineers to whom they were entrusted. I believe the first idea was to blow up the whole at once, which would probably have given a more picturesque appearance, and have produced a more thorough ruin. But this plan was abandoned by reason of the dampness of the ground. Water flowed in from the ravine in the rear of the docks, and rose in the shafts of the mines. It is probable that, had the engineers waited to explode the numerous mines until all of them were complete, the powder would have become damp in many of them, and would not have ignited; so it was resolved to blow up a little at a time. It was difficult for any one who has not seen these docks both before and after their destruction, fully to appreciate the magnitude of the operations, and the force that must have been applied to root up and utterly overthrow such massive constructions, such huge blocks of granite so firmly cemented, such mighty timbers, which now lie snapped asunder like reeds or rent into huge splinters.

A stroll about the environs of Sebastopol, and the sight of the

enormous cannon-balls and fragments of monster shells that strew the ground in all directions, impressed one with a respectful idea of the power of powder; but the respect was vastly increased by a view of the havoc it played in such stupendous works as the docks—structures formed to last for ages, and to the duration of which no limit could be assigned. The difficulty of destruction was enhanced in the case of the docks allotted to the English by the fact that these were in part hewn out of solid rock. The basin thus formed was lined with huge masses of stone, and between rock and stone earth was filled in. The engineers availed themselves of the soft interval for their mines, and blew the walls and counterforts inwards, but the rock remains, marking in places the outline of the docks. The counterforts were of prodigious strength and thickness. Then there was a deep covered drain outside the docks, for the purpose of emptying them when desired, of which the engineers, of course, made use. Greatly incommoded at first by the water that flowed down the ravine in their rear, they overcame this difficulty at no small expense of labour. Their mode of operating against the docks varied according to circumstances, but seems to have consisted in a great measure of regular mines, with shaft and gallery. Two of these shafts down which I looked were about thirty feet deep. The engineers had blown up the eastern pier, or extremity of that side of the dock, to which a gate was attached—one of the jaws of the dock; and this explosion seems to have been as complete in its effect as any that have taken place. The huge mass was lifted up and dislocated, and the enormous transverse beams, masses of black timber of incalculable strength, were torn from their fastenings, snapped in twain, and remained with their splintered ends resting against each other, in the shape of a house-roof. Below the pointed arch thus formed was a black chasm, and heaped around, piles of stone and dusty ruins. Everything was removed and riven without being scattered; and this was the object at which our engineers constantly aimed. They sought all along, and generally with much success, so to proportion the charges of their mines that, while everything should be overturned, rooted out, and thrown into the utmost confusion (literally topsyturvy), as little as possible should be thrown out of the crater. And accordingly most of their explosions had not the appearance which would popularly be anticipated from the letting off of two, three, or more thousand pounds of powder. There was no diverging gush of stones, but a sort of rumbling convulsion of the ground; a few blocks and fragments were cast up to a moderate height, but the effect upon the spectator was that of some gigantic subterranean hand just pushing the masses a short distance out of their places, turning them upside down, and rolling them over each other in a cloud of smoke and dust.

There were probably two reasons for the care with which the engineers measured their charges. One, that by leaving the docks encumbered and filled up with their own ruins they bequeathed a harder task to any future rebuilder than if they scattered the stone linings far and wide, and left the chasms comparatively clear. The second reason, that by more violent explosions they would

probably have shaken down buildings, overthrown the dockyard wall (which already totters and loses stones from its summit when a mine is let off), and perhaps caused accidents. The Russians fired a great deal at times, but although their fire was occasionally accurate enough, shell after shell falling into the docks, they caused little loss. Of accidents occurring from the explosions, one was of a peculiar nature. The explosion by the dock-gate had taken place, and some Sappers were busy at the bottom of a shaft forty or fifty feet off, when a noxious gas, generated by the explosion, entered the gallery, filtering through the intervening earth. The effect was gradual—one after another the men became giddy, and some of them insensible. With infinite alacrity and courage non-commissioned officers and soldiers descended the shaft, braving a danger which seemed the greater because its extent and nature were unknown, to succour their comrades, and as they got down they in turn were overpowered by the offensive gas. Major Nicholson and Lieutenant Graham also went down, and suffered in consequence. The former was insensible, when, supported by his men, he reached the top of the shaft, and it was some time before he recovered. To sum up the accident: one man perished, and seven or eight were seriously affected, but recovered. A man went down into the mine after the accident, holding in his mouth the extremity of a tube down which air was pumped to him, and he walked about with perfect impunity, and collected the men's caps and things they had left behind.

The destruction of the far-famed docks of Sebastopol was an event in the annals of military engineering. A regular diary of the operations was kept by the officers engaged, and this, should it ever be published, cannot fail to be most interesting. War has stern necessities, but there was something lamentable in seeing such great and magnificent works as these docks were, thus pitilessly destroyed. It may give some idea of the labour necessary to reconstruct these docks, to say that after clearing away the ponderous ruins it would be necessary to dig down some twenty feet below the original bottom—so much has the earth been disturbed by the successive explosions—to drive piles and use concrete, and form an entirely new foundation.

The quantity of powder used in the explosion of Fort Nicholas was 50,000 kilogrammes, or 100,000 French pounds. Double that quantity was found under the fort when the engineers commenced their operations. This was not the only concealed store of powder the French discovered in their part of Sebastopol. The intention was that all the mines should explode simultaneously, and that they did not do so was attributable to some fault in Beckford's fuse, known among the French as *le cordon Anglais*. The effect, however, was very fine, and nothing could be more complete than the destruction. The operations against the docks may be said to have commenced at the end of November, for, although a beginning was made at an earlier period, the works were quickly suspended, and resumed only at the above date. The French did their work in four explosions; the English had six, besides minor ones of small extent.

Fort Alexander was blown up, in three explosions, at 1 o'clock on February 11th. The destruction was complete, but the place did

not look such a perfect level as the site of Fort Nicholas, and the sea face was intentionally left standing. The day was dry, but not bright, and the absence of sun detracted from the striking nature of the spectacle, which was, however, sufficiently imposing, but not equal to that of Fort Nicholas's downfall. The Russians, who had been firing a little from the Inkermann Batteries just before the fort blew up, were perfectly silent for some time after the explosion, apparently thinking it more dignified calmly to contemplate the destruction of their fortresses than to exhibit impotent wrath and unprofitably to expend their ammunition. At a later period of the day they fired more than usual from the north side.

On the 25th of February, the bayonets of forty-six British battalions bristled upon Telegraph-hill, an elevated ridge of the plateau, overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya, and 25,000 of our infantry were there assembled for inspection and review by the Commander-in-Chief. The morning was so cold, that some who impatiently awaited the spectacle feared it would be again postponed, but the earth and air were dry, and after church service the divisions were seen marching from their camps in the direction of the parade-ground, where numerous spectators soon began to assemble. A better piece of ground could hardly have been selected for either a training gallop or the review of an army. The soil was firm without hardness, and afforded pleasant and elastic footing to the gathering legions and to the horses of curious and interested gazers. As the troops marched up, the pioneers busied themselves with filling the small circular trenches where tents had formerly stood; and, when the review was over, the whole surface had been trodden by hoof and foot as level as a bowling-green. The wind blew keenly from the north, and it was sharp work for faces, feet, and fingers upon Telegraph-hill that day. The pedestrians had perhaps the best of it, for they could keep up the circulation by exercise, while half-frozen horsemen were clattering their boots against the stirrup-irons in vain attempts to restore sensation to their benumbed feet. Cold, however, was soon forgotten in the animation and interest of the scene.

Even before the troops had formed their line there was much to amuse the observer in the fast increasing throng of idlers. Those English officers, of various arms and departments, whom duty did not call out or keep in, flocked in hundreds to witness the first review of a larger number of British troops than has been held for forty years. There were a great many artillery officers, a very few of cavalry, a multitude of commissariat and medical officers, Army Works Corps, &c., some in full dress, some in undress, many in nondescript attire. The foreigners also mustered in great strength. There was every variety of French and Sardinian military costume, and even the Spanish uniform was there, to augment the motley of the gathering, four officers of that nation being attached to the French head-quarters. Marshal Pelissier came on the ground in his carriage and four, by which is not to be understood a handsome vehicle and showy team, with well-kept harness and neat postillions—but a very rough, nearly paintless, Crimean-looking drag, with harness partly of rope, horses that match the carriage as regards roughness,

and soldiers in artillery saddles on the near wheeler and leader. The Marshal is somewhat obese, and not much of an equestrian, and he rarely crosses a horse. His little escort of Chasseurs contrasted with the English Hussars who followed Sir William Codrington and kept the ground, and many of whom, as regarded both men and horses, needed only some slight changes in uniform and equipment to become extremely heavy cavalry. Marshal Pelissier alighted from his carriage, and took his station at the foot of a hillock, opposite the centre of the line, of the whole of which he then commanded a good view. The array of the troops was nearly completed when a shell, sent in their direction, was seen to burst high in the air above the valley of the Tchernaya. Our Russian friends politely informed us that they were present and attentive, reckoning that we should see their messenger, though they could not expect him to reach us.

The line was formed of continuous columns of companies, that is to say, it was eight companies or sixteen rank and file deep, with intervals of six paces between each regiment. Its face was towards the Russian positions beyond the valley. On the right were the Guards and the other regiments forming the First Division; then came the Highlanders; then the Second, Third, and Fourth; and finally the Light Division. Down this imposing and massive line, brilliant with scarlet and fringed with steel, General Codrington rode, followed by his staff and by a large number of English and foreign officers. Hussar sentries at first attempted to keep mere spectators at a certain distance from the front of the army, but, amidst the perplexing variety of costumes, it was impossible for them to tell who had or who had not a right to join the General's *cortége*, and soon the whole mass of horsemen swept after him down the line. When the inspection was completed, he took up his station in front, and to the right of the knoll where Marshal Pelissier was posted, and the troops marched past in open column, each General of Division posting himself beside General Codrington during its passage. As soon as the band of each brigade arrived opposite the General it faced to the left, cleared the line of march, fronted, and played until its brigade had completely gone by, when it followed in rear, and its place was taken by the next band. These bands were formed by an amalgamation of the regimental bands, and some of them played very well, but generally speaking their music was ill-chosen and bad. The Guards came by, of course with their own favourite tune, the *British Grenadiers;* the pipes of the Highlanders squeaked, squealed, and droned forth that strange combination of sounds so dear to Scotch ears, and so discordant to those of Saxon or Gaul; and one brigade played *Partant pour la Syrie*, in compliment to Marshal Pelissier and the French present.

The second brigade of the Fourth Division had one of the best bands, and played a spirited march, but, generally speaking, the music of this army had not recovered the losses of the war. The troops marched past in front of the ground on which they had just stood in line, and its nature was highly favourable to the effect of the movement, for there was a slight slope downwards, commencing at the spot where the head of the column wheeled

to the left and began its direct march towards the Generals, in whose immediate vicinity were to be seen Sir Colin Campbell, Admiral Freemantle, General Windham, and a large number of officers of rank—French, Sardinian, and English—the staff of all these composing a numerous and brilliant throng. The morning had been grey and dull up to the commencement of the review, but the clouds then grew thinner and dispersed a little, and a few fitful gleams of sunshine shone upon British legions as they descended the slope in most perfect order, a broad steady torrent of bayonets, not rapid but irresistible. A finer military sight could hardly be seen in peace time than was presented by that matchless infantry. The healthy appearance of the men testified to good keep and much care taken of them; their soldierly carriage and perfect dressing proved that their officers had profited by the unusually fine and open winter to hasten the military education of the numerous recruits. Where all were worthy of praise, it were invidious to point out any as particularly deserving it. Of course there were differences and degrees, and some regiments which have suffered much in the war, and consequently have very few old soldiers left, could not be expected to look as well or to be as good as others that either came out when the campaign was nearly over, or have had little fighting and no hardship since their arrival. The Guards looked as usual, military and imposing in their lofty bearskins; the Highlanders were magnificently picturesque, and reminded one, by their statue-like immobility in the ranks, by their stern veteran aspect and lofty stature, of Vernet's pictures of the *Vieille Garde* on parade. They were the admiration of the foreigners present, and well they might be, for assuredly no finer troops ever fixed bayonet.

The battalions of Rifles were also much praised by the foreign officers, their fashion of carrying their arms trailed instead of shouldered, giving a graceful ease and suppleness to their march. Many were the tattered and shot-rent banners borne by. The colours of the 23rd Fusiliers were like a sieve, pierced with countless bullets, and telling the eloquent and bloody tale of the Alma and of Inkermann. Those of the 77th and 97th were much riddled, and so were those of many other brave regiments, some of which were fain to keep their banners furled, their torn condition not allowing of their display to the breeze. The whole of the troops having marched past in open column, formed up at some distance to the north of Telegraph-hill, on lower ground, nearer to the camp, and thither General Codrington proceeded, followed, of course, by everybody present. People were chilled with sitting still on their horses, and delighted to get a canter; the ground was good, the air fresh, the opportunity tempting, and away went high mettled English chargers, fleet Arabs, and tough Turkish and Tartar ponies at a smart pace. The field was a large one, and two or three small ditches towards the end of the course gave animation to the chase, until at last the General was run to earth, hard by where sat the French Marshal in his carriage, and all passed up to witness the second *défilé*, which was in close column. After this the divisions marched straight away to their various camps, and the country on all

sides was seen thickly sprinkled with horsemen cantering homewards, bent in most cases, on taking to themselves something of a warming nature, for the cold had really been sharp, and no speculative canteen-man had thought of sending emissaries with well-lined baskets to the scene of the review.

When all was over, Marshal Pelissier went up to General Codrington, and complimented him in the highest terms on the appearance of his troops. It is impossible but that he should have been greatly struck by it. The numbers on parade would have been considerably larger had the whole of our effective infantry turned out, but General Warren's brigade, stationed at Balaklava, was not ordered up, neither were the 72nd Highlanders and the two battalions of the 1st Royals, which were encamped some way beyond Kamara; and then there was the garrison of Sebastopol, and the Redan picket, camp guards, &c.; so that, altogether, there were many battalions and parts of battalions absent. It was purely an infantry review—no artillery was there, nor any cavalry, save the handful of Hussars employed in escorting the General and keeping the ground.

CHAPTER V.

News of an Armistice—Destruction of the White Buildings—The Explosion—A lively and novel Scene at Traktir-bridge—Fraternization—The Cossacks—Meeting of the Generals—Death of Major Ranken—The Armistice finally settled—Complete Annihilation of Sebastopol—Can it rise again from its Ruins?—Visits to the Tchernaya—Discussions on Army Matters—System of Purchase—Pros and Cons.

THE morning of February 28th brought us news of the conclusion of an armistice. The Russians had it first, by telegraph from St. Petersburg. At 8 A.M. a boat, bearing a flag of truce, put off from the north side, and was met half-way across the harbour by one from the French. The Russians brought a communication of the armistice from General Lüders, and the mail from Constantinople brought its confirmation to the Allies. People seemed generally well pleased that the suspension of arms was to be only until the 31st of March. As if to celebrate the armistice, the so-called White Buildings were blown up in the afternoon. It became known in the course of the morning that the explosion had been fixed for half-past three; and that the brig in the Dockyard Creek was also to be blown up, by way of experiment, and for the particular gratification of Mr. Deane, "the infernal diver." Soon after three o'clock, spectators began to assemble at the Redan, in front of Picket-house-hill, on Cathcart's-hill, and in other commanding positions. There was not a very strong muster at any of these places, for we were rather *blasé* in the matter of explosions; and, although the day was bright and sunny, the ground was very heavy with mud and snow, and the cold too sharp to be pleasant. There was a certain amount of snowballing among the pedestrians, which doubtless contributed to keep up a supply of caloric, and one or two base attacks were made upon unfortunate equestrians, who, not having snow within their reach, or a supply of ready-made snowballs in their pockets, had

no choice but to charge their assailants or resort to ignominious flight. The majority of the horsemen sat ruefully awaiting the blow up; a canter for warmth would have been desirable, but the ground was most unfavourable—deep and spread with a sheet of snow, concealing holes. Half-an-hour passed; feet were very cold, noses very blue, fingers hardly felt the reins, grumbling was heard: "It is nearly four o'clock; why the deuce doesn't it go off?" Patience, I fear, was not a very common virtue in the Crimean army. An impromptu "shave," suggested by the circumstances of the moment, was passed about. "Pelissier is coming; they wait for him."

Now it so happened that Pelissier was *not* coming. The armistice gave him something to do and think of, and moreover, he had been disappointed a few days before, when it had been notified to him that the White Buildings were then to be blown up, and it had been postponed. So he no longer put his faith in the unpunctual engineers of perfidious Albion. Some French and other foreign officers came; some of them were in the Redan, and others, who came from the French head-quarters, were on the slope in front of Picket-house-hill, just over the ravine, waiting patiently and confidingly. Another half-hour passed. A quarter-past four, and no explosion. Strong language began to be used; wishes were uttered, the fulfilment of which would certainly not be desired by the engineers, at whose door, rightly or wrongly, the delay was laid. The third half-hour had not quite elapsed when a report spread that the explosion was put off. According to some accounts, it would occur *in an hour and a half; according to others, the next day,* while a third party talked of the next week; and there was a general movement campwards. A few Artillery officers still stuck to the Redan; Picket-house-hill was quickly cleared, except of one or two obstinate expectants, and Cathcart's-hill was abandoned by many; when, behold! just at a quarter to five, when few of the weary who had departed could have reached their quarters, and some could have been but a hundred or two yards on the wrong side of the hill-crests, out gushed a small puff of white smoke from the White Buildings, then a big puff of black smoke. There was a slight explosion, a grumbling roar; stones were hurled into the air and pitched high over the eastern wall into the docks, and after a silence which seemed to last nearly a minute, came a series of pops and puffs as the mines went off in rapid succession, and an immense volume of smoke appeared, not in dense sluggish masses slowly surging up, as at the explosion of Fort Nicholas, but in a thinner cloud, which rose so high that the summit of the murky column was visible over Picket-house-hill to persons some way down the Woronzoff-road, where it passed through the Light Division camp. Later, at about a quarter to six, when it was supposed that all was over, and everybody had abandoned the points of observation, another series of explosions was heard. After the explosions of the buildings, Fort Constantine sent a solitary shell into the French side, so the armistice was not considered to be perfect until after the conference.

There was a lively and novel scene at ten o'clock on the morning of February the 29th at Traktir-bridge. At its further end the white flag was hoisted, and just beyond it some five and twenty Cossacks

halted, who had escorted thither the Russian General Timvoieff and his staff. The Generals, who met to arrange the details of the armistice, occupied two tents, pitched on a strip of greensward in the rear of the bridge. At a few minutes past ten General Barnard and some staff officers rode down through the ravine between the two hills on which the battle of the Tchernaya was fought, and crossed to the other side of the river. There were, perhaps, half-a-dozen other English officers, about as many French, and a much larger number of Sardinians. All these went over the bridge, and a sort of fraternization ensued between them and some Russian officers—that is to say, there was a good deal of civility, and some ill-treatment of the French and German languages; but, as to carrying on much conversation with our Muscovite friends, it was not an easy matter, for there seemed a mutual embarrassment as to what subject to pitch upon. Horses were a natural theme, and the Russians expressed much admiration of some of those present, and were probably rather astonished at their good condition.

The great object of curiosity to us was the fur-capped Cossacks, around whom the allied officers assembled, examining their arms and equipments and entering into conversation, which, in most cases, was carried on by signs. They were slender, wiry men,—ugly enough, most of them,—mounted on small, rough, active horses, and carrying, besides sword and carbine, flagless lances, whose long black poles terminated in a small but very sharp-pointed steel head. They seemed well pleased to cultivate the acquaintance of their enemies, and also had evidently an eye to the main chance. One of the first things I saw was a Cossack corporal proposing a barter to a Sardinian officer. The latter had a tolerably good riding-whip, for which the astute child of the Don insisted on swapping a shabby sort of instrument of torture, of which his pony was doubtless rejoiced to be rid. The Sardinian hesitated, the Cossack persisted, and the exchange was effected, the officer looking, as I thought, rather ruefully after his departed *cravache*, and somewhat contemptuously at the shabby but characteristic stick and thong he had received for it. The signal thus given, the whip trade soon acquired great activity. Probably some of the officers present were ready enough to part with a tolerably good whip for a bad Cossack one, as a *souvenir* of the day's proceedings and of the commencement of the armistice.

It had been expected that vedettes would be placed, and that very little freedom of intercourse would be allowed beyond the bridge of Traktir, and people at first thought themselves fortunate in getting over the bridge and having a good view of the Cossacks and a chat with some stray Russian officer. Later, however, as the morning, which had previously been cold and raw, advanced, and the sun shone bright and warm, and the dry, grassy, and shrub-grown plain of the Tchernaya looked tempting for a canter, officers began to get restless, and to move away from the bridge across a small stream or ditch, and up a strip of level ground leading to a sort of monument, a square pedestal of rough stones surmounted by a dwarf pillar, of no particular order of architecture, and concerning whose origin and object the Russians, of whom inquiry

was made, could say nothing. Some more Sardinian and French officers had by this time come down, but besides those engaged in the conference and attached to General Windham's staff, I do not think there were a dozen English officers on the ground. The general disposition of all seemed to be to move outwards in the direction of the Russian lines. People did not know how far they might go, and accordingly felt their way, cantering across a bit of level ground, and up a hill, and then pausing to look about them and reconnoitre the country and see whether there was any sign of obstacles to further progress. The soil was of a lighter and more sandy nature than it was generally found to be within our lines; in some places it was rather thickly sprinkled with bushes, saplings, and tall weeds. Several brace of red-legged partridges were sprung, some of them so near our horses' feet that a hunting-whip would have reached them.

As the morning advanced, the field grew larger. A French General was there with his Staff and several French Hussar officers. Numbers of Sardinians came, but the English were detained in camp by a muster parade, and many also had been misinformed that the meeting of the Generals was not to take place until twelve or one. By this time we were getting far on towards the Russian lines and batteries, when the field began to spread out, some taking to the right, and getting very near to a Cossack vedette, who seemed rather puzzled to account for the presence of so many strange horsemen within musket-shot of his post, and who, after once or twice beginning to circle in signal of an enemy's approach, received a reinforcement in the shape of another Cossack, who rode down the hill as if to warn the intruders off forbidden ground. Another party of gallopers went close up to the battery known as No. 49, and held communion with some vedettes, with whom they smoked an amicable cigarette, until a Russian officer came up and politely informed them in French that his orders were to allow no one to come any further, and that he hoped they would retire, which they of course did. More to the left a numerous body of horsemen, followed by a straggling array of Zouaves, Chasseurs, Bersaglieri, and other infantry soldiers, who had made their way to the ground, rode up to the ridge just below the spur of the hill to the south of Inkermann. Here they were very near the Russian pickets, and within particularly convenient shot of various batteries, had these thought proper to open, and there most of them paused, for to go further really looked like abusing the good-nature of the enemy, who had thus allowed us to profit by the conference to enjoy a ride further into the Russian territory than any one has been since this camp was formed, and to take a near view of their positions and defences. Only half-a-dozen adventurous and inquisitive spirits pushed ahead, and seemed as if they intended charging a Russian battery, and the vedettes began to move uneasily about in this direction also, when up came a Sardinian staff officer at full speed, his blue plume streaming in the wind, and gave chase to the forward gentlemen, shouting to them to return. They, seeing themselves thus cut off in the rear, and perhaps to avoid a rebuke, made a retrogade flank movement, escaped their pursuer, and rejoined the

main body; and, as orders were then given that no one should go further, a return towards the bridge became pretty general. The horses, long accustomed to sink to the fetlock in horrid Balaklavan and Sebastopolian mire, seemed to enjoy the change to the firm, springy turf beyond the Tchernaya; more partridges were sprung, to the immense tantalization of some there present, who would have given a month's pay for a day's shooting over such ground; some hares were also started, and one of them was vigorously pursued by a subaltern of a sporting turn, whose baggage pony, however, was soon left far in rear by puss's active bounds. On reaching the bridge a halt was again called round the group of Cossacks, and all eyes were fixed upon the two neat blue and white-striped tents, with awnings over their entrances. Some of the Generals were standing outside, and it was evident that the conference was drawing to a close.

A short delay ensued, which I perceived that the Cossack corporal availed himself of to exchange his Sardinian whip for a much better French one, the receiver of the former doubtless imagining he had secured a genuine Russian article. Then cocked hats and feathers were seen moving among the horses near the tents; orderlies and escorts mounted; the Cossacks did the same, and presently English, French, Sardinian, and Russian Generals and Staff rode over the bridge and between a double line formed by the spectators. General Timvoieff, a soldierly-looking man of agreeable physiognomy, rode first, and smilingly returned the salutes with which he was received. General Windham was close beside him, a little in the rear. There was an escort of French Chasseurs-à-cheval and a small one of the 11th Hussars, and the big horses and tall well-fed men of the latter strikingly contrasted with the puny, although hardy steeds, and with the meagre frames of the Cossacks, who seemed to regard them with some wonderment, while the Hussars glanced at them as if they thought that one squadron of theirs would have an easy bargain of half-a-dozen sotnias of such antagonists. The *cortège* proceeded a short distance into the plain, and then the allied portion of it took leave of "*nos amis les ennemis*," and retraced their steps to the bridge. They had passed over it, and the crowd of spectators was following, when they were met by a throng of officers from the English camp, coming down to see the fun, which, unfortunately, was over. Nevertheless, they were pressing forward across the bridge, and would doubtless, had they been allowed, have ridden up to the Bilboquet battery, or across to Mackenzie's Farm—for it is an axiom that nothing will stop an English infantry officer, mounted on his favourite baggager; but a French Staff captain, seeing what was likely to ensue, ordered the sentries to allow no one to cross the bridge. As we rode up the ravine between the two mamelons, which witnessed such sharp fighting on the 17th of August 1855, we met scores more of English officers coming down, only to be turned back.

The General Officers who met were—General Timvoieff, Chief of the Staff of the 4th Corps of the Russian army, which was in front and furnished the advanced posts; Generals de Martimprey and Windham and Colonel Count Pettiti, Chiefs of the Staffs of the French, English, and Sardinian armies. The three latter were de-

puted by their Generals-in-Chief to present the proposals of armistice which these had discussed and decided upon. Their mission extended no further, and General Timvoieff, not being authorized to accept those proposals without referring them to his General-in-Chief, merely took a copy of them to transmit to General Lüders.

Altogether, there was a good number of Russian officers at or near Traktir-bridge. Some of them were strolling by twos and threes in the field, at a short distance beyond, and when these were descried there was usually a regular charge down upon them by the allied officers, eager to make their acquaintance. Their manner was generally grave and rather reserved, but they conversed readily, and all had the tone and appearance of well-bred men. Some of them were very young. There was one youth of eighteen, who named to us the regiment of Hussars in which he was an officer, and seemed knowing about horses, pointing out the English ones from among the French, Italians, and Arabs that stood around. All—cavalry as well as infantry, and the General and his Staff—wore the long uniform great-coat of a sort of brown and grey mixture, and seemed to have no other insignia of rank than the different colours and lace of the shoulder-strap. There was also a difference of fineness in the cloth of their coats from that of the soldiers, but this at a very short distance was not apparent. The Staff wore white kid gloves, and I noticed some of them with smart patent leather boots—elegancies rarely seen in our part of the Crimea.

It was with the sincerest regret that I recorded the death of a most amiable and accomplished young man and gallant officer—Major George Ranken, of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in the zealous discharge of his duty at the explosion of the White Buildings. A mine having failed to explode, and some minutes having elapsed, Major Ranken sent his men to a distance and himself entered the place to renew the train, scattering loose powder over it. From the position in which his corpse was found it was supposed that he had completed his perilous task, and was about getting through a window when the explosion took place and the building fell in. His arm was broken, and there were injuries to the skull and spine which must have occasioned instant death. The unfortunate officer was buried with military honours, at the Engineers' Cemetery, Left Attack. He was followed to the grave by General Eyre, commanding the Third Division; by Colonel Lloyd, commanding the Royal Engineers; and by a large number of officers of his own corps and of other arms. Major Ranken commanded the ladder party in the last attack on the Redan. He was a most promising officer, a great favourite with his comrades, and his loss was deplored by all who knew him. It was hard to have escaped the murderous fire of the 8th of September only to die, less than five months later, crushed beneath a shattered wall. Major Ranken had the melancholy distinction of being the last Englishman killed in the Crimea. The last Frenchman killed there, fell in a duel.

At one on the afternoon of March 14th, the staff of the allied and Russian armies again met at Traktir-bridge—on this occasion to sign the conditions of the armistice, which were finally agreed to, the Rus-

sians having shown themselves tolerably pliant. The day was raw, dull, and disagreeable, with a sharp northerly breeze blowing, but nevertheless a considerable number of English, French, and Sardinian officers found their way to the bridge, doubtless in hopes of a repetition of the canter of the 29th of February; but if that was the bait that lured them there they were completely disappointed. This time there was no scouring the plain and gossiping with vedettes; the aqueduct was the limit, observance of which was enforced by a chain of Zouave sentries patrolling to and fro. A Russian picket was stationed at about rifle-shot distance beyond the river, along the further bank of which Cossack and Dragoon vedettes were posted at short intervals. There was nothing else of any interest to observe, and most of the persons whom curiosity led to the spot soon grew tired of standing at the edge of a ditch, and gazing at a distant handful of Muscovites; so they turned their horses, and tried to warm themselves by a canter back to the camp. But so far as Sebastopol was concerned there was little for the Russians to gain by covering it with the thin cloak of an armistice.

Had fire been rained down from Heaven upon the devoted city its annihilation could not have been more complete. The stranger who halted to survey it from the neighbouring heights, deceived by the whitewashed and plastered walls of the houses, might think that Sebastopol was still a city; but when he walked through its grass-grown, deserted streets, formed by endless rows of walls alone, of roofless shells of houses, in which not one morsel of timber could be seen, from threshold to eaves; when he beheld great yawning craters, half filled with mounds of cut stone, heaped together in irregular masses; when he gazed on tumuli of disintegrated masonry,—once formidable forts, and shaken, as it were, into dust and powder; when he stumbled over the fragments of imperial edifices, to peer down into the great gulfs, choked up with rubbish, which marked the site of the grand docks of the Queen of the Euxine; and beheld the rotting masts and hulls of the sunken navy which had been nurtured there; when he observed that what the wrath of the enemy spared was fast crumbling away beneath the fire of its friends, and that the churches where they worshipped, the theatres, the public monuments, had been specially selected for the practice of the Russian gunners, as though they were emulous of running a race in destruction with the allied armies,—he would no doubt have come to the conclusion that the history of the world afforded no such authentic instance of the annihilation of a great city. It is hard to believe that the site can ever be made available for the erection of houses or the construction of docks; but I am by no means certain that the immense resources in the command of manual labour possessed by the Government of Russia, of which this very struggle afforded us all such striking proofs, in the Quarantine Battery, the Bastion Centrale, the Bastion du Mât, the Redan, the Mamelon, and the Malakoff, may not be made available in time to clear away these modern ruins, and to rebuild houses, theatres, palaces, churches, forts, arsenals, and docks, as before.

In the Inkermann ravines are inexhaustible supplies of building material, which can be floated by the Tchernaya into the waters

of the harbour with very little trouble. The immense quantity of cut stone lying in piles at the upper end of the harbour showed that the Allies interrupted the Russians in the development of the splendid architectural plans which it was the ambition of emperors to accomplish, and which engaged every thought and energy of the Muscovite governors of the Crimea. The shells of princely mansions which remained on the French side of the town had been knocked to atoms by the Russian batteries on the north side; the theatre was demolished, and the beautiful church of St. Peter and St. Paul laid in ruins by the same implacable foe; and they directed particular volleys of round shot and shell on a monument to one of their naval heroes, which stood conspicuously placed in front of a beautiful little kiosk in the midst of a garden, to which there was a fine approach from the place behind Fort Nicholas by a handsome flight of steps, now destroyed. On a quadrilateral pedestal of some pretensions, supporting entablatures with allegorical devices, and ornamented at the summit by a *puppis*, were inscribed, when first I saw it, the name of "Kazarski," and the dates 1829 and 1834, with an intimation that the monument was erected in his honour. Most of the letters were stolen and knocked away; and had not the fire from the north ceased, the pedestal itself would have disappeared likewise. The French garrison, somewhat harassed by the incessant fire on the town, which, however, did them or us but little mischief, constructed out of the *débris* of the houses a very neat *quartier* inside the walls. The huts of which it was composed consisted of wood, ranged in regular rows, with the usual street nomenclature in these parts of the world.

Notwithstanding the very cold weather which prevailed, numbers of our officers and men descended to the Tchernaya every day to communicate with the Russians, to examine the new race-course, or to wade after the wild-fowl which abound in the marshes. There was nothing new in these interviews, except that the Russians grew more cordial, or less sullen. The number of officers who came down to our side bore a very small proportion to that of the allied officers who attended these *réunions*. The men seemed never to tire of looking on each other. French, English, and Sardinians swarmed down to the banks of the Tchernaya, in spite of the cold and bitter winds, to confabulate with the Ruskie, to exchange money with them, and to stare at their dogged, and, it must be added, rather dirty-looking enemies, who were not quite so eager or so active in their curiosity as the allied soldiery, and who needed the stimulus of turning a dishonest penny in the exchange of small coins to tempt them from grass cutting, and the pursuit of wild ducks and hares by the flats beneath Mackenzie's Farm to the banks of the stream. The men I saw on that warm 20th of September on the slopes of the Alma seem repeated and multiplied in every direction across the Tchernaya. There was a wonderful family likeness among the common soldiers. The small round bullet-head, the straight light hair, high cheek-bones, grey keen eyes, rather deeply set beneath straight and slightly defined eyebrows, undemonstrative noses, with wide nostrils, large straight mouths, square jaws, and sharp chins, were common to the great majority of them. Their frames seemed spare and strongly built; but neither in stature nor

breadth of shoulder did they equal the men of our old army of 1854. Many of the officers could scarcely be distinguished from the men in air, bearing, or dress, except by the plain, ill-made, and slight swords, which they carried from an unornamented shoulder-belt; but now and then one met with a young fellow with the appearance of a gentleman, in spite of his coarse long coat; occasionally a great tall lumbering fellow, who seemed to be of a different race from the men around him, slouched along in his heavy boots. The clothing of the troops appeared to be good. Their boots, into which they tucked their loose trousers, were easy and well-made, and the great-coats worn by the men fitted them better than our own fit the English infantry. The colour, not so much a grey as a dunnish drab, is admirably suited not only to conceal the wearers in an open country, but to defy dust, mud, or rain, to alter its appearance.

It was but natural that the two armies should be interested in each other's condition. The better-informed Russian officers were of course aware of the nature of our purchase-system, but to most of them that system was incomprehensible as novel. Its anomalies were, however, so strongly felt that the debates in Parliament which took place about this time on the subject were read with deep interest, and repeated and re-argued over and over again in camp. The friends of the system took it for granted that the arguments used against it must emanate from men of democratical and unconstitutional tendencies, and from enemies to the army and to the aristocracy, and Captain Figgs or Colonel Cottontwist were as fierce in their denunciations of Lord Goderich, Sir De Lacy Evans, and even Lord Palmerston, because he made some theoretical admissions against the system, as Lord Plantagenet or the Earl of Saxo-Grammaticus. They protested loudly that the object of these innovators was to drive "gentlemen" out of the army; while their opponents declared that the effect of the system was to keep "gentlemen"—those fiery cadets of old families who in other times were the true soldiers of fortune, the descendants of the gentry cavaliers,—*out* of the army. If the ex-Sergeant Jones, holding a commission in one of our corps or regiments, was noisy in his cups and over-elated with his good fortune, his peccadilloes were the subject of rejoicings, and were regarded as sufficiently conclusive evidence that we could not open our commissions to the rank and file; and if he happened to be brought to a court-martial and reprimanded or cashiered, the demonstration was complete.

At the time I wrote, "It must be admitted that the training of our barrack-rooms is not favourable to the acquirement of decent manners and gentlemanlike demeanour, and that until we elevate the profession of arms in England, and remove the popularly-impressed stigma from the rank of a private soldier, we cannot expect to induce the needy members of the more respectable classes in society to enter a volunteers; and the high rate of rewards for skill in all mechanical and industrial arts will ever offer an obstacle to the efforts of the recruiting sergeant to enlist a better sort of recruits so long as the present scale of pay and ration stoppages is maintained. The advocates for the abolition of purchase are impressed by the force of such

objections as are presented by the general constitution of our army; but, after all, what the country keeps up its army for is, not that it may consult the wishes or the tastes of any class whatever, however numerous, powerful, and wealthy, but that it may fight its battles, and maintain its liberties and its glory against all comers. Pompey's dandies were, no doubt, greatly displeased at being slashed in the face by Cæsar's rough legionaries, and thought them very low fellows; nor had Rupert's cavaliers any great opinion of the good breeding or *politesse* of Old Nol's Ironsides; but the camp has never been regarded as any special school for demeanour or the inculcation of etiquette, however favourable it may be to the development of some of the nobler qualities of humanity; and if we really can procure brave, intelligent, zealous, and deserving officers by some enlargement of the limits which have hitherto circumscribed our choice, we must submit to the inconvenience, though they may have a smack of the barrack-room about them. It must be recollected that our boasted mess system utterly breaks down in active campaigning, and that, in the field, the officers live separately or in very small groups, so it is only in times of *peace* that those whom Providence *finxit meliore luto* will be obliged to come in contact with the commissioned *grossier*, who will, after all, always represent a very small minority. It is forgotten by the friends of the system of "rank for money," that there has as yet been no officer from the ranks whose conduct before the enemy has been the subject of unfavourable notice, and that not one of them has been obliged to leave the service for refusal to perform his duty in the trenches; nor has it always been officers from the ranks who have been subjected to courts-martial, by the sentences of which they were forced from the army. In fact, many of those who take this side of the question are arguing, not for aristocracy, but for aurocracy; they are sacrificing to Plutus when they think they are worshipping Mars, and they confound the two questions,—in themselves entirely distinct, but so mingled in camp dialogue as to be inseparable,—of the purchase system with that of promotion from the ranks. There are such difficulties in the way of an abolition of the former system, that its most intrepid advocate may well pause before he *suddenly* demolishes it, and the devotion, the courage, and the endurance of the British officer of the army, and the respect of the men for him, are very weighty considerations in the way of the theoretical reformer.

"But if it have its advantages, the system has also its great, its crying evils, of which every mouth is full, and which are only met by the remark that there are evils in every system. Look at the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Cuddy, of the 55th. At the battle of Inkermann, he, as senior Captain, took the command of his regiment, when his senior officers were either killed or wounded. Throughout the whole of that terrible winter he served in the trenches, kept his handful of men together, and in all respects proved himself as careful as he was brave, and as prudent as he was zealous. Although lieutenant-colonel in the army, he was only captain in his regiment, and after having gone through the winter of 1854 and the spring of 1855, with all their hardships and conflicts, when the regi-

mental majority was for purchase, owing to the retirement of the gallant Major Coats (whom I saw so badly hit at the Alma, that I scarce thought he could recover), Colonel Cuddy had the mortification of seeing Captain Cure, who was seven years his junior in the list of captains, and who had served at home with the depôt during the beginning of the campaign, pass over his head by purchase, and take the command of the regiment out of his hands. And can the country now heal the wound in that proud spirit? No; poor Cuddy fell at the Redan, and his cares and sorrows are over for ever.

"Cases somewhat similar are not wanting in other regiments. Right or wrong, had this war gone on, the purchase system was doomed. General Orders were crowded with notices that Captain So-and-So having done the duty of field officer, that Lieutenant Such-a-One, having acted as Captain, and that Sergeant-Major Nobody having acted as quartermaster of his regiment from such a date, would draw pay and allowances accordingly. War pushed our system horribly out of shape, and gave its delicate frame such squeezes, and deranged it so terribly, that its dearest friends scarcely knew it when we carried it home. Some of the young and intelligent officers on the Staff did not hesitate to express a hearty wish for the abolition of the system. To the French it was utterly incomprehensible, and it is a fixed idea in the mind of Private Jean François Maria that General Codrington paid enormous sums for the honour of commanding the army—otherwise he cannot understand it."

CHAPTER VI.

Proclamation of Peace—Preparations for the Evacuation—Review of the Struggle—What might have been done—Russian Song on the Incidents of the War—Excursions into the Interior of the Crimea—Defences on the North Side of Sebastopol—Resources of the Country—Tour in the Interior—Crimean Flora—A real Obstacle—Useful Public Works executed by the Party—Various Adventures—Return to Camp.

THE proclamation of peace was made to the Allied armies by salutes of 101 guns, fired by the field batteries of the Light and Second Divisions, from the heights over the plain of Balaklava; by the French batteries at the Quartier Générale; by the Sardinian redoubts at Fedukhine; and by the men-of-war at Kamiesch and Kazatch, at two o'clock P.M. on Wednesday, the 2nd of April; but an early General Order and a very widely-spread rumour had diffused the intelligence among officers and men long before the cannon exultingly announced it with their thundering voices.

At Balaklava the news was known by eight o'clock, and the "Leander," Captain Rice, bearing the flag of Admiral Fremantle, was "dressed" with the flags of the Allies about that hour, and the merchant shipping by order followed her example, so that the harbour presented a gayer scene probably than human eye ever witnessed there since it was first discovered by some most investigating, shore-

hugging, and fissure-pursuing navigator. It was a fine day,—at least it appeared so by contrast with its recent predecessors,—and the effect of the firing from so many points, all of which were visible from the heights of the plateau near the Woronzoff-road, was very fine. The enemy saw the smoke and heard the roar of our guns, but they maintained a stern and gloomy silence. One would have thought that they, above all, would have shown some signs of satisfaction at the peace which they sought, and which they had made such sacrifices to obtain, while no one would have wondered if the batteries of the English and Sardinians expressed no opinion on the subject. However, there was not a Russian shot fired or flag hoisted from Fort Constantine to Mackenzie, nor did any increase in our intimacy take place, although we had ceased to be enemies.

The preparations for the evacuation of the Crimea were pressed on with rapidity and energy. Each division collected about 4000 shot a-day from the iron-studded ravines and grounds in front of our camp, and they were carried to Balaklava as fast as the means at our disposal—railway and land transport—permitted. Our soldiers were about to leave the scene of their sufferings and of their glory. Alas! how many will lie there till the judgment-day? Who can tell how many perished whose lives might have been spared—how many lives were wasted which ought to have been saved to the country, to friends, to an honoured old age? These questions may never be answered, least of all were they answered at Chelsea Hospital, where the very banners would have fallen with leaden weight upon the heads of those who spoke the truth that was in them. Heaven lets loose all its plagues on those who delight in war, and on those who shed men's blood, even in the holiest causes. The pestilence by day and night, the deadly fever, the cholera, dysentery; the incompetence and apathy of chieftains; the strategical errors of captains; culpable inactivity and fatal audacity,—all these follow in the train of armies, and kill many more than the bullet or the sword. But war has its rules. The bloody profession by which liberty is achieved or crushed—by which States are saved or annihilated, has certain fixed principles for its guidance, and the homœopathic practitioner in the art or the quack, the charlatan, or the noble amateur, will soon be detected and overwhelmed in the horrors of ruin and defeat. Perhaps on no occasion was the neglect of the course of regular practice so severely punished, even although in the end the object was gained, as in the siege of Sebastopol.

It was the first instance on record in which such a place has been taken by the mere fire of artillery; for it was admitted by the Russians that even if the assault on the Malakoff had been repelled, they must have abandoned a place exposed at every nook and chink and cranny to such a fire that the very heavens seemed to rain shot and shell upon them. We lost an army in establishing that fire, and we did not (notwithstanding the honeyed words of Lord Palmerston, every soldier of the Crimea feels what I say is the truth)—we did not add to our reputation—nay, we did not sustain it—in the attacks of the 18th of June and the 8th of September. And will it be said that *because* the particulars of those conflicts have been made known

to the world, and *because* the daring, the devotion, the gallantry, the heroism of our officers and men have been displayed before its eyes, that the English nation has lost its military *prestige?* Would it have been possible, think you, to have concealed and slurred over our failures? Would it have been better to let the story be told in Russian despatches, in French *Moniteurs*, in English *Gazettes?* No; the very dead on Cathcart's-hill would be wronged as they lay mute in their bloody shrouds, and calumny and falsehood would insult that warrior race, which is not less than Roman, because it, too, has known a Trebia and a Thrasymene. We all felt well assured that it was no fault of our officers that we did not take the Redan, and we could point to the trenches piled deep with our gallant allies before the Redan of Careening Bay and the Central Bastion, and to the Malakoff, won without the loss of 200 men, and invoke the goddess Fortune! Alas, she does not always favour the daring; she leaves them sometimes lifeless at the bloodstained embrasure, before the shattered traverse, in the deadly ditch, and she demands, as hostages, for the bestowal of her favours, skill and prudence, as well as audacity and courage.

Every statement made by the Russian officers in conversation concurred in this—that we might have taken Sebastopol in September, 1854; that they were not only prepared to abandon the city to its fate, but that they regarded it as untenable and incapable of defence, and had some doubts of their position in the Crimea itself, till our inaction gave Menschikoff courage, and raised in him hopes of an honourable defence, which might enable him to hold us in check, or to expose us to the attack of overwhelming masses. They admitted that their great error was the assumption of a simply defensive attitude after the battle of Inkermann, and they feel that they ought to have renewed the attack upon our enfeebled army, notwithstanding the terrible loss they suffered in that memorable action. It might have been mere military fanfaronade on their part to put forward such an assertion, but the Russians one and all declared they could have retaken the Malakoff under the fire of their ships, but it had been clearly demonstrated since the fire opened on September the 5th, that it would be impossible to hold the south side under the increasing weight and proximity of the bombardment. "It was a veritable butchery, which demoralized our men so far as to make them doubt the chances of continuing the struggle. We lost 3000 a-day. No part of the city was safe, except the actual bombproofs in the batteries. We were content to have beaten the English at the Redan, to have repulsed the French at the Bastion of Careening Bay (the Little Redan), the Gervais Battery, and the Bastion Centrale and to leave them the credit of surprising the Malakoff; but, even had we held it, we must soon have retired to the north side, and we had been preparing for that contingency for some days." Such was the speech of one of their Staff to an officer of high rank in our service.

There was a long song on the incidents of the war very popular in the Russian camp, in which Prince Menschikoff was exposed to some ridicule, and the Allies to severe sarcasm. Menschikoff was described as looking out of the window of a house in Bakshiserai, and inquiring

for news from Sebastopol, and courier after courier arrives and says, 'Oh! Sebastopol is safe." "And what are the Allies doing?"—"Oh! they are breaking down the houses of Balaklava and eating grapes." The same news for a day or two. At last a courier tells him the Allies are cutting twigs in the valleys, and that they are digging great furrows three-quarters of a mile from the place, but that they are afraid to approach it, and that the ships have begun to fire on them. "I declare they are going to besiege it," says he, "and, if so, I must defend it." And so he sends for his engineers, and they at first think the Allies must be digging for gold, misled by ancient traditions about the mines; but at last they make a reconnaissance, and, finding that the Allies are really making distant approaches, they say, "Why, we shall have time to throw up works, too;" and so they draw up their plans, and Todtleben says, "Give me five days, and I'll mount three guns for their two;" and Menschikoff dances and sings, "Ha, ha! *I've* saved Sebastopol!" The Russians were astonished at their own success; above all, they were surprised at the supineness and want of vigilance among the Allies. They told stories of their stealing in upon our sentries and carrying them off, and of their rushing at night into our trenches, and finding the men asleep in their blankets; they recounted with great glee the capture of a sergeant and five men in daylight, all sound in slumber (poor wretches, ill-fed, ill-clad, and worked beyond the endurance of human nature), in one of the ravines towards Inkermann.

Among many stories of the kind which I heard, one is remarkable. When the attack on Inkermann was projected, it was arranged that one strong column of men, having crossed the bridge of the Tchernaya, near the head of the harbour, should march along the road which winds up *above* the Quarries ravine, and which leads right upon the ground then occupied by Evans's Division; but this was conceived to be the most daring part of the enterprise, "as no doubt, strong pickets would be posted on that road, and guns commanding the bridge, or raking the road, would be placed behind the scarps, and these guns would have to be taken, and the pickets and their supports driven in. Judge of our astonishment when we found no scarps at all, and not a single gun on this point. Our General cried, as he gained the level of the plateau without a shot being fired, 'We have them—Sebastopol is saved!' The bridge over the Tchernaya was not repaired for the passage of men and guns till it was some time past five o'clock in the morning of the 5th, and the men did not begin to repair it till after dark on the preceding evening."

But, after all, we were probably saved from severer trials by our own want of enterprize. When the conflict before Sebastopol assumed such gigantic proportions it became *the* war itself. The armies of Russia were absorbed into it, and perished in detail. Had we taken Sebastopol at the outset, we must have been prepared, with our small army, to meet those *corps d'armée* which lost tens of thousands in their hasty march to relieve the place, but who, in the event of its capture, would have closed slowly round us, and the same incapacity which prevented our reaping the fruits of our *coup-de-main* in attempting the Crimean expedition, might have led to more serious

evils in a protracted campaign in the open field against a numerous and well-handled, if not a daring, enemy. Success was indeed obtained, but its cost has been great. What shall be said if much of that cost can be shown to have been a gratuitous outlay of time and money? To me, next to the graveyards, verdant oases in the dark plateau, the most melancholy and significant object was our old parallel opened against the Malakoff, which the French took from us as the basis of their attack in the spring of 1855.

The battle of the Alma had produced such an effect on the inhabitants of Sebastopol that there seemed to be no chance of offering resistance to the Allies, and the fall of the town was regarded as certain. The Russians, however, meditated a great revenge, and, knowing the weakness of our army, and that it could not hold the heights and storm the town at the same time, they intended, according to this officer, to take the very plateau on which we were encamped, and to fall on our troops while we were disorganised by our success, and get them between the fire of the Russian shipping, of the northern forts, and of the field artillery outside the place. At first they could not understand the flank march to Balaklava, except as a manœuvre to escape the fire of the north forts, and to get at the weak side of the city, and for three or four days they waited, uncertain what to do, until they learned we were preparing for a siege. It was then—that is, about five days after we appeared before the place—that they commenced their works. Men, women, and children laboured at them with zeal, and for the first time a hope was entertained of saving Sebastopol, or of maintaining the defence till the *corps d'armée*, destined for its relief, could march down to raise the siege. The same officer further stated, that on the 9th of September he was in command of the advanced posts at Mackenzie, and that his orders were "to fall back and retire with the guns on the appearance of the enemy in force." He declared that the Russians were astonished at our inactivity, and that they expected a general offensive movement as soon as we had obtained possession of the south side.

One man who came into Balaklava after the peace was observed to be very anxious about the walls of a new store. On being asked what he was about, he confessed he was searching for the site of his house, in the cellar of which he had deposited a good deal of plate and valuables. I fear he had but a Flemish account of them. The Russian military band (150 strong) at Mackenzie was a great object of attraction. It played at four o'clock every afternoon. At the hymn of "God preserve the Czar," or whatever the exact translation of the title may be, all the Russians took off their caps. I could have wished that our officers who were present, and who understood the occasion, had done the same, for immediately afterwards, when the band played "God save the Queen," the Russians uncovered their heads, and paid to our national anthem the same mark of respect as they had paid to their own. A Russian officer—a very young man—covered with orders, was pointed out to some of the officers as one who had *never left* the Flagstaff Bastion for eleven months. He had been shot through the body, wounded n the head, in the arm,

and in the thigh, on different occasions, and had insisted on remaining in the bastion, nor would he permit himself to be removed to hospital. Many of the soldiers wore the Cross of St. George and other orders. What a phenomenon would a British private be with the riband of the C.B. on his breast! The Russians were very anxious to get some of our medals, and there were some stories afloat concerning the cleverness with which men sold florins at high prices for Sebastopol medals.

Some officers soon penetrated to Bakshiserai, and returned with alarming accounts of the price of eatables, drinkables, and accommodation,—porter twenty francs a bottle, champagne thirty-five francs a bottle, dinner and bed a small fortune. There were some very hospitable fellows among the Russian officers, and they gave and took invitations to lunch, dinner, and supper very freely. One of our Generals* was up at Mackenzie, and was asked to stay to tea by a Russian of rank, whose hut he was visiting, but it so happened that Madame, who presided at the tea-table, was present, and she darted such a look at her peccant spouse when he gave the invitation, and glared so fiercely at the heretical English, that our General and Staff turned tail and bolted, leaving the Ruski to the enjoyment of the lecture which Madame Caudelski would no doubt inflict upon him. Perhaps the poor lady was short of spoons, or trembled for her stock of sugar.

As there was nothing doing in camp I proceeded on a week's excursion to Simpheropol, Tchatir Dagh, Bakshiserai, the south coast, Orianda, Yalta, and by Aloupka. The Russians sent passes to headquarters, with one of which I was kindly furnished. It was as follows:—"Carte de passe pour les avant postes" (in print), and "General de Service Tchervinsky;" then in Russian, "Allowed to pass—General, Major," in MS. While I was making the tour of the southern coast round to Simpheropol and Bakshiserai, the grand review of the English and French armies took place. The French review was held early in the day; their battalions formed on the plateau from the Red Hill, to the north-west of Balaklava, near Mrs. Seacole's—a noted landmark—right away at Kamiesch, a distance of more than three miles. They were drawn up in rather loose order, and adopted a less massive formation than is their wont, and in the march past their battalions were sometimes broken up, and consisted of only two or three companies each, the remaining companies being formed into another battalion. Their finely-appointed artillery were placed at intervals between the divisions, and necessarily extended the line considerably. General Lüders examined the infantry, who were variously estimated to have numbered from 35,000 to 50,000 bayonets, with great care, and spoke in high terms of their admirable bearing and soldierly aspect. Our allies presented a very fine appearance, notwithstanding that the traces of their sufferings from illness during the winter were painfully apparent in the diminished strength of some regiments. It was in the regiments stationed at Varnutka, Baidar, Miskomia, and thereabouts, that the greatest mortality prevailed. General d'Autemarre's brigade suffered

* Poor Barnard.

very severely. The 11th Regiment lost one-half its number; the 26th, which was the most healthy, buried nevertheless 250 men; and the remaining regiment of the brigade left behind it upwards of 400 rank and file in the Crimea. The French officers did not conceal the amount of their losses during the winter. As our national vanity received a blow which led to marked improvement in our organization, our gallant allies were warned by the events of the previous winter that their system was not quite so perfect as they imagined and boasted it to be. Had the war continued, the French would have found themselves almost unable to move a day's march, owing to the exhaustion of their *train des équipages* and the destruction of their animals. They were wont to laugh good-humouredly at our railroad-making, and to say "Sebastopol would be taken long before it was finished." They had practical proof of its utility, and every day they saw how great were its advantages, in enabling us to accumulate stores wherever we desired them, and to send down to Balaklava vast piles of shot and shell, while they were unable to make any efforts to collect *matériel* for export to France.

Before I left I went over the north forts, and carefully examined, as far as a civilian could, the defences of the place. Fort Constantine bore very few marks of the bombardment and cannonade of the 17th of October, 1854. The crown of the arch of one embrasure was injured, and supported by wood, and the stone-work was pitted here and there with shot; but the pits had been neatly filled in and plastered over. *Fort Catherine, or Nachimoff (formerly Suwaroff)*, was uninjured, but St. Michael's, which was badly built, suffered from the French mortar fire after we got into the town. The citadel was covered on all sides by earthworks, and the hill-sides furrowed up by lines of batteries bearing on every landing-place and every approach. In one line from Fort Constantine to the Quarantine and Alexander Forts were sunk, before the 17th of October, three eighty-fours, then one hundred-and-twenty, then two eighty-fours, and then one fifty-four. Inside this line was a strong boom, which would have brought up any vessels that had succeeded in bursting through the sunken ships. This outer line and the boom itself were so much damaged, however, by the gale of the 14th of November as to be of little use. The second boom, consisting of chain cables floated by timber, extended from Fort Nicholas on the south to the west of St. Michael's Fort on the north. Inside this boom were sunk, commencing from the north side, a sixty-gun ship, an eighty-four, a one-hundred-and-twenty, an eighty-four, and a sixty-gun frigate. Then came the bridge of boats from Fort Nicholas to St. Michael's. Inside that, in two lines, lay the rest of the Russian fleet. The first was formed of three eighty-fours, a one-hundred-and-twenty, and one hundred-and-ten-gun line-of-battle-ship; the second consisted of a seven-gun steamer, a six-gun ditto, a thirteen-gun ditto, and an eighty-four, close to the ruins of Fort Paul. Nearer to Inkermann, in the creeks and bays on the north side, were the sunken steamers, and five brigs of war and corvettes, and a schooner yacht, sunk or aground. The boats of the men-of-war were safe in one of the creeks which our guns could not reach.

The Russians shouted at us lustily as we were engaged in examining the timbers. Although the teredo had not then attacked the wood, it was covered with barnacles and slime, and from what we saw of the ships, it did not seem likely they would ever be raised as men-of-war again. The famous "Twelve Apostles," the "Three Godheads," the "Tchesme," the "Wratislaw," and the "Empress Maria," were unseaworthy before they were sunk, and the only ship for which the Russians expressed any great sorrow was the "Grand Duke Constantine," one-hundred-and-twenty, the finest ship in their navy. She seemed quite content with her berth on the bottom, and it will be some time before a timber of her floats again.

The impression left upon the mind of every person who made the little tour round the coast was that the resources of Russia in men were reduced to a low ebb in the course of this war, and that she would have been utterly unable to maintain an army in the Crimea, or to continue in possession of it, had we made an aggressive movement with all our forces from Theodosia or Eupatoria, or even left her in an attitude of watchfulness along the extended line from the north side of Sebastopol to Simpheropol. That she possessed considerable means of transport, and had arabas, telegas, and horses sufficient, in ordinary times and on good roads, for the service of her army, was evident enough; but I was assured, on authority beyond question, that for two whole days in the winter the troops at Mackenzie were left without food, in consequence of the state of the roads. The prices of provisions, allowing very amply for the extortions of needy Tartars, of famished innkeepers, and for an extremely liberal spirit on the part of English tourists, were enormous, and it was almost impossible in many places to procure barley or corn for horses at any sum whatever. The country was deserted, the fields uncultivated, the cares of agriculture unheeded. A few flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were to be seen here and there in the course of a week's ride, but these were the property of the Government or of contractors, and were not for sale; along the south coast fresh meat was unknown, and salt fish and salt pork were the food of those in good circumstances. A mouthful of hay for a horse cost half a rouble or fifty copecs—eggs were 5d. a-piece—fowls utterly beyond the means of Crœsus.

But amid all these evidences of desolation, the Cossack was seen here, there, everywhere, singly—in twos and threes, in pickets, in patrols, in grand guards, in polks, trotting, walking, or galloping, mounted high on his quaint saddle over his shaggy, long-tailed pony, flourishing with one hand his cruel whip, while with the other he guides the docile animal, above which he towers like a giant, his dirty grey coat fluttering in the breeze and his lance-point shining brightly in the sun. He was sown broadcast all over the Crimea. But you did not see regular soldiers in any numbers till you entered the typhus-haunted streets of Simpheropol, or waded through the mud of Bakshiserai; and even here the miserable, jaded, utterly spiritless, ill-clad, ill-fed, and broken-down militiaman was in the proportion of two to one to the soldiers of the line. In order to judge of the state of the country, I shall describe from my diary such portions of it during the

tour as appear likely to afford information respecting the effects of the war, or give an insight into the condition of the Crimea. Some other portions, referring to matters of less importance, may, however, prove amusing, if not instructive, more from the novelty of the circumstances to which they relate than from any merit of narration or powers of description.

"April 12th.—Started at ten o'clock from camp. The party consisted of four officers, two civilians—one of them myself, the other a travelling gentleman—an interpreter, two soldier servants, and one civilian servant. We took with us a strong two-wheeled light cart, drawn by two mules and a pack-pony, and carried in the cart a canteen, a few bottles of spirits and sherry, cases of preserved beef, two tents, fowling-pieces, a fishing-rod, picks and spades, blankets and horse-cloths. The cart was started early, with orders to halt at Baidar till we arrived, and the party were trotting along the Woronzoff-road towards Kamara by eleven o'clock. The day was most favourable—a clear sky, genial sun, and light southerly wind. I met the 4th Hussars (French) on their march in from their cantonments about Baidar, where they have been long exposed to most trying work on outpost duty, and in the ordinary occupation of light cavalry in war time. They were fine soldierly fellows, and were quite ready as they sat to ride either to the Great Wall of China or St. Petersburg. Each man carried a portion of the cooking utensils of his mess, forage for his horse, blankets, and necessaries for the march, and seemed heavily charged, but on examination he would be found to weigh a couple of stone less than an English Hussar—otherwise, indeed, his small horse, however high-tempered, could not carry him. The Sardinians were also on the move, and sending in baggage to Balaklava. The large village of sheds and sutlers' shops on the road at the Fedukhine heights, and which was called Woronzoff, was in considerable excitement at the prospect of losing its customers, notwithstanding that the Russians flocked in to supply their place. The French camp here is built like that of their neighbours the Sardinians, very much on the Tartar or Russian plan, and the huts are semi-subterranean. They present in appearance a strong contrast to the regular rows of high wooden huts belonging to the Highland Division opposite, at Kamara, but the money saved to France and Sardinia by the ingenuity and exertions of their soldiers in hutting themselves must have been very considerable in amount. To counteract the *mesquin* look of these huts, our Allies—more especially the French—have planted the ground with young firs and evergreens, brought a considerable distance from the hillsides of Baidar, so that, after all, their camp is more pleasant to look at than that of the English. They have also made gardens, which promise to bear fruit, flowers, and vegetables for Tartars and Muscovites, and they have turned a large portion of ground by the banks of the Tchernaya, and close to the Traktir-bridge, into a succession of gardens, each appropriated to different companies of the regiments encamped in the neighbourhood. *Sic vos non vobis.*

"As we entered the gorge which leads into the valley of Varnutka we met some Tartar families, men and children, on the road,

looking out possibly for some place to squat on. These poor creatures are menaced with a forced return to their nomadic habits of centuries ago. Civilization has corrupted them. The youngsters run alongside your horse, crying out, if you are English, "I say, Johnny, piaster" (give me piaster, Johnny!) if you are French, "Doe dong (intended for dites donc), donnez-moi piastre,"—a bright-eyed, handsome race when young, with fine teeth and clear complexions; and venerable looking when old, owing to their marked features and long beards, but in manhood sly, avaricious, shy, and suspicious. The Russians give bad accounts of them, and say they are not to be trusted, that they are revengeful and ill-disposed—the slaveowner's account of his nigger. Most of the fruit-trees in the pretty valley of Miskomia and Varnutka have been cut down for fuel. Crossing the ridge which separates this valley from that of Baidar, we pass the gutted and half-ruined chateau *dit* Peroffsky. For a long time this charming little villa supplied French and English cavalry and outposts with delicious wine from its cellars, and was spared from ruin; but bit by bit things were taken away, and at last a general spoliation was made of all the place contained—the furniture was smashed to atoms, the doors broken, the windows carried away. One officer attached to the light cavalry regiment quartered there took away a handsome china service, and most of these dangerous visitors brought off some memento of their visits. The Tartars were rather rejoiced at the ruin of the place, for Count Peroffsky was no favourite with them, but they always express the greatest regard and affection for Prince Woronzoff. Baidar itself—a middling Tartar hamlet at the best of times—looks worse than ever now; garance dyed breeches were hanging out of the window-holes on all sides, and outside one very shaky, tumble-down wattle-house, there was a board declaring that there was good eating and drinking in the Café Pelissier. The village has one advantage, of which no Tartar village is ever destitute—a stream of clear water flows through it, and there are two or three fine springs close at hand. The people are miserable; the men are employed by the French as wood cutters and as drivers of arabas, but the money they receive is not sufficient to procure them full supplies of food or proper clothing.

"From Baidar the road ascends by the mountain ridges to the Foross or Phoros Pass, and affords many delightful views of the great valley of Baidar, which is, as it were, a vast wooded basin, surrounded by mountain and hill ranges covered with trees, and sweeping right round it. Blackbirds, thrushes, nightingales, large and gaudily-coloured jays, wood-pigeons, doves, rock-pigeons, hawks, falcons, and great numbers of magpies, frequent the valley, and those which have good voices make it right musical towards sunset. Nightingales are very numerous, and so are varieties of flycatchers, titmice, and buntings. In winter, the hills are full of woodcock, the springs are haunted by snipe, wild duck, widgeon, and teal; and the woods give shelter not only to roe-deer, but, if certain veracious reports promulgated this very winter are to be believed, to wolves and bears. The road to Phoros is not good, and in winter must have been of little use. The summit of the pass at Phoros is

surmounted by a stone arch which crosses the road at a place guarded on every side by walls of rock, hundreds of feet in height. There is a French guard here, and, of course, we had to exhibit, amid many excuses, our passes. That was but a little matter, but on entering the archway we found it was fortified after the first rules of art: there were traverses and parapets of great height and thickness, and at the other side of the arch were similar obstacles. The mules were taken out of the cart; then it was unloaded, and the things carried one by one to the other side of these entrenchments; then the wheels were taken off, and by the united strength of our whole party, aided by some good-natured French soldiers, the cart itself was lifted up bodily and carried across all the gabions, earthworks, and traverses, and landed with a cheer on the narrow road at the other side of the pass.

"The scene which bursts upon the eye on emerging from the arch is one of the finest I have ever witnessed—indeed, I am not sure that it is not the most beautiful and grand that I have ever seen. You find yourself standing in a very narrow road, on the left hand of which a sheer slab of rock rises to the height of 600 or 700 feet above you—its surface rent with fissures, here and there dotted by stunted firs, which cling like weeds to its surface, diversified with all the tints for which volcanic rocks are remarkable. At the base of this cliff, which stretches further than the sight can trace it, is a ragged fringe of mighty boulders, of fragments of mountains tossed down in the wildest confusion amid the straggling brushwood. On your right, nearly 1000 feet below you, is the sea, washing the narrow selvage of land which tumbles down from beneath your feet in waves of verdure, covered with thick groves and dotted with rocks, so rapidly that the dark blue waters, which are really nearly a mile distant, seem to be only a few hundred yards from the road. This narrow shelving strip of land, formed of the *débris* of the mountain-chain above it, which lies beneath the cliff and descends to the sea, extends along the coast from Phoros to Demur Kapu, or the Iron Gate, widening as it runs eastward, and losing its distinctive character completely ere it reaches Aloushta, in consequence of the great wall of cliff on the left hand receding rapidly inland and northwards from the point opposite Yalta. The length of this strip is thirty miles. It is nearly a mile broad at Phoros, and thence it gradually expands, till at Aloupka it attains a breadth of nearly three miles, and at Yalta it is five miles from the sea to the base of the cliff. The road winds for many miles along the foot of these stupendous crags, but there is a lower road, reached by zig-zags, which leads to the villas situated in the lovely valleys by the coast. This strip of shelving land is of the most varied formation. It is tossed about into hill and dale, and is seamed with shady ravines and deep woody dells, which are water-courses in winter. As it is quite sheltered by the cliff from northerly winds, and is exposed to the full power of the sun, the climate here is beautifully mild until the heats of summer begin, and the land produces in great perfection an astonishing variety of vegetable productions.

"The Crimea has a Flora of its own, but the lady is dressed so

quaintly, uses such strange language, and is called so many hard, long names, that in my ignorance I am afraid to approach her, or to do anything more than to praise her general effect and appearance at a distance. But here indeed is a horrid reality to talk about. Some half-mile from Phoros, the road runs through a solid rock by means of a tunnel about thirty yards long. I happened to be riding in advance, and to be the first who saw that this tunnel was blocked up by a wall of stones about seven feet in height and eight feet in thickness. All passage for the cart seemed hopeless. We never could lift it up so high. There was no getting round the rock, and so I smote my breast and returned to the party. But there were two or three among us not easily to be deterred from their purpose. An examination was made; a council of war was held; and it was decided that over the wall we must go, and that the obstacle intended to prevent the march of Cossack cavalry and the carriage of mountain guns, was not to impede six British tourists. Under the direction of our acting engineer, to work we went. The party got on the wall, and proceeded to dislodge the stones on both sides with regularity and precision, rolling them down so as to form a kind of solid arch out of the centre of the wall. Shins were cut, toes were smashed, spurs were bent, but the work went on, and at the end of three-quarters of an hour the way was declared to be practicable. The mules were taken out of the cart, and walked by a footpath round the rock; the heavy articles were unloaded, and then, with main strength, the cart, after a desperate struggle, was spoked up to the top of the mound of rocks and stones, and then, with immense difficulty, was backed down to the road on the other side. May be the old tunnel did not re-echo three tremendous cheers when the work was over, and the mules emerged with their triumphant chariot! But our troubles are not half over. The French were uneasy at Phoros—they have scarped the road, and what they have spared, two winters of neglect have very nearly demolished. Before we moved six miles we executed, in addition to these labours, the following great public works, in order to get our cart over:—No. 1. Built a wall to bank up the road-side at a precipice; No. 2. Filled up a crevice with brush-wood and loose stone; No. 3. Made the road practicable with fascines; No. 4. Cut away hill-side, so as to widen the road by the side of a precipice where it had given way; No. 5. Unloading cart and spoking it over a bit, and loading it again.

"It is about twenty-two miles from the camp to Phoros pass, and our halting-place for the night is the ruined chateau of Isarkaia, which is about six miles from Phoros. We reached this secluded spot about seven o'clock in the evening. The walls and roof alone are left. The windows are smashed in, woodwork and all, and the only thing untouched in the place is a mangle in the kitchen. We stable our horses in the parlours and library, for all I know to the contrary, unpack the cart, and carry in saddles and bedding to the room designed for dining and sleeping. There are no boarded rooms, but the clay floor is soft, a fountain and a stream of water run hard by. The horses are groomed and supplied with hay and corn, and we prepare for dinner. A horrid announcement is made—'The Major

has forgot to bring either kettle, gridiron, or saucepan; the tea and the sugar have got mixed, but that is no consequence.' What is to be done? Ingenious engineer suggests that my tinned iron dish shall be used as a frying-pan; carried *nem. con.* As to saucepan, some ingenious person drives two holes in a potted-beef tin case, thrusts a piece of wood through them as handle, and proceeds to make soup therein over a blazing fire lighted up in one of the ruined fireplaces of the drawing-room. Just as soup is ready, handle burns through, and soup upsets into the fire, a disaster quite irretrievable, and so we proceed to devour tough ration-beef done in steaks on the tin dish. Sherry is forthcoming, bread, and preserved vegetables. Water is boiled in a small teapot, and produces enough for a temperate glass of grog; the blankets are spread on the floor, and preparations are made for sleep. First, however, the watch is appointed. Each man takes an hour in the alphabetical order of his name, from eleven to five o'clock, to watch the horses, to keep in the fire, and to guard against theft. The mangle is broken up for firewood. In doing so, the best made London axe, bought from an eminent London saddler, flies in two at the first chop!—useful article for travelling! Odd legs of chairs and tables, bits of drawers, and dressers, and cupboards, are piled up for the same purpose, and our first watch is left on his post. We muster three double-barrelled guns and four revolvers between us, a total of thirty shots; but the night passes over quietly.

"Below the walls of the house in which we encamped, buried amid orchards and vineyards, is a ruined villa with marble fountains and handsome rooms. It is pillaged and wrecked like the rest, but it tempts the most of our party to plunge down through the brushwood and thick scrubby woods, interlaced with 'Christ's thorn' and long creepers, to the ledge on which it stands above the sea at a considerable elevation, notwithstanding that it is half an hour's steep descent to the ledge from the shore. The silence, broken only by the cry of the eagles which soar about the cliffs, the surge of the wave on the rocks, and the voices of the birds in the groves, is rather a source of pain than of pleasure. '*Malheur à la dévastation*' is inscribed on the walls. But who were the devastators? The Russians allege it was the Allies—the Tartars declare it was the Russians themselves. There are many who believe that these very Tartars had no small share in the plundering and wrecking of their taskmasters' and conquerors' summer palaces. We know from experience that on the march to Sebastopol, every village, every little villa and farmhouse, was sacked and destroyed by the enemy, and Bourliouk, Eskel, Mamashai, Belbek, &c., were in ruins before our outposts reached them. The evidence so far is against the Russians. As the walls and roofs of these houses are untouched, they look as picturesque and pretty from a distance as ever they did, and it is only on nearer approach that traces of the hand of the spoiler become visible.

"We had a very excellent breakfast, notwithstanding the extraordinary rich flavour of onions in the tea, which was accounted for by the circumstance that the water had been boiled in the soup-kettle. Some officers of the Guards who had followed us, and bivouacked near the post-house which we had passed on the

road, came in as we were at 'our humble meal,' and relished their share of it exceedingly. Their cart pushed on in advance of ours, and as they profited by our labours of yesterday, so did we in a smaller degree (our cart was larger than theirs) reap the advantage of their preceding us part of the way to-day. We started about eleven o'clock, and our hard work soon commenced. Between the enemy, the French, and the winter, the road scarcely existed; it had been swept down into the ravine. However, our motto was *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, and the colonel, the major, the captain, the D.A.C.G., the civilians, and the soldiers, worked as if for their lives, and succeeded in the course of the day in executing the following useful public works:—No. 1. Road blocked up by rocks from mountain, cut down trees, made levers, and cleared the way; major's leg nearly broken, every one dirtied with wheel grease, finger-nails broken, hands cut, &c. No. 2. Road repaired by Guards, who left us a bit of paper on a stick to commemorate the fact—was found too narrow, the hill-side dug out, stones laid, and road extended. No. 3. Landslip—edge of the road gone, built up a wall of stones to support the edge, and passed over triumphantly. No. 4. Were riding along at a smart pace down the road, which winds like a piece of tape (not red, but white) along the mountain side, when frantic cries from the next turn recalled us to our cart; found it had gone down over a gulley, shooting out beds and bundles some hundreds of feet below, and was lying *right* over in the mud of the aforesaid gulley atop of the wheel mule. *No one hurt. Took off wheels, cut fastenings*, and unharnessed mule, which escaped without a hurt, but was covered with mud; raised cart, carried up beds, &c., out of ravine; unpacked cart and carried baggage across bad parts of landslip; set cart on wheels, loaded it, and went on our way rejoicing.

"Just after this accident we met General Eyre and his staff, attended by a Russian officer and several Cossacks, on his way to Phoros. The gallant General had been round to Bakshiserai, Simpheropol, and Aloushta, and was just reversing our route which our party had the honour of being the first to drag a cart over. The General had been assisted up to this point by a village full of Tartars, who were caught by the Russians, to get his cart over the bad places. No. 5. Came upon the Guards and their servants, who were busy mending the road where it was cut by a mountain watercourse: aided them and ourselves; got over our cart first and preceded them on the road. No. 6. Cut fascines and filled in a gap in the road. Let it be understood, all this time, that there is the sea below us on the right, the quaint wall of cliffs, 600ft. or 700ft. high, on our left, and at times, as it were, toppling over on our heads, and a rugged slope of wood and vineyard dotted with villas between us and the beach. No. 7. Having come up to a party of Guardsmen who were bivouacking with some artillerymen on their way back to Baidar, we were told that the road was utterly impassable; it had been carried away by a landslip. Resolved to go on; repaired road soon afterwards, and proceeded cautiously through mud from the ice rills which had bored through and broken up the path in many places.

"It was becoming late, and yet we had not got more than eight or nine miles from Asarkaia; and Aloupka, for which we were bound, was still as many miles ahead of us. The cliff at this part of the coast, which is somewhere between Kikineis and Limena, recedes further from the sea, and there is a considerable tract of hills from its base to the road. These hills are covered with brushwood, and our vedette in front reported to us that two round knobs, which, no doubt, served as heads to as many Cossacks, were visible in advance, amid the young foliage. As we approached, the knobs disappeared, but presently two lance-points peered above the rocks at the turn of the road, and in another moment or two we were in the presence of three mounted Cossacks of the Don, who by signs demanded our passes in a very civil and agreeable manner. As none of them could read, this formality seemed useless, but they gave us to understand by signs that one of our party must go to the officer of the post, and the Major and his interpreter were accordingly handed over to the care of an individual with one eye, and were out of sight very speedily. Our cart was ordered back, and it was explained that we had to drag it over the slope of the hills on our left, as the road before us actually had gone over the cliffs. Our friends were intelligent, good-looking young fellows, and while waiting for the Major we spent some time rather agreeably with them in a mutual examination of arms and interchange of tobacco. They wore heavy curved swords, without guards to the handles, in large sheaths of wood covered with leather. Their heads were covered with sheepskin caps, the top being formed of red cloth, and slightly conical in shape. Their coats were like those of the infantry of the line—long garments of grey cloth, fastened by a strap at the back, and their trousers were tucked into their boots *more Muscovitorum*. Each man had a long carbine slung over his shoulder, and I was rather surprised to observe that they had percussion locks. This armament was completed by a long and very light lance. The edges of their swords were as sharp as razors—their lance-points were equally keen. Their hair was closely cut, and they had the whiskerless cheek, the beardless chin, and the mustachioed lip of the "regulation." Their horses were barely fourteen hands high, and were high in the bone and low in the flesh, but their speed and endurance are undeniable. The Cossack rides high above his horse—he sits in the hollow of a saddle which looks like two pillars of black leather, at such a height that his heels are against the horse's flank, and when the animal trots, his rider's head is thrown forward over the shoulder, so that a right line let fall from his head would be in advance of his toes by some inches. The manes of the Cossack horses are very long, and their tails often sweep the ground. We soon found they were very quick walkers, and got over the ground with rapidity and ease.

"As the Major did not return, we concluded, after a long stay, that he was on the road before us, and we resolved to urge the cart over the hill. The Cossacks helped us in this (which was no easy matter) as soon as their comrade came back with an intimation, as we understood, which would be interpreted in English that 'it was all right.' The cart was once more unloaded, and its contents were dragged by us across

the steep hill; then the cart was spoked up over the spongy ground, was loaded again, and the drivers were conducted to the road by the Cossacks, while we were shown a shorter cut, and descended under escort of our amiable, but strongly-scented friends, down through shady ravines to the Tartar village of Simeis. Simeis, like all Tartar villages, is built by the side of a brook, which brawls pleasantly through a succession of little cascades as it leaps down from the mountains to the sea. The ravine in which the village is situate is shaded from the sun by enormous walnut and chestnut trees, and by the humbler branches of pear, apple, and peach trees. The houses are built on the slope in layers, with broad flat roofs, which are rendered watertight by a thick covering of sand and bitumen, and on looking down on it, or on any of the Tartar villages, not a house is visible; all that can be seen is a succession of little brown square patches with one hole in each, descending the slope in regular terraces, the backs being formed by the hill-side itself. In Simeis we were halted till the curiosity of a strong Cossack picket and some regulars was satisfied. About sixty men passed us in review, and then we were let to climb the hill up to the road, at which we found another Cossack waiting to relieve our silent friend who had so far accompanied us.

"It was getting dark; there was no sign of the Major; but, for a wonder, one of the Cossacks spoke German, and he told us an English officer was on in front. In a few moments our guide began to ride down a steep zigzag road towards the sea. The cart had come up all right, and we found we were on our way down to Aloupka, which is close to the sea-shore. The zigzag was as steep and sharp in its turns as any Swiss mountain path, and the horses, already tired by the nature of the day's journey, showed signs of distress very visibly. The descent lasted for an hour; it seemed a night; the young moon just lighted up the Cossack's white horse and the feathery tips of tall poplars and branches of grey olive-trees, and all else was in darkness. We heard the roar of the sea close at hand at last, and a low white building peered above the trees. We cantered into the open space before it by a nice avenue, with a regular paling on each side. The Cossack dismounted, fastened up his horse, and went into the house, leaving us in profound ignorance and great hunger outside. The sounds of very noisy and drunken singing, which roused the night owls through the windows, led us to believe the house was a Cossack barrack, but at the same time the door opened, and out came a brisk little man, who spoke good French, and a decent body, his wife, who astonished us with excellent English, and we found that we were at the hotel at Aloupka. The cause of the noise was soon found. It was the work of a drunken Russian Colonel, chief of the police at Yalta, who had introduced himself to some English officers at that place, and had, in spite of them, accompanied them so far on their way to Phoros. '*Voilà*,' said a little voice in our ears, as the door of the dining-room was opened,—'*Voilà la noblesse Russe—il est noble parcequ'il est Colonel.*' The room in which we found ourselves was a comfortable apartment, with sofas and easy chairs, engravings of Count Potocki, of the Czar (of course), of Prince Woronzoff, of very warm subjects from French burins, on the walls, and a table well covered with bottles and glasses. At the end of the

table was seated a Russian officer, screaming at the top of his voice some inscrutable snatches of song, for which he prepared himself by copious doses of brandy, sherry, and Crim wine. He was offensively drunk, but the terror which he inspired in the landlord and landlady was not the less on that account, and was evidently only equalled by their hatred of him. We are told that the Russians read the London papers so diligently that they know everything that passes as well as we do ourselves. I do not wish to get our good host and his wife, or even the inebriated Muscovite, into a scrape, or I would relate a few particulars respecting their demeanour which might prove amusing. The Colonel of the Aloupka district, when he heard of the condition of his brother 'authority,' gave orders that he should be turned out, but these were not carried into effect till late in the evening. He spoke a little French, and I think he understood English, though he professed not to know a word.

"Our dinner consisted of salt meat and an *omelette au lard*, washed down with plenty of Crim wine. We had also a tin of preserved beef. It was very fat, and we all put away the excess of adipose matter on a plate, where it formed a pretty large pile. The Colonel, who had been eating the meat, suddenly seized upon this plate, and stuffed huge mouthfuls of the fat and grease down his throat on the point of a knife with infinite gusto. A Cossack brought us in our passes. In spite of his standing at attention, the man's look betrayed a feeling of greater disgust at the Colonel's condition than I should have given him credit for. Our horses, which were put in a distant stable, could only be fed by the intervention of some others of our Dons, who also undertook to guard them all right,—'the Greeks were such robbers.' Our beds were clean and comfortable, and we slept well till morning, although the Colonel kicked up at intervals a dreadful row outside. The Guardsmen arrived about an hour after us, and assisted us in entertaining the Colonel.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view of Prince Woronzoff's palace from the sea. Hence it seems a splendid combination of Tartar and Norman architecture, donjons and keeps, and battlemented walls, strangely intermingling with minarets and the dome of a mosque. It is quite close to our hotel, and is approached by a beautiful walk, like the back lodge avenue in an English estate. The path is marked by a wooden paling, inside which are olives and fruit-trees and evergreens, and immense chestnut and walnut trees and silvery poplars. We pass a quiet chateau with a verandah and terraced front. It was the Prince's residence before he built his palace, and it is now used as a summer retreat by his son. The furniture is simple and handsome, and there is a beautiful view from the windows. A Russian servant (the only one we saw about the place) readily showed us over the premises.

"From Aloupka we continued our course by the coast as far as the village of Alushta, whence we turned off towards the north, crossing the Tchater Dagh and descending to Simpheropol. From that town we made our way to Bakshiserai, and so home to camp."

CHAPTER VII.

Departure of General della Marmora and the Sardinian Staff—General After-Order—Inspection of the Siege-Works, offensive and defensive—Memorials to the Dead—Major Hammersley's Tour—Information obtained—What might have been effected by an Advance after the 8th of September—Russian Walks—Aspect of the Country—Visits to the Alma—Aspect of the Locality—Criticisms on the Battle—Conflicting Statements—Memorials of departed Heroes.

THE departure of General della Marmora and the Sardinian Staff on Monday, May 19th, was marked by every demonstration of the regard and esteem in which they were held by our army. The ships in harbour hoisted the Sardinian flag, the yards of the "Leander" were manned, and the General set his foot on the deck of the vessel, to which we wished a speedy and prosperous voyage, amid enthusiastic cheers and three rounds of English hurrahs. The good feeling which existed between the Sardinians and their allies was never marred for one moment by any untoward jealousies or circumstances of rivalry, and more especially were they ever on terms of friendship with the English, although their knowledge of French gave them greater facilities for communicating with our allies than are possessed by our men. Their position at Fedukhine brought them into constant contact with the French and Highlanders, and they have left behind them many kindly remembrances, not readily to be forgotten. In all my rambles I rarely, if ever, saw a drunken Sardinian; their behaviour in camp, in the canteens, at Kadikoi, and on the roads was exemplary, and I understand, that in the absence of crime, social or military, they claim to rank with the best disciplined army in the world.

On the occasion of his Excellency's departure, the English Commander-in-Chief issued the following General After-Order:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, SEBASTOPOL, *May* 17th, 1856.

"No. 1. The greater part of the Sardinian army has quitted the Crimea, and General della Marmora himself will soon embark.

"A guard of honour, with artillery, will be held in readiness for the departure of the Sardinian Commander-in-Chief.

"The Commander of the Forces trusts that General della Marmora will himself receive, and convey to those whom he has commanded in the Crimea, the good wishes of the English army for their future prosperity.

"With steadiness, with discipline, with resource, the Sardinian army has long maintained and efficiently guarded the advanced position entrusted to it; and it bore its honourable share with the troops of France in the battle of the Tchernaya.

"In our intercourse there has neither been difficulty nor difference, and this good feeling between all the armies of the Alliance has had a very important influence in determining the peace of Europe.

"By order. C. A. WINDHAM, Chief of the Staff."

As we were about to part for ever, our anxiety to learn more of our late foes increased. The Russians surveyed our camps, we visited their hospitals, studied their commissariat, inquired into their military system, and inspected their positions; our engineers, also, minutely examined the siege-work of our allies, with which they were necessarily but slightly acquainted during the progress of the attack.

The English approaches to the defences of the place afforded no opportunity to our engineers of developing the use of mines against the enemy. We were never sufficiently near to the Redan for mining operations, and our works were not assailable by the same agency on the side of the enemy for the same reason, as it is obvious that where mines can be used by the attacking force they can also be adopted by the defenders. The system of French mines in front of the Bastion du Mât presented the most astonishing instance of labour and skill ever witnessed in any siege. To the Russians, however, belonged the credit of the most important and extensive operations of this nature. Our engineers had in their possession plans of both the French and Russian mines and galleries, the tracings resemble a section of a honeycomb. The enemy's mines consisted of two series of shafts or galleries and magazines, the first being twenty-seven feet below the surface, the second being no less than forty feet below the first. The workmen were supplied with air by means of force-pumps, and in one magazine at the end of one of these galleries there was found 8500lb. of powder, all tamped in and ready for firing by electric wires. This magazine would have formed an *étonnoir* far in the rear of the French advance, and its probable effects may be estimated when it is considered that the destruction of the docks was effected by a smaller quantity of gunpowder than was contained in this one mine. Many of the shafts sprang out of the counterscarp, and there were numerous chambers cut into the same portion of the ditch of the bastion, which were used as bombproofs by a portion of the garrison. It was also discovered that the Russians had cut a subterranean gallery from inside the parapet, under the ditch, to an advanced work which they used as a *place d'armes* in making a sortie, and it had puzzled the French to understand how the men used to collect in this work without being seen.

The effect produced by the French mines can only be conceived by those who have looked down into the yawning craters of the *étonnoirs*, after stumbling over the wild chaos of rocks cast up all round by the explosion, just as though the Titans and the Gods had met there in deadly combat. Some of these gulfs resembled the pits of volcanoes. The Russians intended to fire some of these mines in case of an assault on the Bastion being repulsed under circumstances which gave them a chance of occupying the enemy's advanced saps; others would have been fired only in case of a retreat from the city, in order to destroy as many of the enemy as possible and to check pursuit; and the explosion was intended to destroy not only the French parallels, but the works of the Bastion du Mât itself, so as to prevent the French turning the guns. There were two or three mines inside the Redan, and there were some extensive galleries and mines in front of the Malakoff, but it was at the Bastion du Mât, or Flagstaff Battery, that the French and Russians put forth their strength in mine and counter-mine. The galleries were pushed for fifty yards oftentimes through the solid rock. These labours were of the most stupendous character, and must have proved very exhausting to the garrison.

The British army, relieved from the pressure of military duties, and

warned of their approaching departure, laboured, regiment by regiment, for many long weeks, to erect memorials to the comrades whose remains would be left behind by the last Englishman who quitted that soil; and the works of this nature, which their hasty embarkation did not permit the army to complete, were undertaken by the few skilled soldier-labourers belonging to us. The Chersonese is covered with isolated graves, with large burial-grounds, and detached cemeteries from Balaklava to the verge of the roadstead of Sebastopol. Ravine and plain—hill and hollow—the roadside and secluded valley—for miles around, from the sea to the Tchernaya, present those stark-white stones, singly or in groups, stuck upright in the arid soil, or just peering over the rank vegetation which springs from beneath them.

The cemeteries of the British army attained such dimensions that it would be impossible in a work of this sort to offer a detailed description of them, or to give even an idea of their position, and of the monuments they contain.*

The French took but little pains with their graves. One large cemetery was formed with great care and good taste near the old Inkermann camp, but in general our allies did not enclose their burial-places. The Sardinians erected a pedestal and obelisk of stone on the heights of Balaklava, close to their hospital, to the memory of General della Marmora and of their departed comrades, and we erected similar monuments on the heights of Inkermann and on the plain of Balaklava to commemorate the 5th of November and the 25th of October. These will endure for ages, if they are permitted to remain untouched by man.

The little tour made by Major Hammersley, Captain Brooke, and Mr. Sinclair in the north of the Crimea only demonstrated more clearly the enormous difficulties experienced by our enemies in maintaining their position. It did more; it satisfied every one who heard their confirmation of previous details, that if the Allies had advanced after the 8th of September, and followed the enemy, supposing they retreated, or forced their position and defeated them in case they stood, the whole Russian army of the South must have surrendered prisoners of war, and that Cherson, Berislaff, Nicholaieff, and Odessa would have been seriously menaced. All the north side, its guns, its garrison, all the *matériel*, all the provisions and magazines of Bakshiserai and Simpheropol, must have fallen into our hands, and about 60,000 or 70,000 men. "But why so?" some one will ask. "Could they not have got away?" Most certainly not. There are but two outlets from the Crimea; the first is by the isthmus at Perekop, the second is by the bridge over the Putrid Sea at Tchongar. The approach to these outlets lies over waterless, foodless plateaux, broken up by deep salt lakes. The wells, which yield a scanty supply of disagreeable water, are profound pits, of which the shallowest is 100 feet, and many are as deep as 150 to 250 feet. They are scattered over the country very sparely, and they contain but little water. Under such circumstances, the Russians

* A very accurate and interesting memorial has, however, been written by Captain Brine, R.E., illustrated with admirable sketches by Major the Hon. E. Colborne, and published by Ackerman, Regent-street.

were obliged to pour in their reinforcements by driblets, to carry water whenever they wanted to push on even a single regiment, and to take the greatest care of the wells on their way; in one word, it would have been almost impossible for them ever to have marched a compact body of 5000 or 6000 men by either of those routes in dry weather. Imagine how helpless would have been the position of an army of 70,000 or 80,000 men of all arms, broken and dispirited, hemmed in by this salt prairie, and by the waters of the Sivash, and struggling in vain, under a burning sun, and pressed by a victorious enemy, to reach those outlets. They could not have marched, nor, if they once got away, could we have pursued; but no General in his senses would have risked the entire destruction of his army by retreating under circumstances like those from the south of the Crimea; and the Russians confessed their position was hopeless had they been attacked and beaten at any point along their lines.

It was believed, indeed, by many persons that Marshal Pelissier received orders from the Emperor after the fall of Sebastopol not to attempt anything further against the enemy, inasmuch as the glory of the arms of France had culminated at the Malakoff, and the prospect of an agreeable peace was visible to the keen eye of the accomplished politician. If such were indeed the case, the Czar is under deep obligations to his Imperial cousin. As to the English Generals, since Lord Raglan's death, and even, according to M. de Bazancourt, before it, they rather represented, in their relations with the French, *those of the Blakes and Cuestas of Spain with Wellington, than those of our Marlboroughs with the Eugènes of past time*; and even if we had had a larger army than France, I doubt if our Simpsons and Codringtons were men of that sort that they would have held their own in council against the persistence and brusque determination of our allies. When our travellers were at Perekop, they observed that the defences of the place, such as they were, consisted of redoubts directed against an advance from Russia Proper, and not from the south of the Crimea, and they made a similar discovery at Tchongar, where the *tête-de-pont* was strongly fortified towards the north, and was open towards the south. These works were, in fact, mostly thrown up at the time of the Kinburn expedition, which the Russians very naturally believed to be the precursor of an immediate operation against their army in the Crimea, to the results of which they looked with very great apprehension.

At Perekop they found General Von Wrangel, who received them with much hospitality and kindness. The old Tartar citadel and the remains of a wall and parapet were visible; but the defences of the place were very weak; water was very scarce, and very bad; but the climate is healthy, except when the wind blows across the Sivash. So miserable was the condition of the Russians, however, that no less than 25,000 men were killed by sickness and disease at and near Perekop, and their bodies lie in the earth around that fatal village. There were large hospitals and ambulances established here, but, large as they were, they were far too small for the demands upon them, and many convoys of sick had to be sent on to Cherson, Berislaff and Nicholaieff. At Tchongar the

tourists were refused permission to pass the bridge, and that refusal was confirmed by the General commanding at Genitchi, to whom they applied to rescind the decision of his subordinate. They examined the bridge, however, and found it was well and substantially built of wood. The waters of the Sivash are as clear as crystal, and are so intensely bitter that no fish frequents them except a small flounder. The bottom consists of a stratum of fine shells, of two or three inches in thickness, just sufficient to bear a man treading lightly upon it, but if one presses with all his weight down on this crust of shells it breaks beneath his feet, and up rushes a quantity of black mud and a bubbling stream of stinking gas, probably sulphuretted hydrogen, which has perhaps obtained for this lagoon such an unseemly title.

The banks are high and steep, and in the centre of the stream there is a channel, about nine feet deep, all the way from Genitchi to the bridge of Tchongar. The use of the word "stream" may be objected to by those who are not aware that this sea presents the curious phenomenon of a steady current running from Genitchi west to Perekop, where there is no outlet whatever, so that there must be an under current out again, or, as the natives believe, a prodigious evaporation on the shoals at the extremity of the sea. Another interesting point our friends visited was the Fortress of Arabat, which, it may be recollected, was bombarded for several hours by the Allied squadron of light steamers and gun-boats immediately after they entered the Sea of Azoff. This bombardment was made much of at the time, and figures perhaps as one of those glorious achievements in that sea of which we have been recently astonished to hear. The fact is, however, that not only was little or no harm done to the fortress, but that the Russians claim it as a victory, and have promoted the officer who commanded for "beating off the Allied fleet." Such will always be the result of an attack by sea on any land-defences so long as the enemy retain one gun to fire when the attack has ceased; and it appears bad policy to bombard any fortress, unless it is done with the determination of smashing and silencing every piece within its walls.

The Spit of Arabat was very little used at any time by the enemy, and a curious instance of the ignorance of our chart-makers was discovered on referring to the sites of wells marked on the maps. There were no wells on the Spit at all, and that for the simple reason that they were not required. The water of the Sea of Azoff close to the Spit is quite fresh, and can be drunk with safety by man or beast. The salt lakes are very conspicuous features in the desolate scenery of northern Crimea. They are surrounded by very high precipitous banks; and the waters seem black from their great depth. One of these, Lake Veliki, is connected with Perekop by the line of redoubts, seven in number, recently constructed. Wherever these abound, fresh water is rare, and the wells are deep. Each village has about two wells, and the supply is so small that it would take a day at any one station to water a regiment of cavalry. In the south there is abundance of fresh water, of blooming valleys, of fruit, corn, vines, and forest trees; but for the cultivation and growth of these Russia is mainly indebted to the industrious German colonists.

Kronthal, Neusatz, Friedenthal, Rosenthal, Zurichthal, Heilbronn, and other villages founded by these industrious people, are patterns of neatness and frugal comfort. Most of the emigrants came from Wurtemburg, and they spoke fondly of "fatherland," but the Russians gave them small ground for complaint. They are exempt from all military service for 100 years, and their only tribute to the State is a capitation-tax of twenty silver roubles, which they are in general well able to pay. It was proposed to extend those settlements, and to introduce on a very large scale the system of military colonies, to be peopled by pure Russians.

Vast as the population of Russia is in the aggregate, the extent of her territory is such that, in the present state of internal communication, it is difficult for her to concentrate troops, notwithstanding the ruthless system of conscription, compulsory levies, and percentage enlistments. Towards the end of the war, Sebastopol swallowed up her armies by whole divisions, and a battalion a-day was engulfed in the yawning craters of our shells. The march of a regiment through a country such as has been described was as fatal as a battle, and it was customary to estimate the reduction in strength caused by moving from Odessa to Sebastopol at 35 per cent. *hors de combat*. During the worst days of its trials the Russian army in the Crimea lost 500 men a-day! This did not include casualties caused in the siege. The attention of their medical men was directed to the enormous losses of their army, and to its extreme unhealthiness in campaigns; and a Board, consisting of a few of their most eminent men, made minute inquiries into the medical administration of the Allied armies. They were greatly impressed with what they saw at Balaklava, and one of them exclaimed, "We heard you were prepared for a three years' war; we find you are ready for twenty." Throughout their long and interesting tour of forty-two days on horseback, the little party, whose course I have briefly indicated, were received with the greatest kindness and hospitality by all the Russians.

Ere I left the Crimea I went twice to the Alma, and examined the ground of the battle. I shall reproduce my account of the excursion in the language in which it was written at the time. "The road from the plateau, on which for one long year the hopes and fears and anxieties of civilized Europe were concentrated, leads down from the ridge on which the battle of Inkermann was mainly fought to the deep ravine out of which the materials for the mansions, quays, harbours, docks, and forts of Sebastopol have been hewed. It presents a wild and desolate aspect. The graves of the slain are numerous. The slabs of oolite tower perpendicularly for several hundred feet on the right hand and the left to the verge of the elevated plateau, and rise, like great white walls of masonry, aloft from a base of huge blocks and disintegrated masses of the same substance. This ravine, deepening as it descends, falls at right angles to the valley through which the Tchernaya eats its way to the head of the Roads of Sebastopol. At the lower end of the ravine the aqueduct spans it, and then is carried on a light and handsome bridge of masonry, supported on some ten or twelve arches right across, and disappears in a tunnel through the solid rock on the left-hand side. Passing under-

neath, through one of the arches, you find yourself by the banks of the sluggish Tchernaya, and a ride of 500 yards or so past the perpendicular cliffs, perforated with caves, which bound the margin of the valley, leads you to the causeway across the marsh towards Inkermann. An excellent wooden bridge, built by our engineers, stretches across the river, and the marsh beyond is crossed by a high causeway. At the near end are our guard-tents; and the pass is kept by the Russian and English sentries, who seem on very good terms with each other. Arrived at the end of the causeway, the cliffs of northern Inkermann are above you, and the road winds up to a ravine which leads you to their recesses. A curious chapel and monkery in the caves are visible in the face of the cliff. Embrasures are above, before, and on each side of you on entering these fastnesses. The black pupils of these dull eyes have been removed, but there is enough of the works left to show how hot and frequent they could have flashed on you in their anger. There are five batteries on various points of this ravine, and the slopes of the plateau afford many fine sites for field artillery or guns of position. The road is good. On the right, about a mile from the entrance of the ravine, are numerous deep shafts in the clay, from which the Russians draw their supply of water. The road winds gradually upwards till it leads you to the level of the north plateau of Inkermann, just as the Quarries road took you down from the south plateau to the level of the valley of the Tchernaya, from which you are now ascending. Here is the Russian camp, at which we have so often gazed from the heights on the right of our position. It is now very much altered in appearance. The huts have been abandoned, and the men are living in a very pretty, clean, and well-kept camp of canvas, but the purlieus are very dirty, and have the usual disagreeable smell of Russian quarters. The tents are square in shape, and at the top, which tapers to a point from the side of the wall, there is a knob, gilt or painted, which gives them an air of finish. The paths or streets of the camp are bordered with wild flowers and fir branches. The regiments stationed here belong to the Seventh Division, which forms the First Division of the third *corps d'armée*, and are, as well as I could ascertain, the 13th (Smolensko) and 14th (Politsch), and number about 6000 men. There is a brigade of field artillery—two batteries—close to this camp, and the pieces are very well kept, and in excellent condition.

"The cantonments extend as far as the heights over the valley of the Belbek on the left-hand side, and could have contained about 18,000 men, which considerably exceeds the strength of the whole of the Seventh Division. A steep road descending from the verge of the plateau, at the point where the Russian bazaar is established, leads to the Belbek, which is crossed by two bridges. One of these is a fine, well-built new structure of wood; the other is that by which the army crossed in the flank march, and the post-house near which Sir George Cathcart took up his quarters still remains intact. The Fourth Division bivouacked here the night before we entered Balaklava, when Lord Raglan slept at Traktir, on the Tchernaya, and Sir George was very uneasy, on account of his isolated position, separated, as he was, from the rest of the army, and believing

that a body of Russians intervened between them. It was from this that General Windham rode with despatches to the Katcha, anticipating Commander Maxse's arrival from the Tchernaya by more than half-an-hour, and from this neighbourhood the army turned towards Mackenzie. Lord Raglan reconnoitred Sebastopol from a hillock close to the road on the right, a short time before we fell in with the rear-guard and baggage of the enemy. The village of the Belbek is greatly changed since then—the trees have been cut down, and the valley, once so beautiful, blooms no more. The villas have been used as hospitals, and there are many Russian graves, marked with black wooden crosses, in the neighbouring ravines. From this valley you ascend another steep hill to the top of the plateau which lies between it and the valley of the Katcha. The ground is covered with dwarf trees and thick brushwood, full of lizards and small birds, which are persecuted by numerous falcons and hawks. There are patches of naked ground and ashes scattered over the plateau, which show where parties of the enemy were encamped; but the country is not suited for large bodies of men, as water is not to be had except at the rivers. The plateau is intersected by numerous woody ravines, and the tracks followed by the allied armies are plainly visible. They have been much used by the Russians.

"A ride of three-quarters of an hour takes us to the valley of the Katcha, still beautiful and rich with verdure, for this part of it is too far from the immediate operations of war, and too much out of the track from Bakshiserai, to have suffered much. The place which we approach was once the village of Eskel; it is now in ruins. The Tartar houses are pulled down or unroofed; the population have fled; and the Russian houses are just as they were left by the Cossacks on our approach after the Alma. The church gleams brightly through the dense branches of the fruit-trees, which are covered with blossoms, but the large tracts of vineyards which welcomed us nearly three years ago, are now uncultivated. The Doctor's house is in a sad plight—one of the first we entered after the Alma—and is still the picture of neglect and ruin. Lord Raglan's comfortable residence is in the custody of an old Tartar, who shows the broken furniture, the sofas ripped open, the chair smashed, and the beds cut up, with great pride, and leads one to infer pretty plainly that Ruskie did all the mischief. It was at this village that the Russians halted to recover breath after their headlong flight from the Alma, and from it they fled the same night in panic on the cry being raised that the Allies were coming.

"The Katcha is a deep narrow stream with rotten banks, and some people think it would have afforded a better position than the Alma; but, in fact, it is too near Sebastopol. We found a few Russian soldiers in the houses; and on the first occasion it happened to be the Greek Easter Sunday, and we were most hospitably entertained by a poor Russian family, who insisted on our partaking of painted eggs, of salt pork steeped in vinegar, and cabbage, of brown bread, butter, vodka, or white home-made brandy, and Crim tobacco, and then on embracing us because we were Christians—a severe

punishment, which, if often repeated, might lead to recantation. Crossing the Katcha by the bridge over which our army filed into Eskel, we find ourselves on the steppe—the dry barren plain studded with tumuli, which extends in wavy folds right away to Perekop. At this season of the year it is glorious with large beds of wild flowers, sweet-pea, roses, mignonette, thyme, orchids of all kind, sweet-william, and many other varieties, whose tame and developed species are the ornaments of our gardens at home; it is musical, too, with the song of birds singing to their mates in the nest; but in September it is an arid, scorched waste, covered with coarse hay, and, as it is devoid of water, it is unfit for pasturage. The ride to the Alma from the Katcha is not more than eight miles, but it seems twice the distance. The white telegraph station over the river, which stood on the Russian left, can be seen for many miles on a clear day, but on the steppe mirage is very common, and the horizon is rarely well defined. It is often lost in a fantastic margin resembling the sea-line of an agitated ocean. Bustards, on the *qui vive* about their young ones, soar slowly before us, and eagles, vultures, and many species of falcons are visible in pursuit of their prey, which must consist for the most part of hares, which are very large and numerous. Some of these hares have been found to weigh ten or twelve pounds, and I have heard of a monster who turned the scale at fourteen pounds. In one of the hollows in the steppe, about three miles from the Alma, there is a small hamlet, but, with this exception, not a habitation is visible over the whole of this vast expanse of land. It is famous ground for a long canter, or as much of a gallop as your horse will stand; so with the help of an occasional scurry after a hare the distance melts away, and as we go crashing through the sweet flowers, the telegraph rises higher and clearer till we pull up at the foot of the mound on which it stands. This was the scene of a fierce struggle, and it was here the French had some really hard fighting before they forced the enemy to fly.

"The telegraph is a quadrilateral figure of white stone, and it has never been finished. It is covered with names; and one side is engraved '*La Bataille d'Alma, 8 Septembre.*' The French had put the right date, the 20th; but the Russians obliterated it, and altered it to their own style. There are fifteen large sepulchral mounds around the telegraph, wherein lie French and Russians, and the ravines are still full of bones, and of fragments of clothing and accoutrements. Cannot-shot appear to have been carefully removed. There is an excellent view of the French position and attack from the edge of the plateau. The enemy must have had every movement of the Allies under their eyes from the time they left Bouljanak till they halted to form for battle; and the spectacle could not have been one to have given them much courage, or to have inflamed their ardour. The Russians declare they had only 33,000 or 34,000 on the field; but, admitting that to be so, they made a bad fight, considering the position they occupied, and their cavalry exhibited that passive and unenterprising character which it maintained throughout the war. An officer of the old Pestal regiment told me that he charged our first attacking body when they were checked with the bayonet, and that

if all the troops inside and on the flanks of the redoubts had rushed out simultaneously, the day would have been lost to us; but he was rather surprised when he heard that our Third and Fourth Divisions were still intact, and that the Guards, whom he supposed to have been routed, were never broken except in the centre, where the Scots Fusileers wavered for a time in their advance under the heavy fire of the Russians and the pressure of the disjointed groups of the Light Division. The French are disposed to think that the English were too slow in beginning the attack, which it was agreed should not take place till our allies had gained the left of the Russian position. It is certain that Lord Raglan received one, if not two, pressing messages from Marshal St. Arnaud to hasten his columns: but one may ask how it was that here, as everywhere else, the honour of taking the initiative was ceded to our allies, and the opportunity given to them of saying 'The English were too late.' They only numbered 23,000, whereas we had about 27,000. If it resulted from their position on our right, why did they take the left when we halted before Sebastopol?

"The assaults on the place were made on the same principle—the French first, the English afterwards; and, whether it be true or false that we were 'too late,' there can be no doubt there was from the beginning a tendency to say so. It is beyond question, in the opinion of many officers, that the Light Division were not followed closely enough by the First in their advance up the hill at the Alma. In other words, the latter were too slow or 'too late.' The French did their part admirably, and their intelligence and personal activity were wonderfully displayed in their progress up the steep ravines and sides of the high banks of the plateau, but their loss in killed and wounded was under 700 men, while ours was just 2000. The Admiral Bouet Willaumez, in his recent so-called *History of the French Navy*, distinctly avers that the English General would not permit the victory to be followed up by marching next day, and that the French were retarded by their allies. A different impression prevails in our army, but this is one of the points which must be cleared up for history by those who were in the confidence of Lord Raglan. The statement, at all events, shows what was the belief of the *chef d'état major* of the French navy in the Black Sea. Of the necessity and of the motives for the delay, of its results, of the practicability of getting such aid from the fleet as would have relieved us entirely from the charge of sick, wounded, and prisoners, I shall not speak; but it is to be remarked that the feebleness and imbecility of our arrangements in this portion of our administration became apparent at the very first pressure by the abandonment of our ambulances just at the very time they were most needed, by the disgraceful exhibition of the 'Kangaroo' crowded with sick and wounded till she had to make the signal that she was unmanageable and unsafe in the sight of the whole fleet, by the sufferings of her miserable cargo, left to the charge of one surgeon, who could not attend to a tithe of his patients, and who could not even get at them if he could have dressed their wounds, and by the foolish and cruel expedient of leaving another surgeon, Dr. Thompson, and his servant on the field to take care of 700 wounded men. Dr. Thompson felt the hopeless-

ness and positive cruelty of such a proceeding, and remonstrated against it, but he was told it had been 'ordered,' and that if the 'Cossacks' came down his 'professional character' would protect him.

"Standing on the banks of the Alma, one has many bitter reflections to make, and all the glories of that name cannot sweeten them. The battle itself was one of the most brilliant in the world—the shortest and sharpest, and our army, young in battle but veteran in service, displayed the best qualities of British infantry. We have since heard of the incredulity, of the dismay, with which the news was received in St. Petersburgh, and of the subsequent eagerness of the Russian army to avenge the defeat and to hurry to the Crimea, to drive the Allies into the sea. They found a barrier they could not break at Inkermann; but they are a people prone to put faith in their own invincibility, and slow to credit defeat. They believe in themselves even yet. The position of the Alma is so well marked that it can never be mistaken by any future visitors. The French attacked the steep and almost perpendicular cliffs, which are broken here and there by ravines which mount upwards from the river. Their columns were divided from our regiments by the most marked and extensive of those ravines, and eastward of that boundary the whole of the ground suddenly falls, and, instead of rising abruptly from the Alma, gains the high level of the hills by a series of sweeping undulations, offering many positions for guns, with extensive glacis to the front.

"Descending from the plateau, some of our party crossed the bridge, and went out on the plain towards Bouljanak to the tumuli which stud the plains, and which denote the extreme range of the Russian guns. On turning round towards the south, the eye takes in the whole scene of battle, from the sea on the right to the low slopes which formed the right of the Russian position. Their left was separated from their right by a deep ravine running at right angles toward the Alma, and this ravine also is the boundary between the high and steep cliffs which, on the south bank, overhang the tortuous course of the Alma from the ford to the sea, and the gentler rising grounds on which the enemy's left lay, strengthened by the epaulements and by the mass of the Russian artillery. It will then be seen how the Russian left depended on the nature of the ground as its best defence, and what a fatal mistake Menschikoff committed when he omitted to take into consideration the effect of the fire of the ships. That fire soon drove back their left, and forced it to re-form on the centre, which it put into confusion, and the French, ascending by the ravines with the utmost courage and activity, made good their footing on the right and turned the Russian left completely, with comparatively little loss. The advance of our allies was covered to a great extent by the thick foliage on the banks of the Alma, and the cliffs are so high and rotten that the enemy's guns could not be used with success against them. The course of the river is much further from the base of these cliffs than it is from the slopes on the Russian right, where the British attacked, so that it would be scarcely commanded by guns on the top of the plateau; whereas, we were

under fire for several hundred yards before we reached the Alma at all.

"A huge mound, composed of fifteen or sixteen gigantic graves, at the distance of 400 or 500 yards from the river on its north side, denotes the resting-place of those who fell before the army crossed the stream, or who died after the fight in the ambulances. The road by which we advanced to the bridge was just as it was on the 20th of September, and on the right, close to the stream, were the blackened ruins of the village of Bourljouk. It will be remembered that the enemy partially destroyed the bridge, but that it was repaired during the action by the Royal Engineers and a party of Sappers and Miners. The bridge has been substantially rebuilt, by means of a strong wooden way thrown across the stone arches, and supported by beams and uprights. The old post-house, on the right of the road before you come to the bridge, was about being reconstructed, and a guard of soldiers were lodged in its ruins. It will be, to all appearances, a handsome house of fine white freestone when it is finished. I surveyed its ruins with peculiar interest, for I know a person very intimately who took shelter in this house, part of which was on fire, to get out of a fire still hotter, till he was driven out by a shell falling through the roof, and it was at the wall outside, which was yet torn by shot, that I met the first two wounded officers I saw that day—two officers of the 30th, one hit through the chest or side; the other wounded, I think, in the leg or arm. They were helping each other from the river, bleeding and weak, and I was fortunate enough to be able to bring to their aid a Staff surgeon, belonging, I believe, to the Cavalry Division, who kindly examined their wounds under fire. Close to this I had previously seen the first man killed—a drummer, who was carrying a litter, and who was struck by a round shot which bowled slowly along the road and hit him, with a peculiar squashing sound, on the hip. He fell broken in two, and never moved; nor did his comrade, who was carrying the other end of the litter, stop to mourn over his death.

"After the intrepid rush of the Light Division up the hill, its wavering, its broken and unwilling halt, the bold advance of Pennefather's Brigade, and the billow-like march of the Guards, I pressed on immediately in the rear of the Light, and in front of the Third Division, and I was happy again in being able to warn Colonel Waddy, as he approached at the head of the 50th, that he was moving right along the line of fire of the enemy's guns, and, as there was a very conclusive proof given of the correctness of the statement just as I spoke, that gallant officer moved off his men, who were in dense column a little to the left, and got off the road to the fields. All these things and many more came back upon me as I looked around. I could recall that narrow road filled with dead and dying—old friends jesting at scars and wounds, and exulting in victory, and awaiting with patience the arrival of men to carry them away to the surgeons—a white-haired field-officer (of the 55th), whose name I don't know, badly wounded through the body, who could only moan bitterly, 'Oh, my poor men! oh, my poor men! they hadn't a chance;' then the river stained here and there with blood, still flowing from

the dead and dying who lay on the shallows and the banks, lined nevertheless by hundreds, who drank its waters eagerly; the horrid procession of the dripping litters going to the rear of the fight; the solid mass of Adams' brigade, halted by Lord Raglan's orders as it emerged from the smoke of Bourliouk: the Staff itself and the Commander-in-Chief, gathered on the rising ground close by; that ghastly battle-field where so many lay in so small a place putrescent with heat and wounds; the grey blocks of Russians melting away like clouds, and drifted off by the fierce breath of battle; the shriek and rush of the shells from the brass howitzers in the battery, the patter of the rifle, the rattling roll of the musketry, the frantic cheers of our men as they stood victors on the heights, drowning the groans and cries which for a moment succeeded the roar of battle; the shrill flourish of the French bugles, and the joyous clamour of their drums from the other side of the ravine,—all came back upon the ear again, and the eye renewed its pleasure as it gazed from the ridge upon the plain where it had before seen the Russians flying in disorder, with their rear still covered by the threatening squadrons of their cavalry. Then one recalled the spot where one had seen some friend lying dead, or some one—friend or foe—whom it were no mercy to strive to keep alive—Watkin Wynn, stretched on the ground in front of the trench, with a smile on his face—Chester, with a scornful frown, and his sword clenched in the death grasp—Monck, with the anger of battle fixed on every feature—these and many another friend in the peaceful camp of Aladyn or Devno rose up as they lived in the memory. The scowling Russians who glared so fiercely on their conquerors and seemed to hate them even as they supplied their wants, then seen for the first time, left an impression respecting the type of the Muscovite character which has scarcely been effaced now that they have ceased to be enemies. I recalled the two days passed as no army ought to pass two days—on the field of battle amid the dead—the horrid labours of those hours of despondency and grief where all should have been triumph and rejoicing, and the awakened vigour with which the army broke from its bivouac on the Alma and set out with no certain aim, no fixed project, on its chance march which fate made successful.

"The intrenchment can be distinctly seen for a mile north of the river. It is placed halfway down the slope of the little hill-side. There were no other works, trenches, redoubts, or fieldworks of any description except one more epaulement and a few sods of earth turned up to afford cover to a few skirmishers; and all the accounts of such defences filled with riflemen and guns which have been made public were erroneous. The enemy had very few riflemen, and the ground, except on the extreme left, was of such a nature that good cover for guns could be had for the seeking. For many years to come the battle-field is likely to remain as it is now, the only difference being that the vines which flourished on the 20th of September, 1854, and which are now destroyed, may be cultivated once more. On ascending from the river towards the intrenchment, you find yourself on the left completely covered by a rise of the hill in front from the parapet, so that men could form in this hollow for the attack, without

being exposed to fire; but the Russians, aware of this, sent down on their extreme right large bodies of infantry, who fired at the Left Brigade of the Light Division as they were trying to get into order after crossing the river.

"On the right, nearer to the bridge, the ground is more exposed to guns from the parapet of the trench, and on advancing a few yards the fair open glacis, gently sloping upwards to their muzzles, gives a terrible solution of the reason why for a time the Light Division was held in check, and lost in a few moments upwards of 1000 men. At the base of this glacis, and scattered along the ridge towards the river, are mounds of earth about thirty feet long by fifteen in breadth, which are covered with large stones and slabs of slate. There are fifteen or sixteen of these mounds, and many of them contain the remains of friends and foes. Some small black wooden crosses are placed here and there among these mounds, which rise to the height of two or three feet above the level of the plain, and are all covered with rank vegetation and wild flowers. The parapet of the work is still about three feet outside, and a foot deeper in the trench inside. Near the centre is placed a handsome monument of white stone, with the following inscription:—

"'During the attack on these heights, 20th September, 1854, Her Britannic Majesty's 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers lost their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Chester, Captains A. W. Wynn, F. Evans, J. Conolly, Lieutenants P. Radcliffe, Sir W. Young, Bart., J. Austruther, and J. Butler, all killed on the field: also Lieutenant Applewaite, mortally wounded, who died 22nd September, 1854. This stone is erected to their memory.'

"On the other side, 'The regiment also lost Sergeant J. H. Jones, Colour-Sergeants R. Hitchcock, J. F. Edwards, one drummer, and forty privates, killed on the field.'

"In the ditch of the fieldwork there are about twenty large graves covered with long grass and wild flowers. The trench is about 150 yards long, and it is filled with earth which has tumbled down into it from the parapet; the traces of the embrasures still remain. There are two stone crosses erected inside the trench on heaps of dead. This was all that remained to betoken the scene of the action on our side, except a few pieces of threadbare rags and bits of accoutrements, leathern straps, old shakos, and fragments of cowhide knapsacks. Some miserable Tartars prowled about the ruins of Burliouk to act as unintelligible guides, and to pick up the fragments left after the river-side meal of the visitors. Starting at six o'clock A.M. from Sebastopol, one can go to the Alma, spend three hours there, and return to the City and to Balaklava in time for dinner with ease, if one has a good horse. It is under fifty miles. The last time I was there I threw a fly over the waters, having heard that there were trout in the stream, but only a few 'logger-headed-chub,' and a kind of dace, responded to the effort. And so I take leave of this little river, which shall henceforth be celebrated in history to the end of time."

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THE END.

BLACK SEA

631

CHART OF KHERSON BAY AND THE DNEIPER & BOUG RIVERS.

W. H. Rupert

PLAN OF ATTACK of the ALLIED FLEETS on FORT KINBURN.

THE
COUNTRY AROUND
SEBASTOPOL
shewing the
POSITIONS OF THE CONTENDING ARMIES
AFTER THE FALL OF THE SOUTH SIDE
AND
BEFORE THE PEACE OF 1856.
W. H. Rupell
SEBASTOPOL
SIMPHEROPOL
BAKCHI SARAI
BLACK SEA
Mount Yaila

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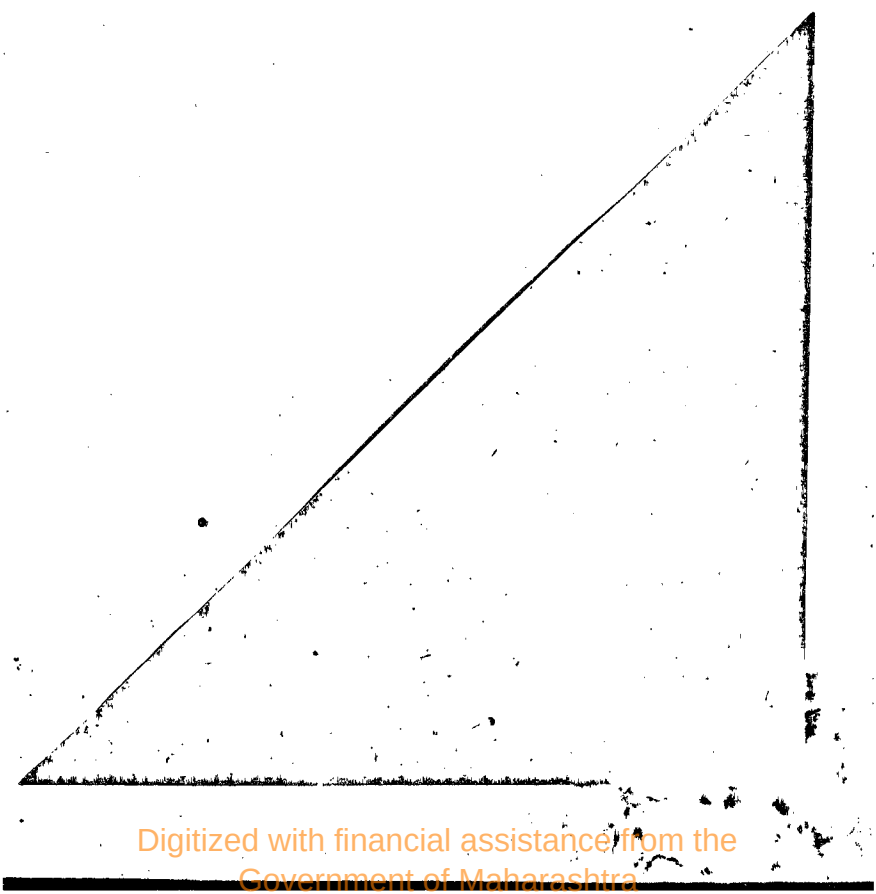

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